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A SELECT
COLLECTION
OF
OLD PLAYS.
IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

THE SECOND EDITION,
CORRECTED AND COLLATED WITH THE OLD COPIES.

WITH
NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY,
BY ISAAC REED, OF STAPLE INN, F. A. S.

VOLUME VIII.

L O N D O N,
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A SELECT

COLLECTION

OF

OLD PLAYS

IN SEVEN VOLUMES

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THE BRITISH MUSEUM

AND THE NATIONAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE

VOLUME VII

NEW YORK

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1900

CHICAGO

OLD PLAYS.

VOLUME THE EIGHTH.

CONTAINING

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE, BY JOHN FORD.

THE HEIR, BY THOMAS MAY.

THE BIRD IN A CAGE, BY JAMES SHIRLEY.

THE JEW OF MALTA, BY CHRIST. MARLOW.

THE WITS, BY SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

OLD P L A Y S.

SCENE THE NINTH.

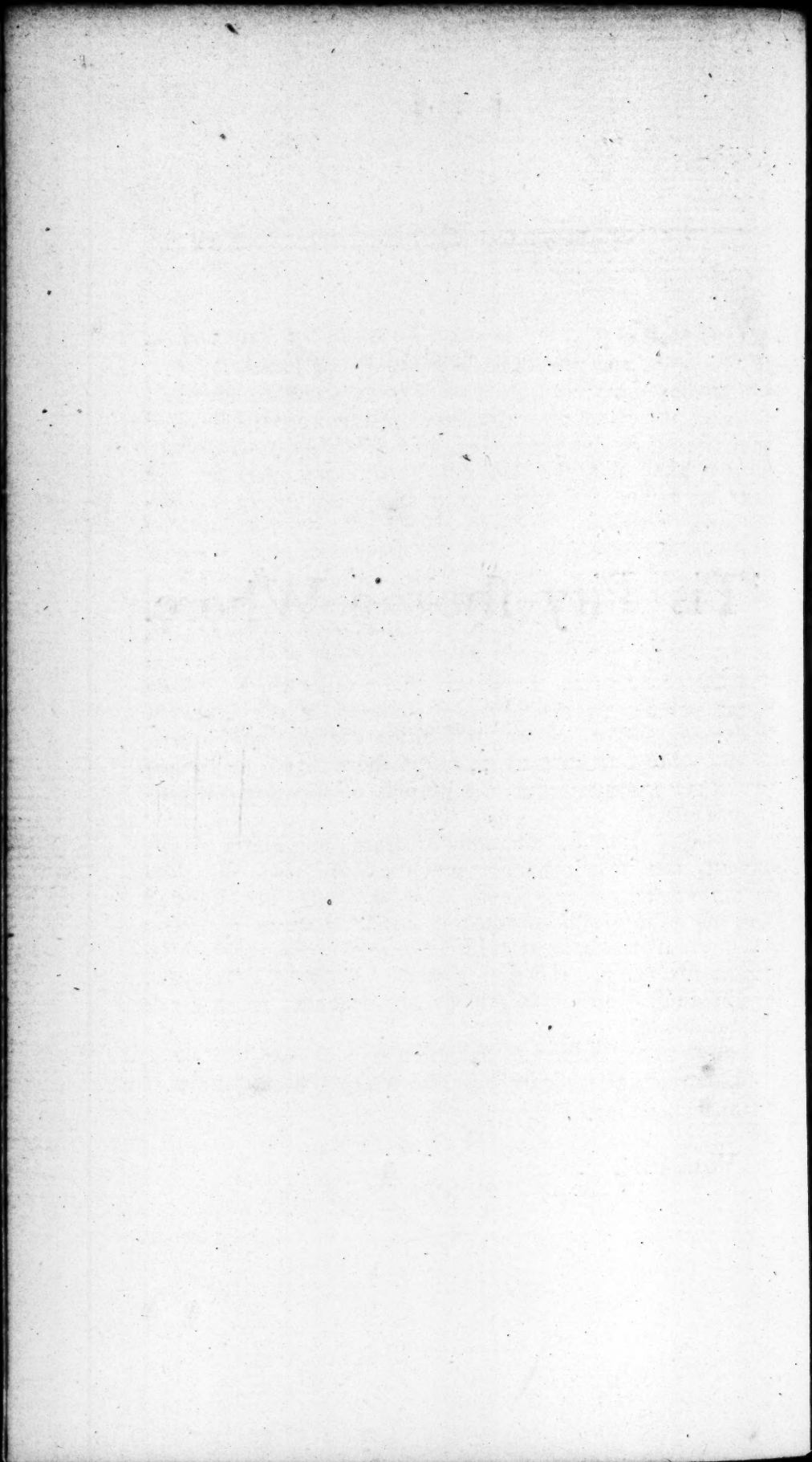
CONTAINING

THE FIRST PART OF A WHOLE BY JOHN FORD.
THE SECOND PART BY THOMAS WATTS.
THE THIRD PART BY JAMES WATTS.
THE FOURTH PART BY JAMES WATTS.
THE FIFTH PART BY JAMES WATTS.

'Tis Pity she's a Whore.

VOL. VIII.

B



JOHN FORDE, was a gentleman of the Middle Temple, who flourished in the reigns of James the First and his son Charles. At what time he was born, or when he died, we have no account; but he appears to have been living in the year 1639, and probably did not long survive that period. He began to write early in the time of James the First, there being in print, a poem by him, intitled, "*Fames Memoriall; or, The Earle of Devonshire deceased: With his honourable life, peacefull end, and solemne funerall.*" 4to. 1606; dedicated to the Lady Penelope Countesse of Devonshire. This was his earliest production, as, in the conclusion of the address to that lady, he says, "Thus (madame) presuming on your acceptance, I will in the meane while think my willing paynes (*hitherto* confined to the mines of courtes, studies much differente) highlie guerdoned, and mine unfeathered muse (as soone dead as borne) richly graced under the plumes of so worthy a protectresse."

At what time he commenced dramatick writer is not known, but it is probable much earlier than the date of any of his printed plays, as it can hardly be imagined that his muse produced nothing for the space of 23 years, the interval between the publication of his poem and of the *Lovers Melancholy*, the first printed, although it appears, by the dedication to the present performance, not the first written drama.

Langbaine * observes, that his plays "may be known by an anagram, instead of his name, generally printed in the title page, viz.

F I D E H O N O R.

* Account of Dramatick Poets, p. 219.

“ He was more addicted to tragedy, than comedy ; which
 “ occasioned an old poet to write thus of him.

“ Deep in a dump *John Ford* was alone got,
 “ With folded arms and melancholy hat.”

Besides *The Witch of Edmonton*, in which he joined with Rowley and Decker, he was the author of the following plays :

1. “ *The Lovers Melancholy*. Acted at the private
 “ House in the Blacke Friers, and publikely at the Globe,
 “ by the King’s Majesties servants.” 4to. 1629.

This play was acted in the same week, and by the same company, which performed Ben Jonson’s comedy of *New Inn*. The success of them was totally opposite to each other ; Ford’s play was received with great applause, while Ben’s met with general disapprobation. — Whoever will recollect the spleen which the latter is acknowledged to have possessed, will not be surprized to find that he resented the fate of his performance in very warm terms ; and, to be revenged on Ford, who headed the supporters of Shakspeare’s fame, against Jonson’s invectives, he charged him with having stolen *The Lovers Melancholy* from Shakspeare’s papers, with the connivance of Hemings and Condel, who, with Ford, had the revival of them. In this dispute the poets of the times took part with either party, as passion or interest directed them ; and, among other pieces, which the contest produced, was a pamphlet, intitled, “ *Old Ben’s Light Heart made heavy*, “ by young John’s Melancholy Lover ;” a performance once in the possession of Mr. Macklin the player, but now lost. An account of it, as well as the other circumstances attending this dispute, as far as they can at present be recovered, are printed in the last edition of Shakspeare, vol. 1. p. 219.

2. “ ‘Tis Pitty Shée’s a Whore. Acted by the Queenes
 “ Majesties servants, at the Phoenix in Drury Lane.” 4to.
 1633.

3. “ *The Broken Heart : a Tragedy*. Acted by the
 “ King’s Majesties servants, at the Private House in Black
 “ Friers. Fide Honor,” 4to. 1633.

4. “ *Love’s*

4. "Love's Sacrifice : a Tragedie ; received generally well. Acted by the Queenes Majesties servants, at the Phoenix in Drury Lane." 4to. 1633.
5. "The Chronicle History of Perkin Warbeck : a strange truth. Acted sometimes by the Queenes Majesties servants in Drury Lane." 4to. 1634. Reprinted in 12mo. 1715.
6. "The Fancies Chast and Noble. Presented by the Queenes Majesties servants, at the Phoenix in Drury Lane. Fide Honor." 4to. 1638.
7. "The Ladies Triall. Acted by both their Majesties servants, at the Private House in Drury Lane. Fide Honor." 4to. 1639.
8. "The Sun's-Darling : a Moral Masque, as it hath been often presented at Whitehall by their Majesties servants, and after at the Cock-pit in Drury Lane, with great applause. Written by John Foard and Tho. Decker, Gent." 4to. 1656. 4to. 1657.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BONAVENTURA, *a friar.*
 A CARDINAL, *nuncio to the pope.*
 SORANZO, *a nobleman.*
 FLORIO, *a citizen of Parma.*
 DONADO, *another citizen.*
 GRIMALDI, *a Roman gentleman.*
 GIOVANNI, *son to Florio.*
 BERGETTO, *nephew to Donado.*
 RICHARDETTO, *a suppos'd physician.*
 VASQUES, *servant to Soranzo.*
 POGGIO, *servant to Bergetto.*
 BANDITTI.

W O M E N.

ANNABELLA, *daughter to Florio.*
 HIPPOLITA, *wife to Richardetto.*
 PHILOTIS, *his niece.*
 PUTANA, *tutorefs to Annabella.*

The Scene, P A R M A.

'Tis Pity she's a Whore *.

A C T I.

Enter Friar and Giovanni.

Friar.

DISPUTE no more in this, for know, young man,
 These are no school-points ; nice philosophy
 May tolerate unlikely arguments,
 But Heaven admits no jest ; wits, that presum'd
 On wit too much, by striving how to prove
 There was no God, with foolish grounds of art,
 Discover'd first the nearest way to hell ;
 And fill'd the world with devilish atheism.
 Such questions youth are fond ¹ : far better 'tis
 To bless the sun, than reason why it shines ;
 Yet he thou talk'st of is above the sun.
 No more ; I may not hear it.

Giovanni.

Gentle father,
 To you I have unclasp'd my burden'd soul,
 Empty'd the store-house of my thoughts and heart,
 Made myself poor of secrets ; have not left
 Another word untold, which hath not spoke
 All what I ever durst, or think, or know ;
 And yet is here the comfort I shall have ?

* In the dedication to Lord Peterborough, the author styles this play the first fruits of his leisure in the action. Langbaine very justly observes, that the loves of Giovanni, and his sister Annabella, are painted in too beautiful colours.

¹ fond] i. e. foolish. See note 16 to *The Second Part of the Honest Whore*, vol. 3. p. 402.

Must I not do what all men else may, love ?

Friar.

Yes, you may love, fair son.

Giovanni.

Must I not praise

That beauty, which, if fram'd a-new, the Gods
Would make a God of, if they had it there ;
And kneel to it, as I do kneel to them ?

Friar.

Why, foolish mad-man !

Giovanni.

Shall a peevish sound,
A customary form, from man to man,
Of brother and of sister, be a bar
'Twixt my perpetual happiness and me ?
Say that we had one father, say one womb
(Curse to my joys) gave us both life and birth ;
Are we not therefore each to other bound
So much the more by nature ; by the links
Of blood, of reason ; nay, if you will hav't,
Even of religion, to be ever one,
One soul, one flesh, one love, one heart, one all ?

Friar.

Have done, unhappy youth, for thou art lost.

Giovanni.

Shall then, for that I am her brother born,
My joys be ever banish'd from her bed ?
No, father ; in your eyes I see the change
Of pity and compassion : from your age,
As from a sacred oracle, distils
The life of counsel. Tell me, holy man,
What cure shall give me ease in these extremes ?

Friar.

Repentance, son, and sorrow for this sin :
For thou hast mov'd a majesty above
With thy unranked, almost, blasphemy.

Giovanni.

O do not speak of that, dear confessor.

Friar.

Art thou, my son, that miracle of wit,

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE.

Who once within these three months wert esteem'd
A wonder of thine age, throughout Bononia?
How did the university applaud
Thy government, behaviour, learning, speech,
Sweetness, and all that could make up a man?
I was proud of my tutelage, and chose
Rather to leave my books, than part with thee.
I did so; but the fruits of all my hopes
Are lost in thee, as thou art in thyself.
O Giovanni! hast thou left the schools
Of knowledge, to converse with lust and death?
For death waits on thy lust. Look thro' the world,
And thou shalt see a thousand faces shine
More glorious than this idol thou ador'st:
Leave her, and take thy choice, 'tis much less sin;
Tho' in such games as those, they lose that win.

Giovanni.

It were more ease to stop the ocean
From flows and ebbs, than to dissuade my vows.

Friar.

Then I have done, and in thy wilful flames
Already see thy ruin; Heaven is just.
Yet hear my counsel!

Giovanni.

As a voice of life.

Friar.

Hie to thy father's house, there lock thee fast
Alone within thy chamber, then fall down
On both thy knees, and grovel on the ground;
Cry to thy heart, wash every word thou utter'st
In tears, (and if't be possible) of blood:
Beg Heaven to cleanse the leprosy of lust
That rots thy soul; acknowledge what thou art,
A wretch, a worm, a nothing: weep, sigh, pray
Three times a day, and three times every night:
For seven days space do this; then if thou find'st
No change in thy desires, return to me;
I'll think on remedy. Pray for thyself
At home, whilst I pray for thee here — away:
My blessing with thee, we have need to pray.

Giovanni.

Giovanni.

All this I'll do, to free me from the rod
Of vengeance ; else I'll swear, my fate's my God.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Grimaldi and Vasques ready to fight.

Vasques.

Come, sir, stand to your tackling ; if you prove craven²,
I'll make you run quickly.

Grimaldi.

² *craven.*] This word frequently occurs in our ancient writers. The meaning of it here, and in all other places, in which it is to be found, is sufficiently obvious ; it may, however, not be improper briefly to explain the custom upon which it is founded, as it hath long since become obsolete. Formerly there existed in this kingdom a mode of deciding controversies, called an appeal of battle. It was allowed in three cases : one military, in the court martial, or court of chivalry ; one civil, upon issue joined in a writ of right ; and one criminal, in an appeal of felony. In the last instance, the event of the engagement was always attended with the death or disgrace of one of the parties. The form of conducting the trial was in this manner :—The person appealed of felony pleaded not guilty, and threw down his glove, declaring, that he would defend his innocence by his body : the appellant then took up the glove, replying he was ready to make good the appeal, body for body. Oaths were then administered with great solemnity to each party, and the combatants were armed with batons, with which the battle immediately began. If the appellee was so far vanquished, that he could not, or would not, fight any longer, he was adjudged to be hanged immediately ; and then, as well as if he had been killed in battle, Providence was deemed to have determined in favour of the truth, and his blood was attainted ; but if he killed the appellant, or could maintain the fight from sun-rising till the stars appeared in the evening, he was to be acquitted. So if the appellant became recreant, and pronounced, as the excellent commentator on the laws of England observes, *the horrible word of CRAVEN*, he was doomed to lose his *liberam legem*, and become infamous ; and from thenceforth the appellee was discharged, not only of the appeal, but of all indictments for the same offence. (See Blackstone's Commentaries, vol. 3. p. 337. vol. 4. p. 340.) One consequence of the infamy which the appellant subjected himself to by pronouncing *this horrible word*, was, his testimony being rejected in every instance, where he might be called upon to give evidence. To this Ben Jonson alludes in *Epitaph* A. 5. S. 4.

“ I would except against them as *beaten knights*, wench, and not
“ good witnesses in law.”

The word *craven*, in our ancient dramatick writers, is always applied to a coward. So in *Philaster*, A. 4. S. 1.

“ Hold,

Grimaldi.

Thou art no equal match for me.

Vasques.

Indeed I never went to the wars to bring home news.
Nor can I play the mountebank for a meal's meat, and
swear I got my wounds in the field. See you these grey
hairs, they'll not flinch for a bloody nose; wilt thou to
this geer?

Grimaldi.

Why, slave, think'st thou I'll balance my reputation
with a cast-suit. Call thy master, he shall know that I
dare—

Vasques.

Scold like a cot-quean, that's your profession: thou poor
shadow of a soldier, I will make thee know, my master keeps
servants, thy betters in quality and performance. Com'st
thou to fight or prate?

Grimaldi.

Neither with thee;
I am a Roman and a gentleman, one that have got
Mine honour with expence of blood.

Vasques.

You are a lying coward, and a fool; fight, or by these
hilts I'll kill thee—brave my lord—you'll fight.

Grimaldi.

Provoke me not, for if thou dost—

Vasques.

Have at you.

[*They fight, Grimaldi hath the worst.*]“Hold, dastard, strike a woman! Thou art a *craven* I warrant thee.”*The Nice Valour.* A. 4. S. 1.

“———Oh, here's one

“Made to my hand, methinks looks like a *craven*.”*King Henry V.* A. 4. S. 7.

“Is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

“He is a *craven* and a villain else.”*Edward III.* A. 4. S. 5.“Awake thy *craven* powers, and tell on

“The substance of that very fear indeed,

“Which is so gastly printed in thy face.”

I am informed that amongst cock-fighters the word is still in use.

Enter

Enter Florio, Donado, Soranzo.

Florio.

What mean these sudden broils so near my doors?
Have you not other places but my house,
To vent the spleen of your disorder'd bloods?
Must I be haunted still with such unrest,
As not to eat, or sleep in peace at home?
Is this your love, Grimaldi? Fie, 'tis naught.

Donado.

And, Vasques, I may tell thee, 'tis not well
To broach these quarrels; you are ever forward
In seconding contentions.

Enter above Annabella and Putana.

Florio.

What's the ground?

Soranzo.

That, with your patience, signiors, I'll resolve:
This gentleman, whom fame reports a soldier,
(For else I know not) rivals me in love
To signior Florio's daughter; to whose ears
He still prefers his suit to my disgrace;
Thinking the way to recommend himself,
Is to disparage me in his report.
But know, Grimaldi, tho' (may be) thou art
My equal in thy blood, yet this bewrays³
A lowness in thy mind; which, wer't thou noble,
Thou would'st as much disdain, as I do thee
For this unworthiness; and on this ground
I will'd my servant to correct his tongue,
Holding a man, so base, no match for me.

Vasques.

And had not your sudden coming prevented us, I had
let my gentleman blood under the gills; I should have
worm'd you, sir, for running mad.

Grimaldi.

I'll be reveng'd, Soranzo.

Vasques.

On a dish of warm broth to stay your stomach. Do,

³ *bewrays.*] See note 139 to *The Spanish Tragedy* vol. 3. p. 162.

honest innocence, do ; spoon-meat is a wholesomer diet than a Spanish blade.

Grimaldi.

Remember this !

Soranzo.

I fear thee not, Grimaldi.

[*Exit Grimaldi.*

Florio.

My lord Soranzo, this is strange to me ;
Why should you storm, having my word engag'd :
Owing ⁽³⁾ her heart, what need you doubt her ear ?
Losers may talk by law of any game.

Vasques.

Yet the villainy of words, signior Florio, may be such
As would make any unspleen'd dove cholerick.
Blame not my lord in this.

Florio.

Be you more silent.

I would not for my wealth, my daughter's love
Should cause the spilling of one drop of blood.

Vasques put up, let's end this fray in wine.

[*Exeunt.*

Putana.

How like you this, child ? here's threatening, challenging, quarrelling, and fighting, on every side, and all is for your sake ; you had need look to yourself, Charge, you'll be stoln away sleeping else, shortly.

Annabella.

But, Tutorefs, such a life gives no content
To me, my thoughts are fix'd on other ends.
Would you would leave me !

Putana.

Leave you ? no marvel else ; leave me no leaving,
Charge ; this is love outright. Indeed I blame you not, you
have choice fit for the best lady in Italy.

Annabella.

Pray do not talk so much.

Putana.

Take the worst with the best, there's Grimaldi the soldier, a very well-timber'd fellow. They say he is a Roman, nephew to Duke Montferrato ; they say too, he did

(3) Owing.] See note 27 to *Cornelia*, vol. 2, p. 284.

good service in the wars against the Milanese ; but faith, Charge, I do not like him, and it be for nothing but for being a soldier. Not one amongst twenty of your skirmishing captains, but have some privy maim or other, that mars their standing upright. I like him the worse, he crinkles so much in the hams : tho' he might serve, if there were no more men, yet he's not the man I would choose,

Annabella.

Fie, how thou prat'st !

Putana.

As I am a very woman, I like signior Soranzo well ; he is wise ; and what is more, rich ; and what is more than that, kind ; and what is more than all this, a nobleman ; such a one, were I the fair Annabella myself, I would wish and pray for. Then he is bountiful ; besides he is handsome, and, by my troth, I think wholesome ; and that's news in a gallant of three-and-twenty ; liberal, that I know ; loving, that you know ; and a man sure, else he could never ha' purchas'd such a good name with Hippolita, the lusty widow, in her husband's life-time. And 'twere but for that report, sweetheart, would he were thine. Commend a man for his qualities, but take a husband as he is a plain sufficient naked man ; such a one is for your bed, and such a one is signior Soranzo, my life for't.

Annabella.

Sure the woman took her morning's draught too soon.

Enter Bergetto and Poggio.

Putana.

But look, sweetheart, look what thing comes now : Here's another of your cyphers to fill up the number : Oh brave old ape in a filken coat ! observe.

Bergetto.

Did'st thou think, Poggio, that I would spoil my new clothes, and leave my dinner, to fight.

Poggio.

No fir, I did not take you for so arrant a baby.

Bergetto.

I am wiser than so : for I hope, Poggio, thou never heard'st of an elder brother that was a coxcomb ; Did'st Poggio ?

Poggio.

Poggio.

Never indeed, fir, as long as they had either land or money left them to inherit.

Bergetto.

Is it possible, Poggio? oh monstrous! why I'll undertake, with a handful of silver, to buy a headful of wit at any time. But, firrah, I have another purchase in hand. I shall have the wench, mine uncle says. I will but wash my face, and shift socks, and then have at her, i'faith—Mark my pace, Poggio.

Poggio.

Sir, I have seen an ass, and a mule, trot the Spanish pavin⁴ with a better grace, I know not how often. [*Exeunt.*]

Annabella.

This idiot haunts me too.

Putana.

Ay, ay, he needs no description. The rich Magnifico, that is below with your father, charge: Signior Donado his uncle, for that he means to make this his cousin a golden calf, thinks that you will be a right Israelite, and fall down to him presently. But I hope I have tutored you better. They say a fool's bauble⁵ is a lady's play-fellow; yet you, having wealth enough, you need not cast upon the dearth of flesh, at any rate. Hang him, innocent⁶!

Enter Giovanni.

Annabella.

But see, Putana, see! what blessed shape
Of some celestial creature now appears!
What man is he, that with such sad aspect
Walks careless of himself?

⁴ *The Spanish pavin.*] "*The Pavan*, from Pavo, a peacock, is a grave and majestic dance; the method of performing it was anciently by gentlemen, dressed with a cap and sword; by those of the long robe in their gowns; by princes in their mantles; and by ladies in gowns with long trains, the motion whereof in the dance resembled that of a peacock's tail. This dance is supposed to have been invented by the Spaniards: Grassineau says, its tablature on the score is given in the *Orcheographie* of Thoinet Arbeau. Every Pavan has its galliard, a lighter kind of air made out of the former." *Sir John Hawkins's History of Musick*, vol. 2. p. 134.

⁵ *fool's bauble.*] See note to *Lingua*, vol. 5. p. 129.

⁶ *innocent.*] See note. 8, p. 24.

Putana.

Where ?

Annabella.

Look, below.

Putana.

Oh, 'tis your brother sweet—

Annabella.

Ha !

Putana.

'Tis your brother.

Annabella.

Sure 'tis not he : this is some woeful thing
 Wrap'd up in grief ; some shadow of a man.
 Alas ! he beats his breast, and wipes his eyes
 Drown'd all in tears : methinks I hear him sigh.
 Let's down, Putana, and partake the cause.
 I know my brother, in the love he bears me,
 Will not deny me partage in his sadness.
 My soul is full of heaviness and fear.

[Exit.

Giovanni.

Lost ! I am lost ! my fates have doom'd my death :
 The more I strive, I love : the more I love,
 The less I hope. I see my ruin certain.
 What judgment or endeavours could apply
 To my incurable and restless wounds,
 I thoroughly have examin'd, but in vain :
 O that it were not in religion sin
 To make our love a god, and worship it.
 I have even wearied Heaven with prayers, dried up
 The spring of my continual tears, even starv'd
 My veins with daily fasts : what wit or art
 Could counsel, I have practis'd ; but alas !
 I find all these but dreams, and old men's tales,
 To fright unsteady youth ; I'm still the same.
 O I must speak, or burst ; 'tis not, I know,
 My lust ; but 'tis my fate that leads me on.
 Keep fear and low faint-hearted shame with slaves,
 I'll tell her that I love her, though my heart
 Were rated at the price of that attempt.
 Oh me ! she comes.

Enter

Enter Annabella and Putana.

Annabella.

Brother !

Giovanni.

If such a thing
As courage dwell in men, ye heavenly powers
Now double all that virtue in my tongue !

Annabella.

Why, brother, will you not speak to me ?

Giovanni.

Yes ; how do ye, sister ?

Annabella.

Howsoever I am, methinks you are not well.

Putana.

Bless us, why are you so sad, sir ?

Giovanni.

Let me intreat you leave us a while, Putana.
Sister, I would be private with you.

Annabella.

Withdraw, Putana.

Putana.

I will.

If this were any other company for her, I should think my
absence an office of some credit ; but I will leave them to-
gether.

[Exit Putana.]

Giovanni.

Come, sister, lend your hand, let us walk together ;
I hope you need not blush to walk with me ;
Here's none but you and I.

Annabella.

How is this ?

Giovanni.

Faith, I mean no harm.

Annabella.

Harm ?

Giovanni.

No, good faith : How is it with thee ?

Annabella.

I trust he be not frantic—
I am very well, brother.

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C

Giovanni.

Giovanni.

Trust me, but I am sick ; I fear so sick
'Twill cost my life.

Annabella.

Mercy forbid it ! 'tis not so, I hope.

Giovanni.

I think you love me, sister.

Annabella.

Yes, you know I do.

Giovanni.

I know it indeed,—you are very fair.

Annabella.

Nay, then I see you have a merry sickness.

Giovanni.

That is as it proves. The poets feign, I read,
That Juno for her forehead did exceed
All other goddesses ; but I durst swear
Your forehead exceeds hers, as hers did theirs

Annabella.

Troth, this is pretty.

Giovanni.

Such a pair of stars
As are thine eyes, would, like Promethean fire,
(If gently glanc'd) give life to senseless stones.

Annabella.

Fie upon thee !

Giovanni.

The lilly and the rose, most sweetly strange,
Upon your dimple cheeks, do strive for change.
Such lips would tempt a saint ; such hands as those
Would make an Anchorite lascivious.

Annabella.

Do you mock me, or flatter me ?

Giovanni.

If you would see a beauty more exact
Than art can counterfeit, or nature frame,
Look in your glass, and there behold your own.

Annabella.

O you are a trim youth.

Giovanni.

Giovanni.

Here. [*Offers a dagger to her.*]

Annabella.

What to do?

Giovanni.

And here's my breast, strike home.
Rip up my bosom, there thou shalt behold
A heart, in which is writ the truth I speak.
Why stand you?

Annabella.

Are you earnest?

Giovanni.

Yes, most earnest.
You cannot love.

Annabella.

Whom?

Giovanni.

Me. My tortur'd soul
Hath felt affliction in the heat of death.
O, Annabella, I am quite undone!
The love of thee, my sister, and the view
Of thy immortal beauty, have untun'd
All harmony both of my rest and life.
Why do you not strike?

Annabella.

Forbid it, my just fears!
If this be true, 'twere fitter I were dead.

Giovanni.

True, Annabella! 'tis no time to jest;
I have too long suppress'd my hidden flames,
That almost have consum'd me; I have spent
Many a silent night in sighs and groans;
Ran over all my thoughts, despis'd my fate,
Reason'd against the reasons of my love,
Done all that smooth-cheek'd virtue could advise,
But found all bootless; 'tis my destiny,
That you must either love, or I must die.

Annabella.

Comes this in sadness from you?

Giovanni.

Let some mischief
Befall me soon, if I dissemble ought.

Annabella.

You are my brother, Giovanni.

Giovanni.

You

My sister, Annabella ; I know this :
And could afford you instance why to love
So much the more for this ; to which intent
Wise nature first in your creation meant
To make you mine ; else 't had been sin and foul,
To share one beauty to a double soul.
Nearness in birth or blood, doth but persuade
A nearer nearness in affection.
I have ask'd counsel of the holy church,
Who tells me I may love you ; and 'tis just,
That since I may, I should ; and will, yes will :
Must I now live, or die ?

Annabella.

Live ; thou hast won
The field, and never fought ; what thou hast urg'd,
My captive heart had long ago resolv'd.
I blush to tell thee, (but I'll tell thee now)
For every sigh that thou hast spent for me,
I have sigh'd ten ; for every tear, shed twenty :
And not so much for that I lov'd, as that
I durst not say I lov'd, nor scarcely think it.

Giovanni.

Let not this music be a dream, ye gods,
For pity's sake, I beg ye.

Annabella.

On my knees, [*She kneels.*]
Brother, even by our mother's dust, I charge you,
Do not betray me to your mirth or hate ;
Love me, or kill me, brother.

Giovanni.

On my knees, [*He kneels.*]
Sister, even by my mother's dust I charge you,
Do not betray me to your mirth or hate ;

Love me, or kill me, sister.

Annabella.

You mean good sooth then ?

Giovanni.

In good troth I do,
And so do you, I hope : say, I'm in earnest,

Annabella.

I'll swear it, and I.

Giovanni.

And I ; and by this kiss, [*Kisses her.*]
(Once more, yet once more ; now let's rise, by this)
I would not change this minute for Elysium.
What must we now do ?

Annabella.

What you will.

Giovanni.

Come then,
After so many tears as we have wept,
Let's learn to court in smiles, to kisses, and sleep. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Florio and Donado.

Florio.

Signior Donado, you have said enough ;
I understand you : but would have you know,
I will not force my daughter 'gainst her will.
You see I have but two, a son and her ;
And he is so devoted to his book,
As I must tell you true, I doubt his health :
Should he miscarry, all my hopes rely
Upon my girl. As for worldly fortune,
I am, I thank my stars, blest'd with enough.
My care is how to match her to her liking ;
I would not have her marry wealth, but love.
And if she like your nephew, let him have her ;
Here's all that I can say.

Donado.

Sir, you say well,
Like a true father ; and for my part, I,
If the young folks can like, ('twixt you and me)
Will promise to assure my nephew presently

Three thousand florins yearly, during life,
And after I am dead, my whole estate.

Florio.

'Tis a fair proffer, sir ; meantime your nephew
Shall have free passage to commence his suit ;
If he can thrive, he shall have my consent.
So for this time I'll leave you, signior.

[Exit.

Donado.

Well,
Here's hope yet, if my nephew would have wit ;
But he's such another dunce, I fear
He'll never win the wench. When I was young,
I could have done't, i'faith, and so shall he,
If he will learn of me ; and in good time,
He comes himself.

Enter Bergetto and Poggio.

Poggio.

How now, Bergetto ? whither away so fast ?

Bergetto.

Oh uncle, I have heard the strangest news that ever
came out of the mint ! have I not, Poggio ?

Poggio.

Yes, indeed, sir.

Donado.

What news, Bergetto ?

Bergetto,

Why look ye, uncle, my barber told me just now, that there
is a fellow come to town, who undertakes to make a mill go
without the mortal help of any water or wind, only with
sand-bags ; and this fellow hath a strange horse, a most
excellent beast, I'll assure you, uncle, my barber says,
whose head, to the wonder of all Christian people, stands
just behind where his tail is. Is't not true, Poggio ?

Poggio.

So the barber swore, forsooth.

Donado.

And you are running hither ?

Bergetto.

Ay, forsooth, uncle !

Donado.

Donado.

Wilt thou be a fool still? Come, fir, you shall not go, you have more mind of a puppet-play than on the business I told you: why, thou great baby, will't never have wit? will't make thyself a May-game to all the world?

Poggio.

Answer for yourself, master.

Bergetto.

Why, uncle, shou'd I sit at home still, and not go abroad to see fashions, like other gallants?

Donado.

To see hobby-horses: what wise talk, I pray, had you with Annabella, when you were at signior Florio's house?

Bergetto.

Oh the wench: uds sa'me, uncle, I tickled her with a rare speech, that I made her almost burst her belly with laughing.

Donado.

Nay, I think so, and what speech was't?

Bergetto.

What did I say, Poggio?

Poggio.

Forsooth, my master said, that he loved her almost as well as he loved parmasent⁷, and swore, I'll be sworn for him, that she wanted but such a nose as his was to be as pretty a young woman as any was in Parma.

Donado.

Oh gross!

Bergetto.

Nay, uncle, then she ask'd me, whether my father had any more children than myself? and I said, no, 'twere better he should have had his brains knock'd out first.

Donado.

This is intolerable.

Bergetto.

Then said she, Will signior Donado, your uncle, leave you all his wealth?

⁷ parmasent.] i. e. Parmesan cheese; the cheese of Parma in Italy, where the scene is laid.

Donado.

Ha! that was good; did she harp upon that string?

Bergetto.

Did she harp upon that string? ay, that she did. I answer'd, Leave me all his wealth? why, woman, he hath no other will; if he had, he should hear on't to his everlasting glory and confusion. I know, quoth I, I am his white boy, and will not be gull'd; and with that she fell into a great smile, and went away. Nay, I did fit her.

Donado.

Ah, firrah, then I see there's no changing of nature; Well, Bergetto, I fear thou wilt be a very ass still.

Bergetto.

I should be sorry for that, uncle.

Donado.

Come, come you home with me: since you are no better a speaker, I'll have you write to her after some courtly manner, and enclose some rich jewel in the letter.

Bergetto.

Ay marry, that will be excellent.

Donado.

Peace, innocent^s.

Once in my time I'll set my wits to school;
If all fail, 'tis but the fortune of a fool.

Bergetto.

Poggio, 'twill do, Poggio.

[*Exeunt.*]

^{s innocent}] A term formerly used in common, and still retained in some parts of the kingdom, for an idiot. Thus in *Hall's Chronicle*, *Henry IV.* fo. 6.

"— depravyng and railyng on Kyng Rycharde as an innocent, a dastarde, a meicocke, &c."

Ben Jonson's *Epicæne*, A. 1. S. 1.

"— she hits me a blow o' the ear, and calls me innocent, and lets me go."

Ibid. A. 3. S. 4.

"— do you think you had married some innocent out of the hospital, that would stand with her hands thus, and a playse mouth, and look upon you."

The Two Noble Kinsmen, by Fletcher and Shakspeare, A. 4. S. 1.

"— but this very day

"I ask'd her questions, and she answer'd me

"So far from what she was, so childishly,

"So fillily, as if she were a fool,

"An innocent! and I was very angry."

A C T

A C T II.

Enter Giovanni and Annabella, as from their chamber.

Giovanni.

COME, Annabella, no more sister now,
But love, a name more gracious ; do not blush,
Beauty's sweet wonder, but be proud to know
That yielding thou hast conquer'd, and inflam'd
A heart, whose tribute is thy brother's life,

Annabella.

And mine is his. Oh, how these stol'n contents
Would print a modest crimson on my cheeks,
Had any but my heart's delight prevail'd !

Giovanni.

I marvel why the chaster of your sex
Should think this pretty toy call'd maidenhead
So strange a loss ; when, being lost, 'tis nothing,
And you are still the same.

Annabella.

'Tis well for you,
Now you can talk.

Giovanni.

Musick as well consists
In th' ear, as in the playing.

Annabella.

Oh, you're wanton :
Tell on't, you're best, do.

Giovanni.

Thou wilt chide me then.
Kiss me — ; so : thus hung Jove on Leda's neck,
And suck'd divine ambrosia from her lips.
I envy not the mightiest man alive,
But hold myself, in being king of thee,
More great than were I king of all the world.
But I shall lose you, sweetheart.

Annabella.

But you shall not.

Giovanni.

You must be married, mistress.

Annabella.

Yes, to whom ? *Annabella.*

Some one must have you. *Giovanni.*

You must. *Annabella.*

Nay, some other. *Giovanni.*

Now pr'ythee do not speak so, without jesting.
You'll make me weep in earnest. *Annabella.*

What, you will not. *Giovanni.*
But tell me, sweet, canst thou but dare to swear
That thou wilt live to me, and to no other ? *Annabella.*

By both our loves I dare ; for didst thou know,
My Giovanni, how all suitors seem
To my eyes hateful, thou wouldst trust me then. *Giovanni.*

Enough, I take thy word : sweet we must part,
Remember what thou vow'st, keep well my heart. *Annabella.*

Will you be gone ? *Giovanni.*

I must. *Annabella.*

When to return ? *Giovanni.*

Soon. *Annabella.*

Look you do. *Giovanni.*

Farewell. *Annabella.* [Exit.

Go where thou wilt, in mind I'll keep thee here,
And where thou art, I know I shall be there.
Guardian !

Enter

Enter Putana.

Putana.

Child, how is't, child ? well, thank Heav'n, ha !

Annabella.

O guardian, what a paradise of joy
Have I past over !

Putana.

Nay, what a paradise of joy have you past under ? Why
now I commend thee, Charge. Fear nothing, sweet-
heart : what tho' he be your brother, your brother's a
man, I hope ; and I say still, if a young wench feel the
fit upon her, let her take any body, father or brother, all
is one.

Annabella.

I would not have it known for all the world.

Putana.

Nor I indeed, for the speech of the people ; else 'twere
nothing.

Florio within.

Daughter, Annabella !

Annabella.

O me ! my father, — here, fir.—Reach my work.

Florio within.

What are you doing ?

Annabella.

So, let him come now.

*Enter Florio, Richardetto like a doctor of physick, and Phil-
otis with a lute in her hand.*

Florio.

So hard at work ! that's well ; you lose no time. Look,
I have brought you company ; here's one, a learned doctor,
lately come from Padua, much skill'd in physick : and, for
that I see you have of late been sickly, I intreated this
reverend man to visit you some time.

Annabella.

Y' are very welcome, fir.

Richardetto.

I thank you, mistress :

Loud

Loud fame in large report hath spoke your praise,
 As well for virtue as perfection :
 For which I have been bold to bring with me
 A kinswoman of mine, a maid, for song
 And music, one perhaps will give content,
 Please you to know her ?

Annabella.

They are parts I love,
 And she for them most welcome.

Philotis.

Thank you, lady.

Florio.

Sir, now you know my house, pray make not strange,
 And if you find my daughter need your art,
 I'll be your pay-master.

Richardetto.

Sir, what I am she shall command.

Florio.

You shall bind me to you.

Daughter, I must have conference with you
 About some matters that concerns us both.
 Good master doctor, please you but walk in,
 We'll crave a little of your cousin's cunning^a.
 I think my girl hath not quite forgot
 To touch an instrument, she could have don't,
 We'll hear them both.

Richardetto.

I'll wait upon you, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Soranzo in his study, reading a book.

*Love's measure is extreme, the comfort pain ;
 The life unrest, and the reward disdain.*

What's here ? look't o'er again. 'Tis so ; so writes
 This smooth licentious poet in his rhimes.
 But, Sanazar, thou lyest ; for, had thy bosom
 Felt such oppression as is laid on mine,
 Thou would'st have kiss'd the rod that made thee smart.

^a *cunning.*] See note 24 to *Alexander and Campaspe*, vol. 2. p. 120.
 To

To work then, happy muse, and contradict
What Sanazar hath in his envy writ.

*Love's measure is the mean, sweet his annoys,
His pleasure's life, and his reward all joys.*

Had Annabella liv'd when Sanazar ¹⁰
Did in his brief Encomium celebrate
Venice, that queen of cities, he had left
That verse which gain'd him such a sum of gold,
And for one only look from Annabel,
Had writ of her, and her diviner cheeks.
O how my thoughts are——

Vasques within.

Pray forbear: in rules of civility, let me give notice.
on't: I shall be tax'd of my neglect of duty and service.

Soranzo.

What rude intrusion interrupts my peace?
Can I be no where private

Vasques within.

Truth you wrong your modesty.

Soranzo.

What's the matter Vasques? who is 't?

Enter Hippolita and Vasques.

Hippolita.

'Tis I:

Do you know me now? Look, perjurd man, on her
Whom thou and thy distracted lust have wrong'd;

¹⁰ —— *when Sanazar*

Did in his brief encomium, &c.]

Sanazar, or Sannazarius, was a celebrated Italian and Latin poet, born at Naples 1458, and died 1530. The verses on Venice, here alluded to, are printed in the 2d vol. of *Selecta Poemata Italorum qui Latine scripserunt*, published by Mr. Pope, 8vo, 1740, p. 23: and also by Tom Coryat in his *Crudities*, p. 159; who speaks of them in the following manner:—
“I heard in Venice that a certaine Italian poet, called Jacobus Sannazarius, had a hundred crownes bestowed upon him by the senate of Venice for each of these verses following. I would to God my poetical friend Mr. Benjamin Johnson were so well rewarded for his poems here in England, seeing he hath made many as good verses (in my opinion) as those of Sannazarius.”

Thy

Thy sensual rage of blood hath made my youth
 A scorn to men and angels; and shall I
 Be now a foil to thy unsated change?
 Thou know'st, false wanton, when my modest fame
 Stood free from stain or scandal, all the charms
 Of hell or forcery could not prevail
 Against the honour of my chaster bosom.
 Thine eyes did plead in tears, thy tongue in oaths,
 Such, and so many, that a heart of steel
 Would have been wrought to pity, as was mine:
 And shall the conquest of my lawful bed,
 My husband's death urg'd on by his disgrace,
 My loss of womanhood, be ill rewarded
 With hatred and contempt? No; know, Soranzo,
 I have a spirit doth as much distaste
 The slavery of fearing thee, as thou
 Dost loath the memory of what hath past.

Soranzo.

Nay, dear Hippolita!

Hippolita.

Call me not dear,
 Nor think with supple words to smoothe the grossness
 Of my abuses; 'tis not your new mistress,
 Your goodly madam merchant, shall triumph
 On my dejection; tell her thus from me:
 My birth was nobler, and by much more free.

Soranzo.

You are too violent.

Hippolita.

You are too double
 In your dissimulation. Seest thou this,
 This habit, these black mourning weeds of care?
 'Tis thou art cause of this, and hast divorc'd
 My husband from his life, and me from him,
 And made me widow in my widowhood.

Soranzo.

Will you yet hear?

Hippolita.

More of thy perjuries?
 Thy soul is drown'd too deeply in those sins;

Thou

Thou need'st not add to th' number.

Soranzo.

Then I'll leave you ;
You are past all rules of sense.

Hippolita.

And thou of grace.

Vasquez.

Fie, mistress, you are not near the limits of reason ; if my lord had a resolution as noble as virtue itself, you take the course to unedge it all. Sir, I beseech you do not perplex her ; griefs, alas, will have a vent ; I dare undertake, madam Hippolita will now freely hear you.

Soranzo.

Talk to a woman frantic !—Are these the fruits of your love ?

Hippolita.

They are the fruits of thy untruth, false man !
Did'st thou not swear, whilst yet my husband liv'd,
That thou would'st wish no happiness on earth
More than to call me wife ? did'st thou not vow
When he should die to marry me ? for which
The devil in my blood, and thy protests,
Caus'd me to counsel him to undertake
A voyage to Leghorn, for that we heard
His brother there was dead, and left a daughter
Young and unfriended, who with much ado
I wish'd him to bring hither ; he did so,
And went ; and, as thou know'st, died on the way.
Unhappy man, to buy his death so dear,
With my advice ! yet thou, for whom I did it,
Forget'st thy vows, and leav'st me to my shame.

Soranzo.

Who could help this ?

Hippolita.

Who ? perjur'd man ! thou could'st,
If thou had'st faith or love.

Soranzo.

You are deceiv'd ;
The vows I made, if you remember well,
Were wicked and unlawful ; 'twere more sin

To

To keep them than to break them : as for me,
 I cannot mask my penitence. Think thou
 How much thou hast digress'd from honest shame,
 In bringing of a gentleman to death
 Who was thy husband, such a one as he,
 So noble in his quality, condition,
 Learning, behaviour, entertainment, love,
 As Parma could not shew a braver man.

Vasques.

You do not well ; this was not your promise.

Soranzo.

I care not : let her know her monstrous life.
 Ere I be servile to so black a sin,
 I'll be a curse. Woman, come here no more,
 Learn to repent and die ; for by my honour
 I hate thee and thy lust ; you have been too foul.

[*Exit Soranzo.*]

Vasques.

This part has been scurvily play'd.

Hippolita.

How foolishly this beast contemns his fate,
 And shuns the use of that, which I more scorn
 Than I once lov'd ; his love : but let him go,
 My vengeance shall give comfort to his woe.

[*She offers to go away.*]

Vasques.

Mistress, mistress ; madam Hippolita,
 Pray, a word or two.

Hippolita.

With me, sir ?

Vasques.

With you, if you please.

Hippolita.

What is 't ?

Vasques.

I know you are infinitely mov'd now, and you think you
 have cause ; some I confess you have, but sure not so much
 as you imagine.

Hippolita.

Indeed !

Vasques.

Vasques.

O you were miserably bitter, which you followed even to the last syllable : faith you were somewhat too shrewd ; by my life, you could not have took my lord in a worse time since first I knew him : to-morrow you shall find him a new man.

Hippolita.

Well, I shall wait his leisure.

Vasques.

Fie, this is not a hearty patience ; it comes sourly from you ; troth, let me persuade you for once.

Hippolita.

I have it, and it shall be so ; thanks opportunity—
[*Aside.*]—Persuade me to what?—

Vasques.

Visit him in some milder temper. O, if you could but master a little your female spleen, how might you win him !

Hippolita.

He will never love me. Vasques, thou hast been a too trusty servant to such a master, and I believe thy reward in the end will fall out like mine.

Vasques.

So perhaps too.

Hippolita.

Resolve thyself it will ; had I one so true, so truly honest, so secret to my counsels, as thou hast been to him and his, I should think it a slight acquittance, not only to make him master of all I have, but even of myself.

Vasques.

O you are a noble gentlewoman.

Hippolita.

Wilt thou feed always upon hopes ? well, I know thou art wise, and feest the reward of an old servant daily what it is.

Vasques.

Beggary and neglect.

Hippolita.

True ; but, Vasques, wert thou mine, and would'st be
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private to me and my designs. I here protest myself, and all what I can else call mine, should be at thy dispose.

Vasques.

Work you that way, old mole¹¹ ? then I have the wind of you—[*Aside.*] I were not worthy of it, by any desert that could lie—within my compass ; if I could—

Hippolita.

What then ?

Vasques.

I should then hope to live in these my old years with rest and security.

Hippolita.

Give me thy hand : now promise but thy silence,
And help to bring to pass a plot I have ;
And here, in sight of Heaven, that being done,
I make thee lord of me and mine estate.

Vasques.

Come, you are merry.
This is such a happiness that I can
Neither think or believe.

Hippolita.

Promise thy secrecy, and 'tis confirm'd.

Vasques.

Then here I call our good Genii for witnesses, whatsoever your designs are, or against whomsoever, I will not only be a special actor therein, but never disclose it till it be effected.

Hippolita.

I take thy word, and with that, thee for mine :
Come then, let's more confer of this anon.
On this delicious bane my thoughts shall banquet,
Revenge shall sweeten what my griefs have tasted.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Richardetto and Philotis.

Richardetto.

Thou seest, my lovely niece, these strange mishaps,

¹¹ Work you that way, old mole ?—then I have the wind of you.] Phrase from Shakspere's *Hamlet*.

S.

How

How all my fortunes turn to my disgrace,
Wherein I am but as a looker-on,
Whilst others act my shame, and I am silent.

Philotis.

But, uncle, wherein can this borrowed shape
Give you content?

Richardetto.

I'll tell thee, gentle niece:
Thy wanton aunt in her lascivious riots
Lives now secure, thinks I am surely dead
In my late journey to Leghorn for you;
As I have caus'd it to be rumour'd out.
Now would I see with what an impudence
She gives scope to her loose adultery,
And how the common voice allows hereof:
Thus far I have prevail'd.

Philotis.

Alas, I fear
You mean some strange revenge.

Richardetto.

O be not troubled,
Your ignorance shall plead for you in all.
But to your business: what! you learn'd for certain
How signior Florio means to give his daughter
In marriage to Soranzo?

Philotis.

Yes, for certain.

Richardetto.

But how find you young Annabella's love
Inclin'd to him?

Philotis.

For aught I could perceive,
She neither fancies him or any else.

Richardetto.

There's mystery in that, which time must shew.
She us'd you kindly?

Philotis.

Yes.

Richardetto.

And crav'd your company?

D 2

Philotis.

Philotis.

Often.

Richardetto.

'Tis well, it goes as I could wish.
 I am the doctor now, and as for you,
 None knows you; if all fail not we shall thrive.
 But who comes here?

Enter Grimaldi.

I know him, 'tis Grimaldi,
 A Roman and a soldier, near ally'd
 Unto the duke of Montferrato, one
 Attending on the nuncio of the pope,
 That now resides in Parma; by which means
 He hopes to get the love of Annabella.

Grimaldi.

Save you, fir.

Richardetto.

And you, fir.

Grimaldi.

I have heard
 Of your approved skill, which through the city
 Is freely talk'd of, and would crave your aid.

Richardetto.

For what, fir?

Grimaldi.

Marry, fir, for this—
 But I would speak in private.

Richardetto.

Leave us, cousin.

*[Exit Philotis.]**Grimaldi.*

I love fair Annabella, and would know
 Whether in arts there may not be receipts
 To move affection.

Richardetto.

Sir, perhaps there may,
 But these will nothing profit you.

Grimaldi.

Not me?

Richardetto.

Unless I be mistook, you are a man
 Greatly in favour with the cardinal.

Grimaldi

Grimaldi.

What of that ?

Richardetto.

In duty to his grace,
I will be bold to tell you, if you seek
To marry Florio's daughter, you must first
Remove a bar 'twixt you and her.

Grimaldi.

Who's that ?

Richardetto.

Soranzo is the man that hath her heart,
And while he lives, be sure you cannot speed,

Grimaldi.

Soranzo ! what mine enemy ? is 't he ?

Richardetto.

Is he your enemy ?

Grimaldi.

The man I hate,
Worse than confusion ; I'll tell him straight.

Richardetto.

Nay, then take my advice,
Even for his grace's sake the cardinal :
I'll find a time when he and she doth meet,
Of which I'll give you notice ; and, to be sure
He shall not 'scape you, I'll provide a poison
To dip your rapier's point in ; if he had
As many heads as Hydra had, he dies.

Grimaldi.

But shall I trust thee, doctor ?

Richardetto.

As yourself,
Doubt not in aught ; thus shall the fates decree,
By me Soranzo falls, that mined me.

[*Exit.*

Enter Donado, Bergetto and Poggio.

Donado.

Well, sir, I must be content to be both your secretary
and your messenger myself ; I cannot tell what this letter
may work ; but, as sure as I am alive, if thou come once
to talk with her, I fear thou wilt mar whatsoever I make.

D 3

Bergetto.

Bergetto.

You make, uncle ? why am not I big enough to carry mine own letter, I pray ?

Donado.

Ay, ay, carry a fool's head of thy own ; why, thou duncce, would'st thou write a letter, and carry it thyself ?

Bergetto.

Yes that I would, and read it to her with mine own mouth ; for you must think, if she will not believe me myself, when she hears me speak, she will not believe another's hand-writing. Oh, you think I am a blockhead, uncle : no, fir, Poggio knows I have indited a letter myself, so I have.

Poggio.

Yes truly, fir, I have it in my pocket.

Donado.

A sweet one, no doubt ; pray let's see't.

Bergetto.

I cannot read my own hand very well, Poggio. Read it, Poggio,

Donado.

Begin.

Poggio reads.

*M*OST dainty and honey-sweet mistress, I could call you fair, and lye as fast as any that loves you ; but my uncle being the elder man, I leave it to him, as more fit for his age, and the colour of his beard. I am wise enough to tell you I can board ¹² where I see occasion, or if you like

¹² I can board where I see occasion.] i. e. board, jest : a Scots word. So in their proverb, " Board neither with me nor my honour." See Ray's *Collection of North Country Words*. S.

Again, in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, 1599.

" All the meat that we eat, we catch out of the sea, and if there we miss, well washed and salted, we sneak home to bed supperless ; and upon the tail of it he brings in a parasite, that sheweth and bourseth them thus, &c."

Erasmus's Praise of Folly, 1549, Sign. O 3.

" — and finally, that in boursage and syrrengs they can flatter pleasantly."

Ben Jonson's Cataline, A. 1. S. 4.

" — arise, and shew

" But any least aversion in your look

" To him that bours you next, and your throat opens."

See Mr. Whalley's note on the last passage.

my uncle's wit better than mine, you shall marry me ; if you like mine better than his, I will marry you, in spite of your teeth ; so commending my best parts to you, I rest.

Yours upwards and downwards,
or you my chuse,

Bergetto.

Ah, ha ! here's stuff, uncle !

Donado.

Here's stuff indeed to shame us all :
Pray whose advice did you take in this learned letter ?

Poggio.

None, upon my word, but mine own.

Bergetto.

And mine, uncle, believe it, no body's else ; 'twas mine own brain ; I thank a good wit for't.

Donado.

Get you home, fir, and look you keep within doors till I return.

Bergetto.

How ? that were a jest indeed ? I scorn it 'faith !

Donado.

What, you do not ?

Bergetto.

Judge me, but I do now.

Poggio.

Indeed, fir, 'tis very unhealthy.

Donado.

Well, fir, if I hear any of your apish running to motions¹³ and fopperies till I come back, you were as good not ; look to't.

[Exit Donado.]

Bergetto.

Poggio, shall's steal to see this horse with the head in's tail ?

Poggio.

Ay, but you must take heed of whipping.

Bergetto.

Dost take me for a child, Poggio ?
Come, honest Poggio.

[Exit.]

¹³ motions.] Puppet-shews. See note 4, to *The Antiquary*, vol. 10. p. 7.

*Enter Friar and Giovanni.**Friar.*

Peace : thou hast told a tale, whose every word
 Threatens eternal slaughter to thy soul.
 I'm sorry I have heard it : would mine ears
 Had been one minute deaf, before the hour
 That thou cam'st to me : O young man cast-away !
 By the religious number of mine order,
 I day and night have wak'd my aged eyes
 Above my strength, to weep on thy behalf.
 But Heaven is angry, and be thou resolv'd,
 Thou art a man remark'd to taste of mischief.
 Look for't ; though it come late, it will come sure.

Giovanni.

Father, in this you are uncharitable ;
 What I have done, I'll prove both fit and good,
 It is a principle, which you have taught,
 When I was yet your scholar, that the frame
 And composition of the mind doth follow
 The frame and composition of body :
 So, where the body's furniture is Beauty,
 The mind's must needs be Virtue ; which allow'd,
 Virtue itself is Reason but refin'd,
 And Love the quintessence of that : this proves
 My sister's beauty being rarely fair,
 Is rarely virtuous ; chiefly in her love,
 And chiefly in that love, her love to me :
 If hers to me, then so is mine to her,
 Since in like causes are effects alike,

Friar.

O ignorance in knowledge ! long ago,
 How often have I warn'd thee this before ?
 Indeed, if we were sure there were no Deity,
 Nor heaven nor hell ; then to be led alone
 By nature's light (as were philosophers
 Of elder times) might instance some defence.
 But 'tis not so : then, madman, thou wilt find,
 That nature is in Heaven's positions blind.

Giovanni.

Your age o'errules you : had you youth like mine,

5

You'd

You'd make her love your heaven, and her divine.

Friar.

Nay, then I see th' art too far sold to hell ;
It lies not in the compass of my prayers
To call thee back : yet let me counsel thee,
Persuade thy sister to some marriage.

Giovanni.

Marrige ? why that's to damn her ; that's to prove
Her greedy of variety of lust.

Friar.

O fearful ! if thou wilt not, give me leave
To strive ¹⁴ her ; lest she should die unabso^lv'd.

Giovanni,

At your best leisure, father ; then she'll tell you,
How dearly she doth prize my matchless love ;
Then you will know what pity 'twere we two
Should have been sunder'd from each other's arms.
View well her face, and in that little round
You may observe a world of variety ;
For coral, lips ; for sweet perfumes, her breath ;
For jewels, eyes ; for threads of purest gold,
Hair ; for delicious choice of flowers, cheeks ;
Wonder in every portion of that form.
Hear her but speak, and you will swear the spheres
Make music to the citizens in heaven.
But, father, what is else for pleasure fram'd,
Lest I offend your ears, shall go unnam'd.

Friar.

The more I hear, I pity thee the more ;
That one so excellent should give those parts
All to a second death. What I can do,
Is but to pray ; and yet I could advise thee,
Wouldst thou be rul'd.

Giovanni.

In what ?

Friar.

Why leave her yet ;
The throne of mercy is above your trespass ;
Yet time is left you both —

¹⁴ *strive.*] See note 67 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. 2, p. 46.

Giovanni.

43 'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE.

Giovanni.

To embrace each other ;
Else let all time be struck quite out of number ;
She is like me, and I like her resolv'd.

Friar.

No more, I'll visit her ; this grieves me most,
Things being thus, a pair of souls are lost. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Florio, Donado, Annabella, Putana.

Florio.

Where is Giovanni ?

Annabella.

Newly walk'd abroad,
And (as I heard him say) gone to the friar,
His reverend tutor.

Florio.

That is a blessed man !
A man made up of holiness ; I hope
He'll teach him how to gain another world.

Donado.

Fair gentlewoman, here is a letter, sent
To you from my young cousin ; I dare swear
He loves you in his soul ; would you could hear
Sometimes what I see daily, sighs and tears,
As if his breast were prison to his heart.

Florio.

Receive it, Annabella.

Annabella.

Alas, good man !

Donado.

What is that she said ?

Putana.

And please you, sir, she said, alas, good man. Truly
I do commend him to her every night before her first
sleep, because I would have her dream of him ; and she
hearkens to that most religiously.

Donado.

Say'st so ; godamercy, Putana, there is something for
thee ; and pr'ythee do what thou canst on his behalf ; it
shall not be lost labour, take my word for it.

Putana.

Putana.

Thank you most heartily, fir; now I have a feeling
of your mind, let me alone to work.

Annabella.

Guardian.

Putana.

Did you call?

Annabella.

Keep this letter.

Donado.

Signior Florio, in any case bid her read it instantly.

Florio.

Keep it; for what? pray read it me here right.

Annabella.

I shall, fir.

[*She reads.*]

Donado.

How do you find her inclin'd, signior?

Florio.

Troth, fir, I know not how; not all so well
As I could wish.

Annabella.

Sir, I am bound to rest your cousin's debtor.
The jewel I'll return; for if he love,
I'll count that love a jewel.

Donado.

Mark you that?

Nay, keep them both, sweet maid.

Annabella.

You must excuse me,
Indeed I will not keep it.

Florio.

Where is the ring?
That which your mother in her will bequeath'd,
And charg'd you on her blessing not to give it
To any but your husband? send back that.

Annabella.

I have it not.

Florio.

Ha! have it not; where is it?

Annabella.

My brother in the morning took it from me,

Said

Said he would wear it to-day.

Florio.

Well, what do you say
To young Bergetto's love ? are you content
To match with him ? speak.

Donado.

There's the point indeed.

Annabella.

What shall I do ? I must say something now.

Florio.

What say ? why do you not speak ?

Annabella.

Sir, with your leave,
Please you to give me freedom.

Florio.

Yes, you have.

Annabella.

Signior Donado, if your nephew mean
To raise his better fortunes in his match,
The hope of me will hinder such a hope.
Sir, if you love him, as I know you do,
Find one more worthy of his choice than me ;
In short, I'm sure I shall not be his wife.

Donado.

Why here's plain dealing, I commend thee for't ;
And all the worst I wish thee, is Heaven bless thee ;
Your father yet and I will still be friends ;
Shall we not, signior Florio ?

Florio.

Yes, why not ?
Look here your cousin comes,

Enter Bergetto and Poggio.

Donado.

Oh coxcomb, what doth make him here ?

Bergetto.

Where is my uncle, firs ?

Donado.

What is the news now ?

Bergetto.

Bergetto.

Save you, uncle, save you ; you must not think I come for nothing, masters ; and how and how is it ? what, you have read my letter ? ah, there I — tickled you i' faith.

Poggio.

But 'twere better you had tickled her in another place.

Bergetto.

Sirrah, sweetheart, I'll tell thee a good jest, and riddle what it is.

Annabella.

You say you'd tell me.

Bergetto.

As I was walking just now in the street, I met a swaggering fellow would needs take the wall of me ; and because he did thrust me, I very valiantly call'd him rogue. He hereupon bad me draw ; I told him I had more wit than so ; but when he saw that I would not, he did so maul me with the hilts of his rapier, that my head sung whilst my feet caper'd in the kennel.

Donado.

Was ever the like afeen ?

Annabella.

And what did you all this while ?

Bergetto.

Laugh at him for a gull, till I see the blood run about mine ears, and then I could not choose but find in my heart to cry ; till a fellow with a broad beard, (they say he is a new-come doctor) call'd me into this house, and gave me a plaister, look you here 'tis ; and, sir, there was a young wench wash'd my face and hands most excellently, i'faith I shall love her as long as I live for it ; did she not, Poggio ?

Poggio.

Yes, and kifs'd him too.

Bergetto.

Why la now, you think I tell a lye, uncle, I warrant.

Donado.

Would he that beat thy blood out of thy head, had beaten some wit into it : for I fear thou never wilt have any.

Bergetto.

Bergetto.

Oh uncle, but there was a wench would have done a man's heart good to have look'd on her : by this light, she had a face methinks worth twenty of you, mistress Annabella.

Donado.

Was ever such a fool born ?

Annabella.

I am glad she lik'd ⁽¹²⁾ you, sir.

Bergetto.

Are you so ? by my troth I thank you forsooth.

Florio.

Sure it was the doctor's niece, that was last day with us here.

Bergetto.

'Twas she, 'twas she.

Donado.

How do you know that, simplicity ?

Bergetto.

Why does not he say so ? if I should have said no, I should have given him the lye, uncle, and so have deserv'd a dry beating again ; I'll none of that.

Florio.

A very modest, well-behav'd young maid, as I have seen.

Donado.

Is she indeed ?

Florio.

Indeed

She is, if I have any judgment.

Donado.

Well, sir, now you are free, you need not care for sending letters ; now you are dismiss'd, your mistress here will none of you.

Bergetto.

No ; why what care I for that : I can have wenches enough in Parma for half a crown apiece ; cannot I, Poggio ?

(12) *lik'd.* i. e. pleased. See note 8 to *Cornelia*, vol. 2. p. 243.

Poggio.

I'll warrant you, fir.

Donado.

Signior Florio, I thank you for your free recourse you gave for my admittance; and to you, fair maid, that jewel I will give you 'gainst your marriage. Come, will you go, fir?

Bergetto.

Ay marry will I, mistress; farewell, mistress; I'll come again to-morrow — farewell, mistress.

[*Exit Donado, Bergetto, and Poggio.*]

Enter Giovanni.

Florio.

Son, where have you been? what alone, alone, still, still? I would not have it so; you must forsake this over bookish humour. Well, your sister hath shook the fool off.

Giovanni.

'Twas no match for her.

Florio.

'Twas not indeed, I meant it nothing less: Soranzo is the man I only like; Look on him, Annabella. Come, 'tis supper-time, And it grows late.

[*Exit Florio.*]

Giovanni.

Whose jewel is that?

Annabella.

Some sweetheart's.

Giovanni.

So I think.

Annabella.

A lusty youth, signior Donado, gave it me To wear against my marriage.

Giovanni.

But you shall not wear it; send it him back again.

Annabella.

What, you are jealous!

Giovanni.

That you shall know anon, at better leisure: Welcome sweet night, the evening crowns the day.

[*Exeunt.*
A C T

A C T III.

*Enter Bergetto and Poggio.**Bergetto.*

DOES my uncle think to make me a baby still ? no, Poggio ; he shall know I have a skonce ¹⁵ now.

Poggio.

Ay, let him not bob you off like an ape with an apple.

Bergetto.

'Sfoot, I will have the wench, if he were ten uncles, in despite of his nose, Poggio.

Poggio.

Hold him to the grind-stone, and give not a jot of ground ;

She hath in a manner promised you already.

Bergetto.

True, Poggio ; and her uncle, the doctor, Swore I should marry her.

Poggio.

He swore, I remember.

Bergetto.

And I will have her, that's more : Did'st see the cod-piece-point she gave me, and the box of marmalade ?

Poggio.

Very well ; and kifs'd you, that my chops water'd at the sight on't : there is no way but to clap up a marriage in hugger mugger ¹⁶.

Bergetto.

¹⁵ *skonce.*] *i. e.* head. See note on *Hamlet*, A. 3. S. 1. edit. 1778. S.

¹⁶ *in bugger mugger.*] In secret. This uncouth expression occurs in *Hamlet*, A. 4. S. 5. which many modern editors have altered to the more modern phrase of, *in private* ; but, as Dr. Johnson observes, " if phraseology is to be changed as words grow uncouth by disuse, or gross by vulgarity, the history of every language will be lost ; we shall no longer have the words of any author ; and, as these alterations will be often unskilfully made, we shall in time have very little of his meaning." Mr. Steevens, by several instances, hath shewn, that the terms were in common use, and conveyed no low or vulgar ideas, and several others might be added, as in *Ascham's Toxophilus*, 1571. " If shootinge

Bergetto.

I will do it ; for I tell thee, Poggio, I begin to grow
valiant methinks, and my courage begins to rise.

Poggio.

Should you be afraid of your uncle ?

Bergetto.

Hang him, old doating rascal, no ; I sa I will have
her.

Poggio.

Lose no time then.

Bergetto.

I will beget a race of wise men, and constables, that
shall cart whores at their own charges, and break the
duke’s peace ere I have done myself. — Come away.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Florio, Giovanni, Soranzo, Annabella, Putana,
and Vasques.*

Florio.

My lord Soranzo, though I must confes
The proffers that are made me have been great,
In marriage of my daughter ; yet the hope
Of your still rising honours have prevail’d
Above all other jointures : herè she is ;
She knows my mind ; speak for yourself to her.
And hear you, daughter ; see you use him nobly,
For any private speech, I’ll give you time :
Come, son ; and you the rest, let them alone
Agree as they may.

Soranzo.

I thank you, sir.

Giovanni.

Sister, be not all woman, think on me. [*Aside to her.*

“ shootinge fault at anye time, it hydes it not, it larkes not in cornerè
“ and budder motber.”

Dekkar’s Satiromastrix.

“ One word, Sir Quintilian, in bugger mugger.”

Dekkar’s Newes from Hell. Sign. c. 4.

“ — discharg’d their great bellies there, like whores in bugget
“ mugger.”

VOL. VIII.

E

Soranzo.

Vasques.

Soranzo.

My lord.

Vasques.

Soranzo.

Attend me without —

[*Exeunt omnes, præter Soranzo and Annabella.*
Annabella.

Sir, what is your will with me?

Soranzo.

Do you not know what I should tell you?

Annabella.

Yes, you will say you love me.

Soranzo.

And I'll swear it too; will you believe it?

Annabella.

'Tis not point of faith.

Enter Giovanni above.

Soranzo.

Have you not will to love?

Annabella,

Not you.

Soranzo.

Whom then?

Annabella.

That is as the fates infer.

Giovanni.

Of those I am regent now.

Soranzo.

What mean you, sweet?

Annabella.

To live and die a maid.

Soranzo.

Oh, that's unfit.

Giovanni.

Here's one can say that's but a woman's note.

Soranzo.

Did you but see my heart, then would you swear —

1

Annabella.

Annabella.

That you were dead.

Giovanni.

That's true, or somewhat near it.

Soranzo.

See you these true love's tears?

Annabella.

No.

Giovanni.

Now she winks.

Soranzo.

They plead to you for grace.

Annabella,

Yet nothing speak.

Soranzo.

Oh grant my suit.

Annabella,

What is it?

Soranzo.

To let me live.

Annabella,

Take it. —

Soranzo.

Still yours. —

Annabella,

That is not mine to give.

Giovanni.

One such another word would kill his hopes.

Soranzo.

Mistress, to leave those fruitless strifes of wit,
Know I have lov'd you long, and lov'd you truly;
Not hope of what you have, but what you are,
Have drawn me on; then let me not in vain
Still feel the rigour of your chaste disdain.
I'm sick, and sick to the heart.

Annabella.

Help! aqua vitæ!

Soranzo.

What mean you?

Annabella.

Why I thought you had been sick,

Soranzo.

Do you mock my love ?

Giovanni.

There, sir, she was too nimble.

Soranzo.'Tis plain, she laughs at me ; these scornful taunts
Neither become your modesty or years.*Annabella.*You are no looking-glass ; or if you were,
I would dress my language by you.*Giovanni.*

I am confirm'd ———

*Annabella.*To put you out of doubt, my lord, methinks
Your common sense should make you understand,
That if I lov'd you, or desir'd your love,
Some way I should have given you better taste :
But, since you are a nobleman, and one
I would not wish should spend his youth in hopes,
Let me advise you here to forbear your suit ;
And think I wish you well, I tell you this.*Soranzo.*

Is't you speak this ?

*Annabella.*Yes, I myself ; yet know
Thus far I give you comfort : if mine eyes
Could have pick'd out a man, amongst all those
That su'd to me, to make a husband of,
You should have been that man ; let this suffice.
Be noble in your secrecy and wife.*Giovanni.*

Why now I see she loves me.

Annabella.

One word more :

As ever virtue liv'd within your mind,
As ever noble courses were your guide,
As ever you would have me know you lov'd me,
Let not my father know hereof by you ;
If I hereafter find that I must marry,
It shall be you or none.*Soranzo.*

Soranzo.

I take that promise.

Annabella.

Oh, oh my head !

Soranzo.

What's the matter, not well ?

Annabella.

Oh, I begin to sicken !

Giovanni.

Heaven forbid.

[*Exit from above.*

Soranzo.

Help, help, within there ho !

Giovanni.

Look to your daughter, signior Florio.

Enter Florio, Giovanni, Putana,

Florio.

Hold her up, she swoons.

Giovanni.

Sister, how do you ?

Annabella.

Sick, brother. Are you there ?

Florio.

Convey her to bed instantly, whilst I send for a physician ; quickly, I say.

Putana.

Alas ! poor child.

[*Exeunt, manet Soranzo.*

Enter Vasques.

Vasques.

My lord !

Soranzo.

Oh, Vasques ! now I doubly am undone,
Both in my present and my future hopes :
She plainly told me, that she could not love,
And thereupon soon sick'ned, and I fear
Her life's in danger.

Vasques.

By'r lady, sir, and so is yours, if you knew all.—'las,
sir, I am sorry for that ; may be 'tis but the maid's sickness,

ness, and over-flux of youth; and then, sir, there is no such present remedy, as present marriage. But hath she given you an absolute denial?

Soranzo.

She hath, and she hath not; I'm full of grief:
But what she said, I'll tell thee as we go. [Exeunt.

Enter Giovanni and Putana.

Putana.

Oh, sir, we are all undone, quite undone, utterly undone,
And sham'd for ever: your sister, oh your sister!

Giovanni.

What of her? for Heaven's sake speak. How does she?

Putana.

Oh that ever I was born to see this day!

Giovanni.

She is not dead, ha, is she?

Putana.

Dead? no, she is quick; 'tis worse: she is with child.
You know what you have done; Heaven forgive you!
'Tis too late to repent: now Heaven help us!

Giovanni.

With child? how dost thou know't?

Putana.

How do I know't? am I at these years ignorant what the meaning of qualms and water-pangs be? of changing of colours, queeziness of stomachs, pukings, and another thing that I could name: Do not, for her and your credit's sake, spend the time in asking how, and which way, 'tis so: she is quick, upon my word: if you let a physician see her water, you're undone.

Giovanni.

But in what case is she?

Putana.

Prettily amended: 'twas but a fit, which I soon espy'd, and she must look for often henceforward.

Giovanni.

Commend me to her; bid her take no care;
Let not the doctor visit her, I charge you;

Make

Make some excuse, till I return : oh me !
 I have a world of business in my head :
 Do not discomfort her. How does this news perplex me !
 If my father come to her, tell him she's recover'd well ;
 Say 'twas but some ill diet : Do you hear, woman,
 Look you to't.

Putana.

I will, fir.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Florio and Richardetto.

Florio.

And how do you find her, fir ?

Richardetto.

Indifferent well ;

I see no danger, scarce perceive she's sick,
 But that she told me, she had lately eaten
 Melons, and, as she thought, those disagreed
 With her young stomach.

Florio.

Did you give her aught ?

Richardetto.

An easy surfeit-water, nothing else ;
 You need not doubt her health ; I rather think
 Her sickness is a fulness of her blood :
 You understand me ?

Florio.

I do ; you counsel well ;
 And once within these few days will so order't
 She shall be married, ere she know the time.

Richardetto.

Yet let not haste, fir, make unworthy choice ;
 That were dishonour.

Florio.

Master doctor, no ;
 I will not do so neither ; in plain words,
 My lord Soranzo is the man I mean.

Richardetto.

A noble and a virtuous gentleman.

Florio.

As any is in Parma : not far hence,

Dwells father Bonaventure, a grave friar,
Once tutor to my son : now at his cell
Ill have 'em married.

Richardetto.

You have plotted wisely.

Florio.

I'll send one straight
To speak with him to-night.

Richardetto.

Soranzo's wife ; he will delay no time.

Florio.

It shall be so.

Enter Friar and Giovanni.

Friar.

Good peace be here, and love.

Florio.

Welcome, religious friar ; you are one
That still bring blessing to the place you come to,

Giovanni.

Sir, with what speed I could, I did my best
To draw this holy man from forth his cell
To visit my sick sister, that with words
Of ghostly comfort, in this time of need,
He might absolve her, whether she live or die.

Florio.

'Twas well done, Giovanni, thou herein
Hast shew'd a christian's care, a brother's love.
Come, father, I'll conduct you to her chamber,
And one thing would intreat you.

Friar.

Say on, sir,

Florio.

I have a father's dear impression,
And wish, before I fall into my grave,
That I might see her married, as 'tis fit ;
A word from you, grave man, will win her more,
Than all our best persuasions.

Friar.

Gentle, sir,

All

All this I'll say, that Heaven may prosper her. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Grimaldi.

Grimaldi.

Now if the doctor keep his word, Soranzo,
Twenty to one you miss your bride. I know
'Tis an unnoble act, and not becomes
A soldier's valour; but in terms of love,
Where merit cannot sway, policy must.
I am resolv'd, if this physician
Play not on both hands, then Soranzo falls.

Enter Richardetto.

Richardetto.

You are come as I could wish; this very night
Soranzo, 'tis ordain'd, must be affied¹⁷
To Annabella; and, for aught I know,
Married.

Grimaldi.

How!

Richardetto.

Yet your patience;
The place, 'tis friar Bonaventure's cell,
Now I would wish you to bestow this night
In watching thereabouts; 'tis but a night,
If you miss now, to-morrow I'll know all.

Grimaldi.

Have you the poison?

Richardetto.

Here 'tis in this box,
Doubt nothing, this will do't; in any case,
As you respect your life, be quick and sure.

Grimaldi.

I'll speed him.

¹⁷ *must be affied.*] i. e. betrothed. So in 2d part of *Antonio and Melida*, A. 2. S. 3.

"Pish, thy mother was not lately widdowed,

"Thy dear *affied* love, lately defam'd,

"With blemish of foule lust, when thou wrot'st thus."

See also Mr. Steevens's Note on *King Henry VI.* vol. 6. p. 381. edition 1778.

Richardetto.

Richardetto.

Do; away, for 'tis not safe
You should be seen much here,—ever my love.

Grimaldi.

And mine to you.

[*Exit Grimaldi.*]*Richardetto.*

So, if this hit, I'll laugh, and hug revenge;
And they that now dream of a wedding-feast,
May chance to mourn the lusty bridegroom's ruin.
But to my other business; niece Philotis.

*Enter Philotis.**Philotis.*

Uncle.

Richardetto.

My lovely niece, you have bethought ye?

Philotis.

Yes, and, as you counsel'd,
Fashion'd my heart to love him; but he swears
He will to-night be married; for he fears
His uncle else, if he should know the drift,
Will hinder all, and call his cuz to shrift¹⁸.

Richardetto.

To night? why best of all; but let me see,
Ay—ha—yes,—so it shall be; in disguise
We'll early to the friar's, I have thought on't.

*Enter Bergetto and Poggio.**Philotis.*

Uncle, he comes.

Richardetto.

Welcome, my worthy cuz.

Bergetto.

Lafs, pretty lafs, come bafs, lafs; a ha Poggio!

Philotis.

There's hope of this yet.

¹⁸ *shrifst.*] i. e. confession. See note 67 to *Gammer Garton's Needle*, vol. 2. p. 46.

Richardetto.

Richardetto.

You shall have time enough : withdraw a little,
We must confer at large.

Bergetto.

Have you not sweetmeats, or dainty devices for me ?

Philotis.

You shall enough, sweetheart.

Bergetto.

Sweetheart ! mark that, Poggio ; by my troth I cannot
chuse but kiss thee once more for that word, sweetheart :
Poggio, I have a monstrous swelling about my stomach,
whatsoever the matter be.

Poggio.

You shall have physick for't, sir.

Richardetto.

Time runs apace.

Bergetto.

Time's a blockhead.

Richardetto.

Be rul'd : when we have done what's fit to do,
Then you may kiss your fill, and bed her too. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter the Friar in his study, sitting in a chair ; Annabella
kneeling and whispering to him ; a table before them and
wax-lights ; she weeps, and wrings her hands.*

Friar.

I am glad to see this penance ; for, believe me,
You have unrip'd a soul so foul and guilty,
As I must tell you true, I marvel how
The earth hath borne you up ; but weep, weep on,
These tears may do you good ; weep faster yet,
Whilst I do read a lecture.

Annabella.

Wretched creature !

Friar.

Ay, you are wretched, miserably wretched,
Almost condemn'd alive. There is a place,
(Lift daughter) in a black and hollow vault,
Where day is never seen ; there shines no sun,
But flaming horror of consuming fires ;

A lightless

A lightless sulphur, choak'd with smoaky fogs
 Of an infected darknes; in this place
 Dwell many thousand thousand sundry sorts
 Of never-dying deaths; there damned souls
 Roar without pity; there are gluttons fed
 With toads and adders; there is burning oil
 Pour'd down the drunkard's throat; the usurer
 Is forc'd to sup whole draughts of molten gold;
 There is the murderer for ever stab'd,
 Yet can he never die; there lies the wanton
 On racks of burning steel, whilst in his soul
 He feels the torment of his raging lust.

Annabella.

Mercy! oh mercy!

Friar.

There stand these wretched things,
 Who have dream'd out whole years in lawless sheets
 And secret incests, cursing one another;
 Then you will wish each kiss your brother gave
 Had been a dagger's point; then you shall hear
 How he will cry, Oh, would my wicked sister
 Had first been damn'd, when she did yield to lust!
 But soft, methinks I see repentance work
 New motions in your heart: say? how is't with you?

Annabella.

Is there no way left to redeem my miseries?

Friar.

There is; despair not; Heaven is merciful,
 And offers grace even now. 'Tis thus agreed:
 First, for your honour's safety, that you marry
 The lord Soranzo: next, to save your soul,
 Leave off this life, and henceforth live to him.

Annabella.

Ay me!

Friar.

Sigh not: I know the baits of sin
 Are hard to leave; oh 'tis a death to do't!
 Remember what must come: are you content?

Annabella.

I am,

Friar.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE.

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Friar.

I like it well ; 'we'll take the time.
Who's near us there ?

Enter Florio, Giovanni.

Florio.

Did you call, father ?

Friar.

Is lord Soranzo come ?

Florio.

He stays below.

Friar.

Have you acquainted him at full ?

Florio.

I have, and he is overjoy'd.

Friar.

And so are we : bid him come near.

Giovanni.

My sister weeping, ha ? I fear this friar's falshood ;
I will call him.

[*Exit.*

Florio.

Daughter, are you resolv'd ?

Annabella.

Father, I am.

Enter Giovanni, Soranzo, and Vasques.

Florio.

My lord Soranzo, here,
Give me your hand ; for that I give you this.

Soranzo.

Lady, say you so too ?

Annabella.

I do, and vow to live with you and yours.

Friar.

Timely resolv'd :

My blessing rest on both ; more to be done,
You may perform it on the morning sun.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

*Enter Grimaldi with his rapier drawn, and a dark
Lantern.*

Grimaldi.

'Tis early night as yet, and yet too soon
To finish such a work ; here I will lie
To listen who comes next.

[He lies down.]

*Enter Bergetto and Philotis disguised, and after Richardetto
and Poggio.*

Bergetto.

We are almost at the place, I hope, sweetheart.

Grimaldi.

I hear them near, and heard one say sweetheart,
'Tis he ; now guide my hand, some angry justice,
Home to his bosom. Now have at you, sir.

[Strikes Bergetto and exit,

Bergetto.

Oh help, help, here's a stitch fallen in my guts,
Oh for a flesh-taylor quickly——Poggio.

Philotis.

What ails my love ?

Bergetto.

I am sure I cannot piss forward and backward, and yet
I am wet before and behind ; lights ! lights ! no lights !

Philotis.

Alas ! some villain here has slain my love.

Richardetto.

Oh Heaven forbid it ; raise up the next neighbours
Instantly, Poggio, and bring lights. *[Exit Poggio.]*
How is't, Bergetto ? slain ?
It cannot be ; are you sure y' are hurt ?

Bergetto.

O my belly seeths like a porridge-pot ; some cold water,
I shall boil over else ; my whole body is in a sweat, that
you may wring my shirt ; feel here—why Poggio !

Enter Poggio, with officers, and lights, and halberts.

Poggio.

Here ; alas, how do you ?

Richardetto.

Richardetto.

Give me a light. What's here? all blood! O sirs,
Signior Donado's nephew now is slain.
Follow the murderer with all the haste
Up to the city, he cannot be far hence;
Follow, I beseech you.

Officers.

Follow, follow, follow.

[*Exeunt Officers.*

Richardetto.

Tear off thy linen, cuz, to stop his wounds.
Be of good comfort, man.

Bergetto.

Is all this mine own blood? nay then good-night with
me. Poggio, commend me to my uncle, dost hear? bid
him for my sake make much of this wench: oh—I am
going the wrong way sure, my belly akes so—oh farewell,
Poggio—oh—oh—

[*Dies,*

Philotis.

O he is dead,

Poggio.

How! dead!

Richardetto.

He's dead indeed,
'Tis now too late to weep: let's have him home,
And with what speed we may, find out the murderer.

Poggio.

Oh my master! my master! my master!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Vasques and Hippolita.

Hippolita.

Betroth'd?

Vasques.

I saw it.

Hippolita.

And when's the marriage-day?

Vasques.

Some two days hence.

Hippolita.

Two days? Why man I would but wish two hours,
To send him to his last and lasting sleep.

And,

And, Vasques, thou shalt see I'll do it bravely.

Vasques.

I do not doubt your wisdom, nor, I trust, you my secrecy ;

I am infinitely yours.

Hippolita.

I will be thine in spite of my disgrace.

So soon ? O wicked man, I durst be sworn

He'd laugh to see me weep.

Vasques.

And that's a villainous fault in him.

Hippolita.

No, let him laugh. I'm arm'd in my resolves :

Be thou still true.

Vasques.

I should get little by treachery against so hopeful a preferment as I am like to climb to.

Hippolita.

Even to my bosom, Vasques : let my youth

Revel in these new pleasures ; if we thrive,

He now hath but a pair of days to live.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Florio, Donado, Richardetto, Poggio, and Officers.

Florio.

'Tis bootless now to shew yourself a child,

Signior Donado ; what is done, is done :

Spend not the time in tears, but seek for justice.

Richardetto.

I must confess, somewhat I was in fault,

That had not first acquainted you what love

Past 'twixt him and my niece ; but, as I live,

His fortune grieves me as it were mine own.

Donado.

Alas, poor creature, he meant no man harm,

That I am sure of.

Florio.

I believe that too ;

But stay, my masters, are you sure you saw

The murderer pass here ?

Officers.

Officer.

And it please you, fir, we are sure we saw a ruffian with a naked weapon in his hand all bloody, get into my lord cardinal's grace's gate; that we are sure of; but for fear of his grace (bless us) we durst go no further.

Donado.

Know you what manner of man he was?

Officer.

Yes sure I know the man; they say he is a foldier: he that lov'd your daughter, fir, an't please ye; 'twas he for certain.

Florio.

Grimaldi, on my life.

Officer.

Ay, ay, the same.

Richardetto.

The cardinal is noble; he no doubt Will give true justice.

Donado.

Knock some one at the gate.

Poggio.

I'll knock, fir.

[*Poggio knocks.*]

Servant within.

What would ye?

Florio.

We require speech with the lord cardinal About some present business; pray inform His grace that we are here.

Enter Cardinal and Grimaldi.

Cardinal.

Why how now, friends? what saucy mates are you,
That know nor duty nor civility?
Are we a person fit to be your host?
Or is our house become your common inn,
To beat our doors at pleasure? what such haste
Is yours as that it cannot wait fit times?
Are you the masters of this commonwealth,
And know no more discretion? Oh, your news
Is here before you, you have lost a nephew,

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Donado,

Donado, last night by Grimaldi slain :
Is that your business ? Well sir, we have knowledge on't.
Let that suffice.

Grimaldi.

In presence of your grace,
In thought I never meant Bergetto harm ;
But, Florio, you can tell, with how much scorn
Soranzo, back'd with his confederates,
Hath often wrong'd me ; I to be reveng'd,
(For that I could not win him else to fight)
Had thought by way of ambush to have kill'd him,
But was unluckily therein mistook ;
Else he had felt what late Bergetto did :
And tho' my fault to him were merely chance,
Yet humbly I submit me to your grace,
To do with me as you please.

Cardinal.

Rise up, Grimaldi.
You citizens of Parma, if you seek
For justice, know, as nuncio from the pope,
For this offence I here receive Grimaldi
Into his holiness' protection.
He is no common man, but nobly born ;
Of princes blood, tho' you, Sir Florio,
Thought him too mean a husband for your daughter.
If more you seek for, you must go to Rome,
For he shall thither ; learn more wit for shame.
Bury your dead — away, Grimaldi — leave 'em.

[*Exeunt Cardinal and Grimaldi.*

Donado.

Is this a churchman's voice ? dwells justice here ?

Florio.

Justice is fled to heaven, and comes no nearer.
Soranzo, was't for him ? O impudence !
Had he the face to speak it, and not blush ?
Come, come, Donado, there's no help in this,
When cardinals think murder's not amiss.
Great men may do their wills, we must obey,
But Heaven will judge them for't another day.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T IV.

*A banquet. Hautboys.**Enter the Friar, Giovanni, Annabella, Philotis, Soranzo, Donado, Florio, Richardetto, Putana, and Vasques.**Friar.*

TH E S E holy rites perform'd, now take your times
 To spend the remnant of the day in feast;
 Such fit repasts are pleasing to the saints,
 Who are you guests, tho' not with mortal eyes
 To be beheld; long prosper, from this day,
 You happy couple, to each other's joy!

Soranzo.

Father, your prayer is heard; the hand of goodness
 Hath been a shield for me against my death;
 And, more to bless me, hath enrich'd my life
 With this most precious jewel; such a prize
 As earth hath not another like to this.
 Cheer up, my love, and, gentlemen, my friends,
 Rejoice with me in mirth; this day we'll crown
 With lusty cups to Annabella's health.

Giovanni.

Oh torture! were the marriage yet undone,
 Ere I'd endure this fight, to see my love
 Clipt¹⁹ by another, I would dare confusion,
 And stand the horror of ten thousand deaths.

*[Aside.]**Vasques.*

Are you not well, sir?

Giovanni.

Pr'ythee, fellow, wait,
 I need not thy officious diligence.

¹⁹ *clipt.*] i. e. embraced. So *Chaucer's Canterbury Tales*, l. 10287.

"He kisseth hire, and clippeth hire ful oft."

Gawin Douglas's Translation of Virgil, B. II. l. 39.

"Quham fypaly he clippis at the last."

Coriolanus.

"Enter the city, clip your wives."

Florio.

Signior Donado, come, you must forget
Your late mishaps, and drown your cares in wine.

Soranzo.

Vasques !

Vasques.

My lord.

Soranzo.

Reach me that weighty bowl.
Here, brother Giovanni, here's to you ;
Your turn comes next, tho' now a batchelor ;
Here's to your sifter's happiness and mine.

Giovanni.

I cannot drink.

Soranzo.

What ?

Giovanni.

'Twill indeed offend me.

Annabella.

Pray do not urge him, if he be not willing.

Florio.

How now ? what noise is this ?

Vasques.

O fir, I had forgot to tell you, certain young maidens
of Parma, in honour to madam Annabella's marriage,
have sent their loves to her in a masque, for which they
humbly crave your patience and silence.

Soranzo.

We are much bound to them ; so much the more as it
comes unexpected ; guide them in. [Hautboys.

*Enter Hippolita, and ladies in white Robes with Garlands
of willows.*

Music and a dance.

Soranzo.

Thanks, lovely virgins : now might we but know
To whom we have been beholding for this love,
We shall acknowledge it.

Hippolita.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE.

Hippolita.

Yes, you shall know :
What think you now ?

Omnes.

Hippolita ?

Hippolita.

'Tis she,

Be not amaz'd ; nor blush, young lovely bride,
I come not to defraud you of your man :

'Tis now no time to reckon up the talk :

What Parma long hath rumour'd of us both ;

Let rash report run on : the breath that vents it

Will, like a bubble, break itself at last.

But now to you, sweet creature ; lend's your hand :

Perhaps it hath been said, that I would claim

Some interest in Soranzo, now your lord ;

What I have right to do, his soul knows best :

But in my duty to your noble worth,

Sweet Annabella, and my care of you,

Here take Soranzo, take this hand from me,

I'll once more join, what by the holy church

Is finish'd and allow'd. Have I done well ?

Soranzo.

You have too much engag'd us.

Hippolita.

One thing more ;

That you may know my single charity,

Freely I here remit all interest

I e'er could claim, and give you back your vows ;

And to confirm't, reach me a cup of wine.

My lord Soranzo, in this draught I drink

Long rest t' ye—Look to it, Vasques.

Vasques.

Fear nothing— [He gives her a poison'd cup, she drinks.]

Soranzo.

Hippolita, I thank you, and will pledge

This happy union as another life.

Wine there.

Vasques.

You shall have none, neither shall you pledge her.

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Hippolita.

Hippolita.

How!

Vasques.

Know now, mistress she-devil, your own mischievous
treachery

Hath kill'd you; I must not marry you.

Hippolita.

Villain!

Omnes.

What's the matter?

Vasques.

Foolish woman,

Thou art now like a fire-brand, that hath kindled

Others and burnt thyself; *troppe spera*

Niganna, thy vain hope hath deceived thee;

Thou art but dead; if thou hast any grace, pray.

Hippolita.

Monster!

Vasques.

Die in charity, for shame!

This thing of malice, this woman, had privately corrupted
me with promise of marriage, under this politic recon-
ciliation to poison my lord, whilst she might laugh at
his confusion on his marriage-day: I promis'd her fair,
but I knew what my reward should have been, and would
willingly have spar'd her life, but that I was acquainted
with the danger of her disposition; and now have fitted
her a just payment in her own coin: there she is, she
hath yet — and end thy days in peace, vile woman; as
for life, there's no hope, think not on't.

Omnes.

Wonderful justice!

Richardetto.

Heaven, thou art righteous!

Hippolita.

O 'tis true,

I feel my minute coming: had that slave
Kept promise, — O my torment! — thou this hour
Hadst dy'd, Soranzo — heat above hell-fire! —
Yet ere I pass away — Cruel, cruel flames! —

Take

Take here my curse amongst you ; may thy bed
Of marriage be a rack upon thy heart,
Burn blood and boil in vengeance—O my heart,
My flame's intolerable!—may'st thou live
To father bastards ; may her womb bring forth
Monsters, and die together in your sins,
Hated, scorn'd, and unpar'd!—oh—oh— [Dies.

Florio.

Was e'er so vile a creature?

Richardetto.

Here's the end
Of lust and pride.

Annabella.

It is a fearful sight.

Soranzo.

Vasques, I know thee now a trusty servant,
And never will forget thee.—Come, my love,
We'll home, and thank the heavens for this escape.
Father and friends, we must break up this mirth;
It is too sad a feast.

Donado.

Bear hence the body.

Friar.

Here's an ominous change!
Mark this, my Giovanni, and take heed.
I fear the event; that marriage seldom's good,
Where the bride-banquet so begins in blood. [Exeunt.

Enter Richardetto and Philotis.

Richardetto.

My wretched wife, more wretched in her shame
Than in her wrongs to me, hath paid too soon
The forfeit of her modesty and life.
And I am sure, my niece, though vengeance hover,
Keeping aloof yet from Soranzo's fall,
Yet he will fall, and sink with his own weight.
I need not, now my heart persuades me so,
To further his confusion; there is one
Above begins to work; for, as I hear,

Debates already 'twixt his wife and him
 Thicken and run to head; she, as 'tis said,
 Sleightens his love, and he abandons hers.
 Much talk I hear: since things go thus, my niece,
 In tender love and pity of your youth,
 My counsel is, that you should free your years
 From hazard of these woes, by flying hence
 To fair Cremona, there to vow your soul
 In holiness a holy votarefs.
 Leave me to see the end of these extremes;
 All human worldly courses are uneven,
 No life is blessed but the way to heaven.

Philotis.

Uncle, shall I resolve to be a nun?

Richardetto.

Ay, gentle niece, and in your hourly prayers
 Remember me, your poor unhappy uncle.
 Hie to Cremona now, as fortune leads,
 Your home, your cloyster; your best friends, your beads;
 Your chaste and single life shall crown your birth,
 Who dies a virgin, lives a saint on earth.

Philotis.

Then farewell world, and worldly thoughts adieu;
 Welcome, chaste vows, myself I yield to you. [Exit.

Enter Soranzo unbrac'd, and Annabella drag'd in,

Soranzo.

Come, strumpet, famous whore, were every drop
 Of blood that runs in thy adulterous veins
 A life, this sword (dost see 't?) should in one blow
 Confound them all. Harlot, rare, notable harlot
 That with thy brazen face maintain'st thy sin;
 Was there no man in Parma to be bawd
 To your loose cunning whoredom else but I?
 Must your hot itch and pleurisy of lust,
 The heyday of your luxury²⁰, be fed

Up

²⁰ *The heyday of your luxury.] i. e. the height of your wantonness,
 So in Hamlet,*

"The heyday of the blood."

And

Up to a surfeit ? and could none but I
Be pick'd out to be cloak to your close tricks,
Your belly-sports ? Now I must be the dad
To all that gallimaufry that is stuff'd
In thy corrupted bastard-bearing womb;
Say, must I ?

Annabella.

Beastly man, why, 'tis thy fate :
I su'd not to thee ; for, but that I thought
Your over-loving lordship would have run
Mad on denial. Had you lent me time,
I would have told you in what case I was ;
But you would needs be doing.

Soranzo.

Whore of whores !
Dar'ft thou tell me this ?

Annabella.

O yes, why not ?
You were deceiv'd in me ; 'twas not for love
I chose you, but for honour : yet know this,
Would you be patient yet, and hide your shame,
I'd see whether I could love you.

Soranzo.

Excellent quean !
Why art thou not with child ?

Annabella.

What needs all this,
When 'tis superfluous ? I confess I am.

Soranzo.

Tell me by whom.

Annabella.

Soft, fir, 'twas not in my bargain.
Yet somewhat, fir, to stay your longing stomach,
I'm content t' acquaint you with ; the man,
The more than man, that got this sprightly boy,
(For 'tis a boy, and therefore glory, fir,
Your heir shall be a son).—

And in *King Lear*. A. S.

"To't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers."

See also Mr. Collins's note on *Troilus and Cressida*, vol. 9. p. 166. edition 1773.

S.

Soranzo.

Soranzo.

Damnable monster !

Annabella.

Nay, and you will not hear, I'll speak no more.

Soranzo.

Yes speak, and speak thy last.

Annabella.

A match, a match :

This noble creature was in every part
 So angel-like, so glorious, that a woman,
 Who had not been but human, as was I,
 Would have kneel'd to him, and have begg'd for love.
 You ! why you are not worthy once to name
 His name without true worship, or, indeed,
 Unless you kneel'd, to hear another name him.

Soranzo.

What was he call'd ?

Annabella.

We are not come to that ;
 Let it suffice, that you shall have the glory
 To father what so brave a father got.
 In brief, had not this chance fall'n out as it doth,
 I never had been troubled with a thought
 That you had been a creature ; but for marriage,
 I scarce dream yet of that.

Soranzo.

Tell me his name.

Annabella.

Alas, alas, there's all !
 Will you believe ?

Soranzo.

What ?

Annabella.

You shall never know.

Soranzo.

How !

Annabella.

Never ;
 If you do, let me be curs'd.

Soranzo.

Soranzo.

Not know it, strumpet ! I'll rip up thy heart;
And find it there.

Annabella.

Do, do.

Soranzo.

And with my teeth,
Tear the prodigious lecher joint by joint.

Annabella.

Ha, ha, ha, the man's merry.

Soranzo.

Dost thou laugh ?
Come, whore, tell me your lover, or by truth
I'll hew thy flesh to shreds. Who is't ?

Annabella.

Che morte plus dulce che morire per amore.

[Sings.

Soranzo.

Thus will I pull thy hair, and thus I'll drag
Thy lust be-leaper'd body through the dust.
Yet tell his name.

Annabella.

Morendo in gratia Lei morire senza dolore.

[Sings.

Soranzo.

Dost thou triumph ? the treasure of the earth
Shall not redeem thee ; were there kneeling kings
Did beg thy life, or angels did come down
To plead in tears, yet should not all prevail
Against my rage. Dost thou not tremble yet ?

Annabella.

At what ? to die ! no, be a gallant hangman ;
I dare thee to the worst ; strike, and strike home ;
Leave revenge behind, and thou shalt feel't.

Soranzo.

Yet tell me ere thou diest, and tell me truly,
Knows thy old father this ?

Annabella.

No, by my life.

Soranzo.

Wilt thou confess, and I will spare thy life ?

Annabella.

Annabella.

My life ? I will not buy my life so dear.

Soranzo.

I will not slack my vengeance.

*Enter Vasques.**Vasques.*

What do you mean, sir ?

Soranzo.

Forbear, Vasques ; such a damn'd whore
Deserves no pity.

Vasques.

Now the gods forefend !

And wou'd you be her executioner, and kill her in your
rage too ? O 'twere most unmanlike. She is your wife ;
what faults hath been done by her before she married you,
were not against you. Alas ! poor lady, what hath she
committed, which any lady in Italy in the like case would
not ? Sir, you must be rul'd by your reason, and not by
your fury ; that were inhuman and beastly.

Soranzo.

She shall not live.

Vasques.

Come, she must ; you would have her confess the au-
thors of her present misfortunes, I warrant you : 'tis an
unconscionable demand, and she should lose the estima-
tion that I, for my part, hold of her worth, if she had
done it ; why, sir, you ought not, of all men living, to
know it : good sir, be reconciled. Alas, good gentle-
woman !

Annabella.

Pish, do not beg for me, I prize my life
As nothing ; if the man will needs be mad,
Why let him take it.

Soranzo.

Vasques, hear'st thou this ?

Vasques.

Yes, and commend her for it ; in this she shews the
nobleness of a gallant spirit, and beshrew my heart, 'but
it becomes her rarely.——Sir, in any case smother your
revenge ;

revenge ; leave the scenting out your wrongs to me ; be rul'd, as you respect your honour, or you mar all. — Sir, if ever my service were of any credit with you, be not so violent in your distractions : you are married now : what a triumph might the report of this give to other neglected suitors ! 'tis as manlike to bear extremities, as godlike to forgive.

Soranzo.

O Vasques, Vasques, in this piece of flesh,
This faithless face of hers, had I laid up
The treasure of my heart : hadst thou been virtuous,
Fair, wicked woman, not the matchless joys
Of life itself had made me wish to live
With any saint but thee. Deceitful creature !
How hast thou mock'd my hopes, and in the shame
Of thy lewd womb even buried me alive !
I did too dearly love thee.

Vasques.

This is well ;
Follow this temper with some passion,
Be brief and moving, 'tis for the purpose.

[*Aside.*

Soranzo.

Be witness to my words, my soul, and thoughts,
And tell me, didst not think that in my heart
I did too superstitiously adore thee ?

Annabella.

I must confess, I know you lov'd me well.

Soranzo.

And wouldst thou use me thus ? O Annabella,
Be thus assur'd, whatsoe'er the villain was
That thus hath tempted thee to this disgrace,
Well he might lust, but never lov'd like me.
He doated on the picture that hung out
Upon thy cheeks to please his humorous²¹ eye ;
Not on the part I lov'd, which was thy heart,
And, as I thought, thy virtues.

Annabella.

O, my lord !

²¹ humorous.] i. e. capricious. See note 74 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. 3. p. 137.

These words wound deeper than your sword could do.

Vasques.

Let me not ever take comfort, but I begin to weep myself, so much I pity him ; why, madam, I knew, when his rage was over-past, what it would come to.

Soranzo.

Forgive me, Annabella. Though thy youth Hath tempted thee above thy strength to folly, Yet will not I forget what I should be, And what I am, a husband ; in that name Is hid divinity : if I do find That thou wilt yet be true, here I remit All former faults, and take thee to my bosom.

Vasques.

By my troth, and that's a point of noble charity.

Annabella.

Sir, on my knees —

Soranzo.

Rise up, you shall not kneel :

Get you to your chamber, see you make no shew Of alteration, I'll be with you straight ; My reason tells me now, that 'tis as common To err in frailty as to be a woman. Go to your chamber.

[Exit Annabella.]

Vasques.

So, this was somewhat to the matter ; what do you think of your heaven of happiness now, sir ?

Soranzo.

I carry hell about me, all my blood Is fir'd in swift revenge.

Vasques.

That may be ; but know you how, or on whom ? Alas ! to marry a great woman, being made great in the stock to your hand, is an usual sport in these days ; but to know what ferret it was that hunted your cunny-burrow, there is the cunning.

Soranzo.

I'll make her tell herself, or —

Vasques.

Or what ? You must not do so ; let me yet persuade your sufferance

sufferance a little while : go to her, use her mildly, win her, if it be possible, to a voluntary, to a weeping tune : for the rest, if all hit, I will not miss my mark. Pray, sir, go in : the next news I tell you shall be wonders.

Soranzo.

Delay in vengeance gives a heavier blow.

[*Exit.*

Vasques.

Ah, firrah, here's work for the nonce ²² ; I had a suspicion of a bad matter in my head a pretty while ago ; but after my madam's scurvy looks here at home, her waspish perverseness, and loud fault-finding, then I remember'd the proverb, that where hens crow, and cocks hold their peace, there are sorry houses. 'Sfoot, if the lower parts of a she-taylor's cunning can cover such a swelling in the stomach, I'll never blame a false stitch in a shoe whilst I live again ; up and up so quick, and so quickly too ? 'twere a fine policy to learn by whom this must be done : and I have thought on't—here's the way or none — What crying, old mistress ! alas, alas, I cannot blame thee ; we have a lord, Heaven help us, is so mad as the devil himself, the more shame for him.

Enter Putana.

Putana.

O Vasques, that ever I was born to see this day ! Doth he use thee so too, sometimes, Vasques ?

Vasques.

Me ? why he makes a dog of me ; but if some were of my mind, I know what we would do. As sure as I am an honest man, he will go near to kill my lady with unkindness : say she be with child, is that such a matter for a young woman of her years to be blam'd for ?

Putana.

Alas, good heart, it is against her will full sore.

Vasques.

I durst be sworn, all his madness is, for that she will not

²² *nonce.*] See note 38 to *Alexander and Campaspe*. vol. 2. p. 139. confess

confess whose 'tis, which he will know ; and when he doth know it, I am so well acquainted with his humour, that he will forget all strait : well, I could wish she would in plain terms tell all, for that's the way, indeed.

Putana.

Do you think so ?

Vasques.

So, I know it ; provided that he did not win her to it by force : he was once in a mind, that you could tell, and meant to have wrung it out of you ; but I somewhat pacified him from that ; yet sure you know a great deal.

Putana.

Heaven forgive us all, I know a little, Vasques.

Vasques.

Why should you not ? who else should ? Upon my conscience she loves you dearly, and you would not betray her to any affliction for the world.

Putana.

Not for all the world, by my faith and troth, Vasques.

Vasques.

'Twere pity of your life if you should ; but in this you should both relieve her present discomforts, pacify my lord, and gain yourself everlasting love and preferment.

Putana.

Dost think so, Vasques ?

Vasques.

Nay, I know it ; — sure it was some near and intire friend.

Putana.

'Twas a dear friend indeed ; but —

Vasques.

But what ? fear not to name him ; my life between you and danger : faith, I think it was no base fellow.

Putana.

Thou wilt stand between me and harm ?

Vasques.

U'ds pity, what else ? you shall be rewarded too, trust me.

Putana.

'Twas even no worse than her own brother.

Vasques.

Vasques.

Her brother Giovanni, I warrant you?

Putana.

Even he, Vasques; as brave a gentleman as ever kiss'd fair lady: O they love most perfectly.

Vasques.

A brave gentleman indeed; why therein I commend her choice. — Better and better — You are sure 'twas he?

Putana.

Sure; and you shall see he will not be long from her too.

Vasques.

He were to blame if he would: but may I believe thee?

Putana.

Believe me! why, dost think I am a Turk or a Jew? no, Vasques, I have known their dealings too long to belye them now.

Vasques.

Where are you? there, within, sirs.

Enter Banditti.

Putana.

How now, what are these?

Vasques.

You shall know presently;
Come, sirs, take me this old, damnable hag,
Gag her instantly, and put out her eyes, quickly, quickly.

Putana.

Vasques! Vasques!

Vasques.

Gag her, I say; 'sfoot, do you suffer her to prate? what do you fumble about? let me come to her. I'll help your old gums, you toad-bellied bitch! Sirs, carry her closely into the coal-house, and put out her eyes instantly; if she roars, slit her nose; do you hear, be speedy and sure. Why this is excellent, and above expectation.

[Exeunt with Putana.]

Her own brother! O horrible! to what a height of liberty in damnation hath the devil train'd our age! her
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brother ! well, there is yet but a beginning ; I must to my lord, and tutor him better in his points of vengeance : now I see how a smooth tale goes beyond a smooth tail ; but soft — what thing comes next ?

Enter Giovanni.

Giovanni, as I could wish ; my belief is strengthen'd,
Tis as firm as winter and summer.

Giovanni.

Where's my sister ?

Vasques.

Troubled with a new sickness, my lord, she is somewhat ill.

Giovanni.

Took too much of the flesh, I believe.

Vasques.

Troth, sir, and you, I think, have even hit it ;
But my virtuous lady —

Giovanni.

Where is she ?

Vasques.

In her chamber ; please you visit her ; she is alone. Your liberality hath doubly made me your servant, and shall ever —

[Exit Giovanni.]

Enter Soranzo.

Sir, I am made a man, I have plied my cue with cunning and success ; I beseech you let us be private.

Soranzo.

My lady's brother's come, now he'll know all.

Vasques.

Let him know it ; I have made some of them fast enough, How have you dealt with my lady ?

Soranzo.

Gently, as thou hast counsell'd ; O my soul
Runs circular in sorrow for revenge.

But, Vasques, thou shalt know —

Vasques.

Nay, I will know no more ; for now comes your turn to know. I would not talk so openly with you : let my young master take time enough, and go at pleasure : he is sold to death, and the devil shall not ransom him. Sir, I beseech you, your privacy.

Soranzo.

Soranzo.

No conquest can gain glory of my fear.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

Enter Annabella above.

Annabella.

PLeasures farewell ! and all ye thrifless minutes
Wherein false joys have spun a weary life ;
To these my fortunes now I take my leave.
Thou precious time, that swiftly rid'st in post
Over the world, to finish up the race
Of my last fate ; here stay thy restless course,
And bear to ages that are yet unborn
A wretched woeful woman's tragedy.
My conscience now stands up against my lust,
With depositions character'd in guilt,

Enter Friar.

And tells me I am lost : now I confess ;
Beauty that cloaths the outside of the face,
Is cursed if it be not cloath'd with grace.
Here like a turtle (mew'd up in a cage)
Unmated, I converse with air and walls,
And descant on my vile unhappiness.
O Giovanni, that hast had the spoil
Of thine own virtues, and my modest fame,
Wouldst thou hadst been less subject to those stars
That luckless reign'd at my nativity !
O would the scourge due to my black offence
Might pass from thee, that I alone might feel
The torment of an uncontrouled flame !

Friar.

What is this I hear ?

Annabella.

That man, that blessed friar,
Who join'd in ceremonial knot my hand
To him whose wife I now am, told me oft,

I trod the path to death, and shew'd me how.
But they who sleep in lethargies of lust,
Hug their confusion, making Heaven unjust ;
And so did I.

Friar.

Here's musick to the soul !

Annabella.

Forgive me, my good genius, and this once
Be helpful to my ends ; let some good man
Pass this way, to whose trust I may commit
This paper, double lin'd with tears and blood ;
Which being granted, here I sadly vow
Repentance, and a leaving of that life
I long have dyed in.

Friar.

Lady, Heaven hath heard you,
And hath by providence ordain'd, that I
Should be his minister for your behoof.

Annabella.

Ha, what are you ?

Friar.

Your brother's friend, the Friar ;
Glad in my soul that I have liv'd to hear
This free confession 'twixt your peace and you :
What would you, or to whom ? fear not to speak.

Annabella.

Is Heaven so bountiful ? then I have found
More favour than I hop'd ; here, holy man ———

[Throws a letter.]

Commend me to my brother, give him that,
That letter ; bid him read it, and repent.
Tell him that I (imprison'd in my chamber,
Barr'd of all company, even of my guardian,
Who gives me cause of much suspect) have time
To blush at what hath past : bid him be wise,
And not believe the friendship of my lord ;
I fear much more than I can speak : good father,
The place is dangerous, and spies are busy,
I must break off, ——— you'll do it ?

Friar.

Be sure I will ;

And

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE.

And fly with speed — my blessing ever rest
With thee, my daughter; live, to die more blest.

[Exit Friar.]

Annabella.

Thanks to the Heavens, who have prolong'd my breath
To this good use! now I can welcome death.

[Exit Annabella.]

Enter Soranzo and Vasques.

Vasques.

Am I to be believ'd now?

First, marry a strumpet that cast herself away upon you
but to laugh at your horns? to feast on your disgrace, riot
in your vexations, cuckold you in your bride-bed, waste
your estate upon panders and bawds?

Soranzo.

No more, I say, no more.

Vasques.

A cuckold is a goodly tame beast, my lord.

Soranzo.

I am resolv'd; urge not another word;
My thoughts are great, and all as resolute
As thunder; in mean time I'll cause our lady
To deck herself in all her bridal robes;
Kiss her, and fold her gently in my arms;
Begone: — yet hear you, are the banditti ready
To wait in ambush?

Vasques.

Good sir, trouble not yourself about other business than
your own resolution; remember that time lost cannot be
recall'd.

Soranzo.

With all the cunning words thou canst, invite
The states of Parma to my birth-day's feast;
Haste to my brother rival and his father,
Intreat them gently, bid them not to fail;
Be speedy and return.

Vasques.

Let not your pity betray you, till my coming back:
Think upon incest and on cuckoldry.

G 3

Soranzo.

Soranzo.

Revenge is all th' ambition I aspire,
To that I'll climb or fall ; my blood's on fire. [Exeunt.

*Enter Giovanni.**Giovanni.*

Busy opinion is an idle fool,
That, as a school-rod keeps a child in awe,
Frights th' unexperienc'd temper of the mind :
So did it me ; who, ~~ere~~ my precious sister
Was married, thought all taste of love would die
In such a contract ; but I find no change
Of pleasure in this formal law of sports.
She is still one to me, and every kiss
As sweet and as delicious as the first
I reap'd, when yet the privilege of youth
Intitled her a virgin. O the glory
Of two united hearts like hers and mine !
Let poring book-men dream of other worlds ;
My world, and all of happiness, is here,
And I'd not change it for the best to come :
A life of pleasure is elysium.

Enter Friar.

Father, you enter on the jubilee
Of my retir'd delights ; now I can tell you,
The hell you oft have prompted, is nought else
But slavish and fond superstitious fear ;
And I could prove it too——

Friar.

Thy blindness slays thee ;
Look there, 'tis writ to thee.

[Gives the letter.

Giovanni.

From whom ?

Friar.

Unrip the seals and see :
The blood's yet seething hot, that will anon
Be frozen harder than congealed coral,
Why d 'ye change colour, son ?

Giovanni.

'Fore Heaven you make
Some petty devil factor 'twixt my love

And

And your religion-masked forceries,
Where had you this?

Friar.

Thy conscience, youth, is fear'd,
Else thou would'st stoop to warning.

Giovanni.

'Tis her hand,
I know't; and 'tis all written in her blood.
She writes I know not what: Death? I'll not fear
An armed thunderbolt aim'd at my heart.
She writes, we are discover'd—pox on dreams
Of low faint hearted cowardise! Discover'd?
The devil we are! which way is't possible?
Are we grown traitors to our own delights?
Confusion take such dotage! 'tis but forg'd;
'This is your peevish²³ chattering, weak old man!
Now, fir, what news bring you?

Enter Vasques.

Vasques.

My lord, according to his yearly custom, keeping this
day a feast in honour of his birth-day, by me invites you
thither. Your worthy father, with the pope's reverend
nuncio, and other magnificoes of Parma, have promis'd
their presence; will't please you to be of the number?

Giovanni.

Yes, tell them I dare come.

Vasques.

Dare come?

Giovanni.

So I said; and tell him more, I will come.

Vasques.

These words are strange to me.

Giovanni.

Say, I will come.

Vasques.

You will not miss?

²³ peevish.] i. e. weak, silly. See note on *Cymbeline*, vol. 9. p. 206. edition 1778.

Giovanni.

Yet more, I'll come : sir, are you answered ?

Vasques.

So I'll say—my service to you.

[*Exit Vasques.*]*Friar.*

You will not go, I trust.

Giovanni.

Not go ; for what ?

Friar.

O do not go ! this feast (I'll 'gage my life)
Is but a plot to train you to your ruin.
Be rul'd, you sha' not go.

Giovanni.

Not go ? flood death
Threatning his armies of confounding plagues,
With hosts of dangers hot as blazing stars,
I would be there : Not go ? yes, and resolve
To strike as deep in slaughter as they all.
For I will go.

Friar.

Go where thou wilt, I see
The wildness of thy fate draws to an end,
To a bad fearful end : I must not stay
To know thy fall ; back to Bononia I
With speed will haste, and shun this coming blow.
Parma farewell, would I had never known thee,
Or aught of thine ! Well, young man, since no prayer
Can make thee safe, I leave thee to despair. [*Exit Friar.*]

Giovanni.

Despair, or tortures of a thousand hells,
All's one to me ; I have set up my rest ²⁴.
Now, now, work serious thoughts on baneful plots ;
Be all a man, my soul ; let not the curse
Of old prescription rend me from the gall
Of courage, which inrolls a glorious death.
If I must totter like a well-grown oak,
Some under-shrubs shall in my weighty fall
Be crush'd to splits : with me they all shall perish. [*Exit.*]

²⁴ I have set up my rest.] See note 24 to *The Jovial Crew*, vol. 10.
P. 364.

Enter

Enter Soranzo, Vasques, and Banditti.

Soranzo.

You will not fail, or shrink in the attempt?

Vasques.

I will undertake for their parts; be sure, my masters, to be bloody enough, and as unmerciful, as if you were preying upon a rich booty on the very mountains of Liguria; for your pardons, trust to my lord; but for your reward you shall trust none but your own pockets.

Banditti omnes.

We'll make a murder.

Soranzo.

Here's gold, here's more; want nothing, what you do is noble, and an act of brave revenge. I'll make you rich, banditti, and all free.

Omnes.

Liberty! liberty!

Vasques.

Hold: take every man a vizard; when you are withdrawn, keep as much silence as you can possibly; you know the watch-word, till which be spoken, move not; but when you hear that, rush in like a stormy flood; I need not instruct you in your own profession.

Omnes.

No, no, no.

Vasques.

In then, your ends are profit and preferment—away.

[Exeunt Banditti.]

Soranzo.

The guests will all come, Vasques?

Vasques.

Yes, sir;

And now let me a little edge your resolution:

You see nothing is unready to this great work, but a great mind in you: call to your remembrance your disgraces, your loss of honour, Hippolita's blood, and arm your courage in your own wrongs; so shall you best right those wrongs in vengeance, which you may truly call your own.

Soranzo.

Soranzo.

'Tis well ; the less I speak, the more I burn,
And blood shall quench that flame.

Vasques.

Now you begin to turn Italian : this beside ; when my young incest-monger comes, he will be sharp set on his old bit : give him time enough, let him have your chamber and bed at liberty ; let my hot hare have law ere he be hunted to his death, that, if it be possible, he post to hell in the very act of his damnation²⁵.

*Enter Giovanni.**Soranzo.*

It shall be so ; and see as we would wish,
He comes himself first : welcome my much-lov'd brother,
Now I perceive you honour me ; you're welcome ;
But where's my father ?

Giovanni.

With the other states,
Attending on the nuncio of the pope,
To wait upon him hither. How's my sister ?

Soranzo.

Like a good housewife, scarcely ready yet.
You're best walk to her chamber.

Giovanni.

If you will.

Soranzo.

I must expect my honourable friends ;
Good brother, get her forth.

Giovanni.

You are busy, sir.

*[Exit Giovanni.]**Vasques.*

Even as the great devil himself would have it, let him go and glut himself in his own destruction : hark, the nuncio is at hand ; good sir, be ready to receive him.

²⁵ that, if it be possible, he post to hell in the very act of his damnation.] This infernal sentiment has been copied from Shakspeare by several writers who were nearly his contemporaries. See notes on *Hamlet*, vol. 30. p. 316. edition 1778.

Flourish. Enter Cardinal, Florio, Donado, Richardetto, and attendants.

Soranzo.

Most reverend lord, this grace hath made me proud,
That you vouchsafe my house; I ever rest
Your humble servant for this noble favour.

Cardinal.

You are our friend, my lord; his holiness
Shall understand how zealously you honour
St. Peter's vicar in his substitute.
Our special love to you.

Soranzo.

Signiors, to you
My welcome, and my ever best of thanks
For this so memorable courtesy.
Pleaseth your grace to walk near?

Cardinal.

My lord, we come
To celebrate your feast with civil mirth,
As ancient custom teacheth: we will go.

Soranzo.

Attend his grace there; signiors keep your way.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Giovanni, and Annabella lying on a bed.

Giovanni.

What, chang'd so soon? hath your new sprightly lord
Found out a trick in night-games more than we
Could know in our simplicity? ha! is't so?
Or does the fit come on you, to prove treacherous
To your past vows and oaths?

Annabella.

Why should you jest
At my calamity, without all sense
Of the approaching dangers you are in?

Giovanni.

What danger's half so great as thy revolt?
Thou art a faithless sister, else thou know'st,
Malice, or any treachery beside,
Would stoop to my bent brows; why, I hold Fate

Clasp'd

Clasp'd in my fist, and could command the course
Of time's eternal motion, hadst thou been
One thought more steady than an ebbing sea.
And what? you'll now be honest, that's resolv'd?

Annabella.

Brother, dear brother, know what I have been,
And know that now there's but a dining-time
'Twixt us and our confusion: let's not waste
These precious hours in vain and useless speech.
Alas, these gay attires were not put on
But to some end; this sudden solemn feast
Was not ordain'd to riot in expence;
I that have now been chamber'd here alone,
Barr'd of my guardian, or of any else,
Am not for nothing at an instant freed
To fresh access. Be not deceiv'd, my brother,
This banquet is an harbinger of death
To you and me; resolve yourself it is,
And be prepar'd to welcome it.

Giovanni.

Well then,
The schoolmen teach that all this globe of earth
Shall be consum'd to ashes in a minute.

Annabella.

So I have read too.

Giovanni.

But 'twere somewhat strange
To see the waters burn; could I believe
This might be true, I could believe as well
There might be hell or heaven.

Annabella.

That's most certain.

Giovanni.

A dream, a dream; else in this other world
We should know one another.

Annabella.

So we shall.

Giovanni.

Have you heard so?

Annabella.

Annabella.

For certain.

Giovanni.

But do you think,

That I shall see you there ? you look on me :
May we kiss one another ? prate or laugh,
Or do as we do here ?

Annabella.

I know not that ;

But, good brother, for the present, how do you mean
To free yourself from danger ? some way think
How to escape ; I'm sure the guests are come.

Giovanni.

Look up, look here ; what see you in my face ?

Annabella.

Distraction and a troubled conscience.

Giovanni.

Death, and a swift repining wrath, — yet look,
What see you in mine eyes ?

Annabella.

Methinks you weep.

Giovanni.

I do indeed ; these are the funeral tears
Shed on your grave, these furrow'd up my cheeks
When first I lov'd and knew not how to woo.
Fair Annabella, should I here repeat
The story of my life, we might lose time.
Be record all the spirits of the air,
And all things else that are, that day and night,
Early and late, the tribute which my heart
Hath paid to Annabella's sacred love,
Hath been these tears, which are her mourners now ;
Never till now did nature do her best,
To shew a matchless beauty to the world,
Which in an instant, ere it scarce was seen,
The jealous destinies requir'd again.
Pray, Annabella, pray ; since we must part.
Go thou, white in thy soul, to fill a throne
Of innocence and sanctity in heaven.
Pray, pray, my sister.

Annabella.

Annabella.

Then I see your drift ;
Ye blessed angels, guard me !

Giovanni.

So say I.

Kiss me ; if ever after-times should hear
Of our fast-knit affections, though perhaps
The laws of conscience and of civil use
May justly blame us, yet when they but know
Our loves, that love will wipe away that rigour,
Which would in other incests be abhorr'd.
Give me your hand : how sweetly life doth run
In these well-colour'd veins ! how constantly
These palms do promise health ! but I could chide
With nature for this cunning flattery,—
Kiss me again,—forgive me.

Annabella.

With my heart.

Giovanni.

Farewel.

Annabella.

Will you be gone ?

Giovanni.

Be dark, bright sun,
And make this mid-day night, that thy guilt rays
May not behold a deed, will turn their splendor
More sooty, than the poets feign their Styx !
One other kiss, my sister.

Annabella.

What means this ?

Giovanni.

To save thy fame, and kill thee in a kiss¹⁶. [*Stabs her.*
Thus die, and die by me, and by my hand ;
Revenge is mine ; honour doth love command.

Annabella.

Oh brother, by your hand !

¹⁶ and kill thee in a kiss.] Forde, seems to have had *Othello* in his mind when he wrote this speech.

Giovanni.

Giovanni.

When thou art dead
I'll give my reasons for't; for to dispute
With thy, even in thy death, most lovely beauty,
Would make me stagger to perform this act
Which I most glory in.

Annabella.

Forgive him, Heaven—and me my sins! Farewel.
Brother unkind, unkind,—mercy, great Heaven,—oh—
oh. [Dies.]

Giovanni.

She's dead, alas, good soul! the hapless fruit,
That in her womb receiv'd its life from me,
Hath had from me a cradle and a grave.
I must not dally; this sad marriage-bed
In all her best, bore her alive and dead.
Soranzo, thou hast mis'd thy aim in this,
I have prevented now thy reaching plots,
And kill'd a love, for whose each drop of blood
I would have pawn'd my heart. Fair Annabella,
How over-glorious art thou in thy wounds,
Triumphing over infamy and hate!
Shrink not, courageous hand, stand up, my heart,
And boldly act my last, and greater part.
[Exit with the body.]

A Banquet. Enter Cardinal, Florio, Donado, Soranzo, Richardetto, Vasques, and attendants. They take their places.

Vasques.

Remember, sir, what you have to do; be wise and resolute.

Soranzo.

Enough—my heart is fix'd. Pleaseth your grace
To taste these coarse confections. Tho' the use
Of such set entertainments more consists
In custom, than in cause; yet, reverend sir,
I am still made your servant by your presence.

Cardinal.

And we your friend.

Soranzo.

Soranzo.

But where's my brother Giovanni?

*Enter Giovanni, with a heart upon his dagger.**Giovanni.*

Here, here, Soranzo, trim'd in reeking blood,
 That triumphs over death; proud in the spoil
 Of love and vengeance; fate, or all the powers
 That guide the motions of immortal souls
 Could not prevent me.

Cardinal.

What means this?

Florio.

Son Giovanni?

Soranzo.

Shall I be forestall'd?

Giovanni.

Be not amaz'd: if your misgiving hearts
 Shrink at an idle sight, what bloodless fear
 Of coward passion would have seiz'd your senses,
 Had you beheld the rape of life and beauty
 Which I have acted? my sister, oh my sister!

Florio.

Ha! what of her?

Giovanni.

The glory of my deed
 Darken'd the mid-day sun, made noon as night.
 You came to feast, my lords, with dainty fare;
 I came to feast too, but I dig'd for food
 In a much richer mine than gold or stone
 Of any value balanc'd; 'tis a heart,
 A heart, my lords, in which is mine intomb'd.
 Look well upon't; do you know't?

Vasques.

What strange riddle's this?

Giovanni.

'Tis Annabella's heart, 'tis; why do you startle?
 I vow 'tis her's: This dagger's point plow'd up
 Her fruitful womb, and left to me the fame
 Of a most glorious executioner.

Florio.

Florio.

Why, madman, art thyself?

Giovanni.

Yes, father; and, that times to come may know,
How as my fate I honour'd my revenge,
Lift, father, to your ears I will yield up
How much I have deserv'd to be your son.

Florio.

What is't thou say'st?

Giovanni.

Nine moons have had their changes,
Since I first throughly view'd, and truly lov'd,
Your daughter and my sister.

Florio.

How! alas, my lords, he's a frantic madman!

Giovanni.

Father, no;
For nine months' space, in secret, I enjoy'd
Sweet Annabella's sheets; nine months I liv'd
A happy monarch of her heart and her.
Soranzo, thou know'st this; thy paler cheek
Bears the confounding print of thy disgrace;
For her too fruitful womb too soon bewray'd
The happy passage of our stol'n delights,
And made her mother to a child unborn.

Cardinal.

Incestuous villain!

Florio.

Oh, his rage belyes him!

Giovanni.

It does not, 'tis the oracle of truth;
I vow it is so!

Soranzo.

I shall burst with fury!
Bring the strumpet forth!

Vasques.

I shall, sir.

[Exit Vasques.]

Giovanni.

Do, sir; have you all no faith
To credit yet my triumphs? here I swear
By all that you call sacred, by the love

VOL. VIII.

H

I bore

I bore my Annabella whilst she liv'd,
These hands have from her bosom rip'd this heart.
Is't true or no, sir?

Enter Vasques.

Vasques.

'Tis most strangely true.

Florio.

Curfed man—have I liv'd to——

[*Diss.*

Cardinal.

Hold up, Florio.

Monster of children ! see what thou hast done,
Broke thy old father's heart ; is none of you
Dares venture on him ?

Giovanni.

Let 'em ; oh my father,
How well his death becomes him in his griefs !
Why this was done with courage ; now survives
None of our house but I, gilt in the blood
Of a fair sister and a hapless father.

Soranzo.

Inhuman scorn of men, hast thou a thought
T' outlive thy murders ?

Giovanni.

Yes, I tell thee yes ;
For in my fists I bear the twists of life.
Soranzo, see this heart, which was thy wife's ;
Thus I exchange it royally for thine,
And thus, and thus : now brave revenge is mine.

Vasques.

I cannot hold any longer ; You, sir, are you grown insolent in your butcheries ? have at you. [Fight.

Giovanni.

Come, I am arm'd to meet thee.

Vasques.

No ! will it not be yet ? if this will not, another shall.
Not yet ? I shall fit you anon——Vengeance.

Enter Banditti.

Giovanni.

Welcome ; come more of you, whate'er you be ;
I dare your worst——

Oh

Oh I can stand no longer ; feeble arms,
Have you so soon lost strength ?

Vasques.

Now you are welcome, sir ;
Away, my masters, all is done ;
Shift for yourselves, your reward is your own.
Shift for yourselves.

Banditti.

Away, away.

[*Exeunt Banditti.*]

Vasques.

How d' ye, my lord ? see you this ? how is't ?

Soranzo.

Dead ; but in death well pleased, that I have liv'd
To see my wrongs reveng'd on that black devil.

O Vasques, to thy bosom let me give
My last of breath, let not that lecher live—oh ! [Dies.]

Vasques.

The reward of peace and rest be with him,
My ever dearest lord and master.

Giovanni.

Whose hand gave me this wound ?

Vasques.

Mine, sir ; I was your first man : have you enough ?

Giovanni.

I thank thee, thou hast done for me
But what I would have else done on myself ;
Art sure thy lord is dead ?

Vasques.

Oh impudent slave,
As sure as I am sure to see thee die.

Cardinal.

Think on thy life and end, and call for mercy.

Giovanni.

Mercy ? why, I have found it in this justice.

Cardinal.

Strive yet to cry to Heaven.

Giovanni.

Oh I bleed fast !
Death, thou art a guest long look'd for ; I embrace
Thee and thy wounds. Oh my last minute comes.
Where'er I go, let me enjoy this grace,

Freely to view my Annabella's face !

[Dies.

Donado.

Strange miracle of justice !

Cardinal.

Raise up the city, we shall be murder'd all.

Vasques.

You need not fear, you shall not ; this strange task being ended, I have paid the duty to the son, which I have vowed to the father.

Cardinal.

Speak, wretched villain, what incarnate fiend
Hath led thee on to this ?

Vasques.

Honesty, and pity of my master's wrongs ; for know, my lord, I am by birth a Spaniard, brought forth my country in my youth by lord Soranzo's father ; whom whilst he lived, I serv'd faithfully ; since whose death I have been to this man, as I was to him : what I have done, was duty, and I repent nothing, but that the loss of my life had not ransom'd his.

Cardinal.

Say, fellow, know'st thou any yet unnam'd
Of council in this incest ?

Vasques.

Yes, an old woman, sometime guardian
To this murder'd lady.

Cardinal.

And what's become of her ?

Vasques.

Within this room she is ; whose eyes, after her confession, I caus'd to be put out, but kept alive, to confirm what from Giovanni's own mouth you have heard : now, my lord, what I have done, you may judge of, and let your own wisdom be a judge in your own reason.

Cardinal.

Peace ; first this woman, chief in these effects,
My sentence is, that forthwith she be ta'en
Out of the city, for example's sake,
There to be burnt to ashes.

Donado.

'Tis most just.

Cardinal.

Cardinal.

Be it your charge, Donado, see it done.

Donado.

I shall.

Vasques.

What for me ? if death, 'tis welcome ; I have been honest to the son, as I was to the father.

Cardinal.

Fellow, for thee ; since what thou didst was done
Not for thyself, being no Italian,
We banish thee for ever, to depart
Within three days ; in this we do dispense
With grounds of reason, not of thine offence.

Vasques.

'Tis well ; this conquest is mine, and I rejoice that a
Spaniard outwent an Italian in revenge. [Exit Vasques.

Cardinal.

Take up these slaughter'd bodies, see them buried ;
And all the gold and jewels, or whatsoever,
Confiscate by the canons of the church,
We seize upon to the Pope's proper use.

Richardetto.

Your grace's pardon ; thus long I liv'd disguis'd,
To see the effect of pride and lust at once
Brought both to shameful ends.

Cardinal.

What ! Richardetto, whom we thought for dead ?

Donado.

Sir, was it you——

Richardetto.

Your friend.

Cardinal.

We shall have time
To talk at large of all ; but never yet
Incest and murder have so strangely met.
Of one so young, so rich in nature's store,
Who could not say, 'Tis pity she's a Whore ? [Exit.

E D I T I O N.

•TIS PITY SHEE'S A WHORE.

Acted by the Queenes Majesties Servants,
at the *Phænix* in *Drury-Lane*.

L O N D O N :

Printed by NICHOLAS OKES, for RICHARD COLLINS;
and are to be sold at his Shop in *Pauls Church-yard*, at
the Signe of the *Three Kings*. 1633.

4to.

THE HEIR.

H 4

THE HILL

THOMAS MAY, was the son of Sir Thomas May, of Mayfield, in the County of Suffex, Knight; a gentleman of an ancient and honourable family, which had resided there many generations. He was born in the year 1595, and received his early education in the neighbourhood of his birth-place; from thence he was removed to Sidney-Suffex College in Cambridge, and took the degree of B. A. in 1612. On the 6th of August, 1615, he was admitted into the society of Gray's-Inn, and soon after became celebrated for his poetical performances.

Lord Clarendon * with whom he was intimately acquainted, says, “ That his father spent the fortune which he was born to, so that he had only an annuity left him not proportionable to a liberal education; yet, since his fortune could not raise his mind, he brought his mind down to his fortune, by a great modesty and humility in his nature, which was not affected, but very well became an imperfection in his speech, which was a great mortification to him, and kept him from entering upon any discourse but in the company of his very friends. His parts of nature and art were very good, as appears by his translation of Lucan (none of the easiest work of that kind) and more by his Supplement to Lucan, which, being entirely his own, for the learning, the wit, and the language, may be well looked upon as one of the best epic poems in the English language. He writ some other commendable pieces of the reign of some of our kings. He was cherished by many persons of honour, and very acceptable in all places; yet (to shew that pride and envy have their influences upon the narrowest minds, and which have the greatest

* Life, 8vo. edition 1759, p. 35.

“ semblance.

“ semblance of humility) though he had received much
 “ countenance, and a very considerable donative from
 “ the king ; upon his majesty’s refusing to give him a
 “ small pension *, which he had designed and promised
 “ to another very ingenious person, whose qualities he
 “ thought inferior to his own ; he fell from his duty, and
 “ all his former friends, and prostituted himself to the
 “ vile office † of celebrating the infamous acts of those
 “ who were in rebellion against the king ; which he did
 “ so meanly, that he seemed to all men to have lost his
 “ wits when he left his honesty ; and shortly after
 “ died miserable and neglected, and deserves to be for-
 “ gotten.”

He died suddenly on the night of the 13th of November, 1650, after having drank his chearful bottle as usual. The cause of his death is said to have arisen from the tying of his night-cap too close under his chin, which occasioned a suffocation when he turned himself about.

He was buried, by appointment of the Parliament, in a splendid manner, in the south isle of Westminster Abbey, where a monument to his memory was erected, with a Latin inscription thereon, composed by Marchmont Needham ; which remained there until the restoration, when it was destroyed, and his body dug up, and buried in a large pit, belonging to St. Margaret’s church, with many others who had been interred in the abbey during the interregnum.

He was the author of the following dramatic pieces :

1. “ The Tragedy of Antigone the Theban princeſſe.” 8vo. 1631.
2. “ The Heire : a Comedy ; acted by the Company “ of the Revels, 1620.” 4to. 1633.
3. “ The Tragedy of Julia Agrippina, Empreſs of “ Rome.” 12mo. 1639. 12mo. 1654.
4. “ The Tragedy of Cleopatra, Queen of Ægypt.” 12mo. 1639. 12mo. 1654.

* Some writers ſuppoſe he was diſguſted that Sir William Davenant was appointed to ſucceed Ben Jonſon as poet laureat, in the year 1637.

† He was appointed to the poſt of Hiſtoriographer by the Parliament.

5. "The Old Couple : a Comedy." 4to. 1658.

He also wrote "The reign of king Henry the Second," and "The victorious reign of Edward the Third," both in English verse ; and translated, besides Lucan, the *Georgics* of Virgil, the *Epigrams* of Martial, the *Icon Animorum* by Barclay, and the verses in *Argenis* by the same author. He likewise was the author of "The History of the Parliament of England, which began November 3, 1640, with a short and necessary view of some preceding years." Folio 1647.

The following inscription was made upon him by one of the Cavalier party, which he had abused :

Adsta, Viator, & Poetam legas
 Lucani interpretem,
 Quem ita feliciter Anglicanum fecerat,
 Ut Mayus simul & Lucanus videretur,
 Et sane credas Metempsochosin :
 Nam uterque ingratus Principis sui Proditor ;
 Hic Neronis Tyranni, ille Caroli Regum optimi,
 At fata planè diversa ;
 Lucanum enim ante obitum pœnitentem legis,
 Mayus vero repentina morte occubuit,
 Ne forsàn pœniteret.
 Parlamenti Rebellis tam pertinax adstipulator,
 Ut Musarum, quas olim religiose coluerat,
 Sacrilegus Hostis evaserit :
 Attamen fingendi artem non penitus amisit,
 Nam gesta eorum scripsit & typis mandavit
 In profà mendax Poeta.
 Inter tot Heroas Poetarum, Nobiliumque,
 Quod tam indigni sepeliantur Cineres,
 Videntur flere Marmora.
 Nec tamen mirere eum hic Rebelles posuisse,
 Qui tot sacras Ædes, & Dei delubra,
 Equis fecera stabula.

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND,
 MASTER THOMAS MAY,
 UPON HIS COMEDY, *THE HEIR*.

THE Heir being born, was in his tender age
 Rock'd in the cradle of a private stage,
 Where, lifted up by many a willing hand,
 The child did from the first day fairly stand;
 Since, having gather'd strength, he dares prefer
 His steps into the public theatre,
 The world: where he despairs not but to find
 A doom from men more able, not less kind.

I but his usher am, yet, if my word
 May pass, I dare be bound he will afford
 Things must deserve a welcome, if well known,
 Such as best writers would have wish'd their own.

You shall observe his words in order meet,
 And, softly stealing on with equal feet,
 Slide into even numbers, with such grace,
 As each word had been moulded for that place.

You shall perceive an amorous passion, spun
 Into so smooth a web, as, had the Sun,
 When he pursu'd the swiftly-flying maid,
 Courted her in such language, she had staid;
 A love so well exprest must be the same.
 The author felt himself from his fair flame.

The whole plot doth alike itself disclose
 Through the five acts, as doth a lock, that goes
 With letters; for, till every one be known,
 The lock's as fast as if you had found none;
 And, where his sportive Muse doth draw a thread
 Of mirth, chaste matrons may not blush to read.

Thus have I thought it fitter to reveal
 My want of art (dear friend) than to conceal

*My love. It did appear I did not mean
 So to commend thy well-wrought comic-scene,
 As men might judge my aim rather to be,
 To gain praise to myself, than give it thee;
 Though I can give thee none, but what thou hast
 Deserv'd, and what must my faint breath out-last.*

*Yet was this garment (though I skill-less be
 To take thy measure) only made for thee;
 And, if it prove too scant, 'tis 'cause the stuff
 Nature allow'd me was not large enough.*

THOMAS CAREW *.

* *Thomas Carew*] " was the younger brother of a good family,
 " and of excellent parts, and had spent many years of his youth in
 " France and Italy; and, returning from travel, followed the court,
 " which the modesty of that time disposed men to do some time, before
 " they pretended to be of it; and he was very much esteemed by the
 " most eminent persons in the court, and well looked-upon by the King
 " himself, some years before he could obtain to be Sewer to the King;
 " and when the King conferred that place upon him, it was not without
 " the regret even of the whole Scotch nation, which united themselves in
 " recommending another gentleman to it; and of so great value were
 " those relations held in that age, when majesty was beheld with the
 " reverence it ought to be. He was a person of a pleasant and facetious
 " wit, and made many poems (especially in the amorous way) which,
 " for the sharpness of the fancy, and the elegance of the language in
 " which that fancy was spread, were at least equal, if not superior, to
 " any of that time: but his glory was, that after fifty years of his life,
 " spent with less severity or exactness than it ought to have been, he
 " died with the greatest remorse for that license, and with the greatest
 " manifestation of Christianity, that his best friends could desire." *Life*
of Clarendon. 8vo. edit. 1759, vol. 1. p. 36. He died in the year 1639.

The

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The KING.
 VIRRO, *an old rich count.*
 POLYMETES, *an old lord.*
 EUGENIO, *his son*
 LEUCOTHOE, *his daughter,*
 ROSCIO, *his man.*
 EUPHUES, *another lord.*
 PHILOCLES, *his son.*
 CLERIMONT, *a gentleman, friend to Philocles.*
 FRANKLIN, *an old rich gentleman.*
 LUCY, *his daughter.*
 FRANCISCO, *a young man.*
 ALPHONSO.
 SHALLOW, *a foolish gentleman.*
 NICANOR, *a courtier.*
 MATHO, *a lawyer.*
 PSECTAS *, *a waiting gentlewoman.*
 A Parson.
 A Sumner.
 A Constable and Watch.
 Servants.

Scene SICILY.

* *Psectas*] i. e. *Vituperator*, which answers to her character. Former editions read *Pfecas*. S. P.

PROLOGUE.

P R O L O G U E.

*J*udicious friends, if what shall here be seen
 May taste your sense, or ope your tickled spleen,
 Our author has his wish: he does not mean
 To rub your galls with a satirick scene;
 Nor toil your brains, to find the fustian sense
 Of those poor lines, that cannot recompense
 The pains of study: Comedy's soft strain
 Should not perplex, but recreate the brain;
 His strain is such, he hopes it, but refers
 That to the test of your judicious ears.

THE

T H E H E I R.

A C T I.

Enter Polymetes, Roscio.

Polymetes.

R O S C I O.

Roscio.

My lord.

Polymetes.

Haſt thou divulg'd the news
That my ſon died at Athens?

Roscio.

Yes, my lord,
With every circumſtance, the time, the place,
And manner of his death; that 'tis believ'd,
And told for news with as much confidence
As if 'twere writ in Gallo-belgicus¹.

Polymetes.

That's well, that's very well: now, Roscio,
Follows my part; I muſt expreſs a grief

¹ *Gallo-belgicus.*] Gallo-belgicus was the name of the firſt News-paper published in England. *Cleveland*, in his *Character of a London Diurnal*, ſays, "The original ſinner of this kind was *Dutch*, *Gallo-belgicus* "the *Protoplaſt*, and the *modern Mercuries* but *Hans en Kelders*." The exact time when they were printed I am unable to diſcover; but they certainly were as early as the reign of Queen Elizabeth; ſome intelligence given by *Mercurius Gallo-belgicus* being mentioned in *Carew's Survey of Cornwall*, p. 126, originally published in 1602. Dr Donne, in his Verſes upon Thomas Coryat's Crudities, 1611, ſays,

—————"To Gallo Belgicus appear
"As deep a Statesman as a Gazetteer."

Beaumont and *Fletcher* mention *Mercurius Gallo-belgicus*, in *The Fair Maid of the Inn*, A. 4; and *Ben Jonſon*, in *The Poetaster*, A. 5. S. 3: *Glaphorne* alſo, in *Wit in a Conſtable*; and *Howel*, in his *Letters*, p. 185, edition 1754.

Not usual; not like a well-left heir
For his dead father, or a lefty widow
For her old husband, must I counterfeit:
But in a deeper, a far deeper strain,
Weep like a father for his only son.
Is not that hard to do, ha! Roscio?

Roscio.

Oh no, my lord,
Not for your skill; has not your lordship seen
A player personate Hieronimo²?

Polymetes.

By th' mass 'tis true, I have seen the knave paint grief
In such a lively colour, that for false
And acted passion he has drawn true tears
From the spectators. Ladies in the boxes
Kept time with sighs and tears to his sad accents,
As he had truly been the man he seem'd.
Well then, I'll ne'er despair; but tell me thou,
Thou that hast still been privy to my bosom,
How will this project take?

Roscio.

Rarely, my lord;
Even now, methinks, I see your lordship's house
Haunted with suitors of the noblest rank,
And my young lady, your supposed heir,
Tir'd more with wooing than the Grecian queen⁽²⁾,
In the long absence of her wandering lord.
There's not a ruinous nobility
In all this kingdom, but conceives a hope
Now to rebuild his fortunes on this match.

Polymetes.

Those are not they I look for; no, my nets
Are spread for other game; the rich and greedy,
Those that have wealth enough, yet gape for more,
They are for me.

Roscio.

Others will come, my lord,
All sorts of fish will press upon your nets;

² Hieronimo.] See *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. 3.

(²) Grecian queen.] Penelope.

Then in your lordship's wisdom it must lie
To cull the great ones, and reject the fry.

Polymetes.

Nay, fear not that; there's none shall have access
To see my daughter, or to speak to her,
But such as I approve, and aim to catch.

Roscio.

The jest will be, my lord, when you shall see
How your aspiring suitors will put on
The face of greatness, and belye their fortunes,
Consume themselves in shew, wasting like merchants
Their present wealth in rigging a fair ship
For some ill-ventur'd voyage, that undoes 'em.
Here comes a youth with letters from the court,
Bought of some favourite at such a price,
As will for ever sink him; yet alas
All's to no purpose, he must lose the prize

Polymetes.

'Twill feed me fat with sport that it shall make,
Besides the large adventures it brings home
Unto my daughter. How now!

Enter Servant.

Servant.

My lord, Count Virro is come to see you.

Polymetes.

Conduct him in. So, so, it takes already.
See, Roscio, see, this is the very man
My project aim'd at, the rich Count, that knows
No end of his large wealth, yet gapes for more.
There was no other loadstone could attract
His iron heart; for could beauty have mov'd him,
Nature has been no niggard to my girl.
But I must to my grief; here comes the Count.

Enter Count Virro.

Virro.

Is your lord asleep?

Roscio.

No sir,

I think

I think not. My lord, Count Virro!

Virro.

How do you, sir?

Polymetes.

I do intreat your lordship pardon me;
Grief, and some want of sleep, have made me
At this time unmannerly, not fit to entertain
Guests of your worth.

Virro.

Alas, sir, I know your grief.

Roscio.

'Twas that that fetch'd you hither.

[*Aside.*

Virro.

Y' have lost a worthy and a hopeful son;
But Heaven, that always gives, will sometimes take,
And that the best. There, is no balsam left us
To cure such wounds as these, but patience;
There is no disputing with the acts of Heaven;
But if there were, in what could you accuse
Those Powers that else have been so liberal to you,
And left you yet one comfort in your age,
A fair and virtuous daughter?

Roscio.

Now it begins.

[*Aside.*

Virro.

Your blood is not extinct, nor your age childless;
From that fair branch that's left may come much fruit,
To glad posterity; think on that, my lord.

Polymetes.

Nay, Heaven forbid I should repine at what the justice
of those Powers ordain; it has pleas'd them to confine my
care only to one, and to see her well bestow'd is all the
comfort I now must look for; but if it had pleas'd Hea-
ven that my son, ah my Eugenio!—

[*He weeps.*

Virro.

Alas, good gentleman!

Roscio.

'Fore Heaven he does it rarely!

Virro.

But, sir, remember yourself, remember your daughter;

let not your grief for the dead make you forget the living,
whose hopes and fortunes depend upon your safety.

Polymetes.

Oh my good lord, you never had a son.

Roscio.

Unless they were bastards, and for them no doubt but
he has done as other lords do. *[Aside.]*

Polymetes.

And therefore cannot tell what 'tis to lose a son, a good
son, and an only son.

Virro.

I would, my lord, I could as well redress,
As I can take compassion of your grief,
You should soon find an ease.

Polymetes.

Pray pardon me, my lord; if I forget myself toward you
at this time; if it please you visit my house ofter, you
shall be welcome.

Virro.

You would fain sleep, my lord, I'll take my leave;
Heaven send you comfort! I shall make bold shortly to
visit you.

Polymetes.

You shall be wondrous welcome.
Wait on my lord out there. *[Exit Virro.]*
So, now he's gone; how thinkest thou, Roscio,
Will not this gudgeon bite?

Roscio.

No doubt, my lord,
So fair a bait would catch a cunning fish.

Polymetes.

And such a one is he; he ever lov'd
The beauty of my girl, but that's not it
Can draw the earth-bred thoughts of his gross soul.
Gold is the God of his idolatry,
With hope of which I'll feed him, till at length
I make him fatter, and, Ixion-like,
For his lov'd Juno grasp an empty cloud.

Roscio.

How stands my young lady affected to him?

Polymetes.

Polymetes.

There's all the difficulty; we must win her to love him. I doubt the peevish girl will think him too old; he's well near fifty. In this business I must leave somewhat to thy wit and care: praise him beyond all measure.

Roscio.

Your lordship ever found me trusty.

Polymetes.

If thou effect it, I will make thee happy.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Philocles, Clerimont.

Philocles

Eugenio's sister then is the rich heir
By his decease?

Clerimont.

Yes, and the fair one too;
She needs no gloss that fortune can set on her,
Her beauty of itself were prize enough
To make a king turn beggar for.

Philocles.

Hey-day!

What in love, Clerimont? I lay my life 'tis so;
Thou couldst not praise her with such passion else.

Clerimont.

I know not; I slept well enough last night:
But if thou saw'st her once, I would not give
A farthing for thy life; I tell thee, Philocles,
One sight of her would make thee cry, ay me!
Sigh, and look pale: methinks I do imagine
How like an idolatrous lover thou wouldst look
Through the eye-lids, and know nobody.

Philocles.

'Tis very well, but how did your worship 'scape?
You have seen her.

Clerimont.

True, but I have an antidote, and I can teach it thee.

Philocles.

When I have need on't, I'll desire it.

Clerimont.

And 'twill be worth thy learning, when thou shalt see
the

the tyranny of that same scurvy boy, and what fools he makes of us ; shall I describe the beast ?

Philocles.

What beast ?

Clerimont.

A lover.

Philocles.

Do.

Clerimont.

Then, to be brief, I will pass over the opinion of your ancient fathers, as likewise those strange loves spoken of in the authentic histories of chivalry, Amadis de Gaul, Parismus, the Knight of the sun, or the witty knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, where those brave men whom neither enchantments, giants, wind-mills, nor flocks of sheep could vanquish, are made the trophies of triumphing love.

Philocles.

Pr'ythee come to the matter.

Clerimont.

Neither will I mention the complaints of Sir Guy for the fair Phelis, nor the travels of Parismus for the love of the beauteous Laurana ; nor, lastly, the most sad penance of the ingenious knight Don Quixote upon the mountains of Sienna Morenna, moved by the unjust disdain of the Lady Dulcinia del Toboso. As for our modern authors, I will not so much as name them, no not that excellent treatise of Tully's love, written by the master of art ³.

Philocles.

I would thou wouldst pass over this passing over of authors, and speak thine own judgment.

Clerimont.

Why then, to be brief, I think a lover looks like an ass.

Philocles.

I can describe him better than so myself : he looks like a man that had sitten up at cards all night, or a stale drunkard waken'd in the midst of his sleep.

³ *Tully's love, written by the master of art.*] The work here mentioned is entitled, "*Tullies Love*, wherein is discovered the prime of "*Ciceroes youth, &c. &c.*" By Robert Greene. *In artibus magister*. I have seen no earlier edition of it than that in 1616. S.

Clerimont.

But, Philocles, I would not have thee see this lady, she has a bewitching look.

Philocles.

How dar'st thou venture, man? What strange medicine hast thou found? Ovid ne'er taught it thee: I doubt I guess thy remedy for love, go to a bawdy-house, or so, is it not?

Clerimont.

Faith, and that's a good way, I can tell you; we younger brothers are beholden to it: alas, we must not fall in love, and chuse whom we like best; we have no jointures for them, as you blest heirs can have.

Philocles.

Well, I have found you, sir; and pr'ythee tell me, how gett'st thou wenches?

Clerimont.

Why I can want no panders; I lie in the constable's house.

Philocles.

And there you may whore by authority.

But, Clerimont, I doubt this paragon
That thou so praisest, is some ill-favoured wench
Whom thou wouldst have me laugh at for commending.

Clerimont.

Believe it, I spoke in earnest; trust your eyes,
I'll shew you her.

Philocles.

How canst thou do it?
Thou know'st this lady's father is to mine
A deadly enemy; nor is his house
Open to any of our kindred.

Clerimont.

That's no matter;
My lodging's the next door to this lord's house,
And my back window looks into his garden;
There every morning fair Leucothoe
(For so I hear her nam'd) walking alone,
To please her senses, makes Aurora blush,
To see one brighter than herself appear.

Philocles.

Well, I will see her then.

I 4

[*Exeunt.*
Enter

Enter Franklin, Francisco, and Lucy.

Francisco.

Yet for her sake be advised better, sir.

Franklin.

Impudent rascal, can'st look me i' th' face, and know how thou hast wrong'd me? thou hast dishonoured my daughter, made a whore of her.

Francisco.

Gentle sir,

The wrong my love has made to your fair daughter
'Tis now too late to wish undone again;
But if you please, it may be yet clos'd up
Without dishonour; I will marry her.

Franklin.

Marry her! she has a hot catch of that; marry a beggar!
What jointure canst thou make her?

Francisco.

Sir, I am poor, I must confess;
Fortune has blest you better: but I swear
By all things that can bind, 'twas not your wealth
Was the foundation of my true-built love;
It was her single uncompounded self,
Herself without addition, that I lov'd,
Which shall for ever in my sight outweigh
All other women's fortunes, and themselves;
And were I great, as great as I could wish
Myself for her advancement, no such bar
As fortune's inequality should stand
Betwixt our loves.

Lucy.

Good father, hear me.

Franklin.

Dost thou not blush to call me father, strumpet?
I'll make thee an example.

Lucy.

But hear me, sir; my shame will be your own.

Franklin.

No more, I say. Francisco, leave my house,
I charge you come not here.

Francisco.

Francisco.

I must obey, and will; dear Lucy be constant.

Lucy.

Till death.

[*Exit Francisco.*]

Franklin.

Here's a fine wedding towards!

The bridegroom, when he comes for his bride,
Shall find her great with child by another man!
Passion-a-me, minion, how have you hid it so long?

Lucy.

Fearing your anger, sir, I strove to hide it.

Franklin.

Hide it one day more then, or be damn'd.
Hide it till Shallow be married to thee,
And then let him do his worst.

Lucy.

Sir, I should too much wrong him.

Franklin.

Wrong him! there be great ladies have done the like;
'tis no news to see a bride with child.

Lucy.

Good sir.

Franklin.

Then be wise, lay the child to him; he's a rich man,
t'other's a beggar.

Lucy.

I dare not, sir.

Franklin.

Do it I say, and he shall father it.

Lucy.

He knows he never touch'd me, sir.

Franklin.

That's all one, lay it to him, we'll out-face him 'tis
his: but hark, he is coming, I hear the musick: swear
thou wilt do thy best to make him think 'tis his, only for
this time; swear quickly.

Lucy.

I do.

Franklin.

Go step aside, and come when thy cue is; thou shalt
hear us talk.

[*Lucy aside.*]

Enter

Enter Shallow with musick.

Shallow.

Morrow, father.

Franklin.

Son bridegroom, welcome; you have been look'd for here.

Shallow.

My taylor a little disappointed me: but is my bride ready?

Franklin.

Yes, long ago; but you and I will talk a little. Send in your musick.

Shallow.

Go wait within; and tell me, father, did she not think it long till I came?

Franklin.

I warrant her she did; she loves you not a little.

Shallow.

Nay, that I dare swear; she has given me many tastes of her affection.

Franklin.

What, before you were married?

Shallow.

I mean, in the way of honesty, father.

Franklin.

Nay; that I doubt; young wits love to be trying; and, to say truth, I see not how a woman can deny a man of your youth and person upon those terms: you'll not be known on't now.

Shallow.

I have kifs'd her, or so.

Franklin.

Come, come, I know you are no fool, I should think you a very ass; nay, I tell you plainly, I should be loth to marry my daughter to you, if I thought you had not tried her in so long acquaintance; but you have tried her, and she poor soul could not deny you.

Shallow.

Ha, ha, he!

Franklin.

Franklin.

Faith, tell me, son, 'tis but a merry question; she's yours.

Shallow.

Upon my virginity, father——

Franklin.

Swear not by that, I'll ne'er believe you.

Shallow.

Why then, as I am a gentleman, I never did it, that I remember.

Franklin.

That you remember! oh is't thereabouts?

Lucy.

He'll take it upon him presently.

[Aside.]

Franklin.

You have been so familiar with her, you have forgot the times; but did you never come in half fuddled, and then in a kind humour, *cætera quis nescit?*

Shallow.

Indeed I was wont to serve my mother's maids so, when I came half fox'd, as you said, and then next morning I should laugh to myself.

Franklin.

Why there it goes; I thought to have chid you, son Shallow; I knew what you had done, 'tis too apparent; I would not have people take notice of it; pray God she hide her great belly as she goes to church to-day.

Shallow.

Why, father, is she with child?

Franklin.

As if you knew not that; fie, fie, leave your dissembling now.

Shallow.

Sure it cannot be mine.

Franklin.

How's this; you would not make my daughter a whore, would you? This is but to try if you can stir my choler: you wits have strange tricks, do things over night when you are merry, and then deny 'em. But stay, here she comes alone; step aside, she shall not see us.

[They step aside.]

Lucy.

Lucy.

Ah my dear Shallow, thou need'st not have made
Such haste, my heart thou know'st was firm enough
To thee ; but I may blame my own fond love,
That could not deny thee.

Shallow.

She's with child indeed, it swells.

Franklin.

You would not believe me. 'Tis a good wench, she
does it handsomely. *[Aside.]*

Lucy.

But yet I know, if thou hadst been thy self, thou wouldst
ne'er have offer'd it ; 'twas drink that made thee.

Shallow.

Yes sure I was drunk when I did it, for I had forgot
it ; I lay my life 'twill prove a girl, because 'twas got in
drink.

Lucy.

I am ashamed to see any body.

Franklin.

Alas, poor wretch, go comfort her ; Lucy !

Shallow.

Sweetheart ! nay, never be ashamed. I was a little too
hasty, but I'll make thee amends ; we'll be married pre-
sently.

Franklin.

Be cheary, Lucy ; you were man and wife before ; it
wanted but the ceremony of the church, and that shall be
presently done.

Shallow.

Ay, ay, sweetheart, as soon as may be.

Franklin.

But now I think on't, son Shallow, your wedding must
not be publick, as we intended it.

Shallow.

Why so ?

Franklin.

Because I would not have people take notice of this
fault ; we'll go to church, only we three, the minister and
the clerk, that's witnesses enough ; so, the time being
unknown,

unknown, people will think you were married before.

Shallow.

But will it stand with my worship to be married in private?

Franklin.

Yes, yes, the greatest do it, when they have been nibbling beforehand; there is no other way to save your bride's credit.

Shallow.

Come let's about it presently.

Franklin.

This is clos'd up beyond our wishes.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manet Lucy.

Lucy.

I am undone, unless thy wit, Francisco,
Can find some means to free me from this fool.
Who would have thought the set could be so gross,
To take upon him what he never did,
To his own shame? I'll send to my Francisco,
And I must lose no time; for I am dead,
If not deliver'd from this loathed bed.

A C T II.

Enter Philocles, Clerimont at the window.

Clerimont.

SEE, Philocles, yonder's that happy shade
That often veils the fair Leucothoë,
And this her usual hour; she'll not be long;
Then thou shalt tell me, if so rare an object
E'er blest thine eyes before.

Philocles.

Well, I would see her once,

Wer't

Wer't but to try thy judgment, Clerimont.

Clerimont.

And when thou dost, remember what I told thee,
I would not be so fickle; but soft, look to thy heart,
Yonder she comes, and that's her waiting-woman.

[*Leucothoë, and Psestas in the garden.*

Now gaze thy fill; speak man, how lik'st thou her?

Leucothoë.

Psestas!

Psestas.

Madam.

Leucothoë.

What flower was that,
That thou wer't telling such a story of
Last night to me?

Psestas.

'Tis call'd Narcissus, madam:

It bears the name of that too beauteous boy,
That lost himself by loving of himself;
Who, viewing in a fair and crystal stream
Those lips that only he could never kiss,
Doats on the shadow, which to reach in vain
Striving, he drowns; thus, scorning all beside,
For the lov'd shadow the fair substance dy'd.

Leucothoë.

Fie, fie, I like not these impossible tales;
A man to fall in love with his own shadow,
And die for love, it is most ridiculous!

Psestas.

Madam, I know not; I have often seen
Both men and women court the looking-glass
With so much seeming contentation,
That I could think this true; nay, wear it about 'em
As lovers do their mistress' counterfeit⁴.

Leucothoë.

That's not for love, but to correct their beauties,
And draw from others admiration;

⁴ counterfeit.] See note 13 to *Alexander and Campaspe*, vol. 2.
p. 93.

For all the comfort that our faces give
Unto ourselves is but reflection
Of that fair liking that another takes.

Clerimont.

I would we were a little nearer 'em,
We might but hear what talk these wenches have
When they are alone ; I warrant, some good stuff.

Philocles.

'Tis happiness enough for me to see
The motion of her lips.

Clerimont.

I'faith it's thereabouts ;
Why, Philocles, what lost already, man !
Struck dead with one poor glance ! Look up, for shame,
And tell me how thou lik'st my judgment now,
Now thou dost see.

Philocles.

Ah, Clerimont, too well,
Too well I see what I shall never taste,
Yon lady's beauty : she must needs be cruel
(Though her fair shape deny it) to the son
Of him that is her father's enemy.
That, Clerimont, that fatal difference
Checks my desire, and sinks my rising hopes ;
But love's a torrent violent if stopt,
And I am desperately mad : I must,
I must be her's, or else I must not be.

Clerimont.

Contain that passion, that will else o'erwhelm
All virtue in you, all that is call'd man,
And should be your's ; take my advice, my heart,
My life, to second you : let us consult ;
You may find time to speak to her and woo her.

Philocles.

Nay, nay, I will, in spite of destiny.
Let women and faint-hearted fools complain
In languishing despair, a manly love
Dares shew itself, and press to his desires
Through thickest troops of horrid opposites.
Were there a thousand waking dragons set

To

To keep that golden fruit, I would attempt
To pluck and taste it ; 'tis the danger crowns
A brave atchievement : what if I should go
And boldly woo her in her father's house,
In spite of enmity, what could they say ?

Clerimont.

'Twere madness that, not wisdom : rash attempts
Betray the means, but never work the end.

Philocles.

She would not hate a man for loving her ;
Or if she did, better be once deny'd
Than live for ever hapless.

Clerimont.

But take time,
The second thoughts, our wise men say, are best.

Philocles.

Delay's a double death ; no, I have thought
A means that straight I'll put in execution :
I'll write a letter to her presently,
Take how it will.

Clerimont.

A letter ! who shall carry it ?

Philocles.

I'll tell thee when I have done : hast thou pen and ink
In thy chamber ?

Clerimont.

Yes, there is one upon the table. I'll stay here at the
window, and watch whether she stay or not. What a sud-
den change is this !

Leucothoë.

Did not Count Virro promise to be here
To-day at dinner ?

Psestas.

Yes, madam, that he did ; and I dare swear
He will not break.

Leucothoë.

He needs not, he is rich enough ; unless he should
break in knavery, as some of our merchants do now-a-
days.

Psestas.

Pſectas.

Break promise, madam, I mean ; and that he will not
for your ſake ; you know his buſineſs.

Leucothoë.

I would I did not : he might ſpare his pains,
And that unuſual coſt that he beſtows
In pranking up himſelf, and pleaſe me better.

Pſectas.

He would not pleaſe his taylor and his barber ;
For they got more for your ſake by their lord
Than they have got this twenty years before.

Leucothoë.

Ah, Pſectas, Pſectas, can my father think
That I can love Count Virro ? one ſo old.
(That were enough to make a match unfit)
But one ſo baſe, a man that never lov'd
For any thing call'd good, but dross and pelf.
One that would never, had my brother liv'd,
Have mov'd this ſuit ; no, I can never love him :
But canſt thou keep a ſecret firmly, Pſectas ?

Pſectas.

Doubt me not, madam.

Leucothoë.

Well, I'll tell thee then ;
I love, alas ! I dare not ſay I love him :
But there's a young and noble gentleman,
Lord Euphues' ſon, my father's enemy,
A man whom nature's prodigality
Stretch'd even to envy in the making up ;
Once from a window my pleas'd eye beheld
This youthful gallant as he rode the ſtreet
On a curvetting courſer, who it ſeem'd
Knew his fair load, and with a proud diſdain
Check'd the baſe earth : my father being by,
I ask'd his name, he told me Philocles,
The ſon and heir of his great enemy.
Judge, Pſectas, then, how my divided breaſt
Suffer'd between two meeting contraries,
Hatred and love ; but Love's a deity,

And must prevail 'gainst mortals ; whose command
Not Jove himself could ever yet withstand.

Clerimont.

What is the letter done already ? I see these lovers have
nimble inventions ; but how will you send it ?

Philocles.

What a question's that ! Seest thou this stone ?

Clerimont.

Ah ! then I see your drift ; this stone must guide,
Your fleeting letter in the air, and carry it
To that fair mark you aim at.

Philocles.

Hard by her.

Clerimont.

I think you would not hit her with such stones as this ;
Lady, look to yourself, now it comes to proof.

Philocles.

But pr'ythee tell me what dost thou think this letter may
do ?

Clerimont.

Well, I hope.

'Tis ten to one this lady oft hath seen you,
You never liv'd obscure in Syracuse,
Nor walk'd the streets unknown, and who can tell
What place you bear in her affections,
Lov'd or mislik'd ? if bad, this letter sent
Will make her shew her scorn ; if otherwise,
Fear not a woman's wit ; she'll find a time
To answer your kind letter, and express
What you desire she should ; then send it boldly,
You have a fair mark there.

Philocles.

Cupid, guide my arm ;
Oh be as just, blind god, as thou art great,
And with that powerful hand, that golden shaft
That I was wounded, wound yon tender breast !
There is no salve but that, no cure for me.

Clerimont.

See what a wonder it strikes 'em in, how it should
come.

Philocles.

Philocles.

She'll wonder more to see what man it comes from.

Clerimont.

I like her well, she is not afraid to open it.
She starts; stay, mark her action when she has read the letter.

She reads.

" L E T it not wrong this letter, that it came
" From one that trembled to subscribe his name,
" Fearing your hate; O let not hate descend,
" Nor make you cruel to so vow'd a friend.
" If you'll not promise love, grant but access,
" And let me know my woes are past redress.
" Be just then, beauteous judge, and, like the laws,
" Condemn me not till you have heard my cause;
" Which, when you have, from those fair lips return
" Either my life in love, or death in scorn."

Yours, or not Philocles.

Am I awake, or dream I? Is it true,
Or does my flattering fancy but suggest
What I most covet?

Psestas.

Madam, the words are there,
I'll swear it can be no illusion.

Leucothoë.

It is too good for truth.

Philocles.

Mock me not, fortune!
She kiss'd it; saw'st thou her? Oh, friend, she kiss'd it!

Clerimont.

And with a look that relish'd love, not scorn.

Leucothoë.

This letter may be forged, I much desire to know the
certainty; Psestas, thy help must further me.

Psestas.

I'll not be wanting.

Leucothoë.

Here comes my father; he must not see this.

Psestas.

No, nor your t'other sweetheart, he is with him yonder.

Enter Polymetes, Virro, Roscio.

Polymetes.

Nay, noble Count, you are too old a soldier
To take a maid's first no, for a denial ;
They will be nice at first, men must pursue,
That will obtain ; woo her, my lord, and take her,
You have my free consent if you get her's ;
Yonder she walks alone, go comfort her.

Virro.

I'll do the best I may, but we old men
Are but cold comfort ; I thank your lordship's love.

Polymetes.

I wonder, Roscio, that the peevish girl
Comes on so slowly ; no persuasions
That I can use, do move : the setting forth
Count Virro's greatness, wealth, and dignity,
Seems not to affect her, Roscio.

Roscio.

I doubt the cause, my lord ;
For were not that, I dare engage my life
She would be won to love him ; she has plac'd
Already her affections on some other.

Polymetes.

How should I find it out ?

Roscio.

Why thus, my lord ;
There's never man nor woman that e'er lov'd,
But chose some bosom friend, whose close converse
Sweeten'd their joys, and eas'd their burden'd minds
Of such a working secret : Thus no doubt
Has my young lady done ; and but her woman,
Who should it be ? 'tis she must out with it :
Her secrecy, if wit cannot o'er-reach,
Gold shall corrupt ; leave that to me, my lord.
But if her lady's heart do yet stand free
And unbequeath'd to any, your command,
And father's jurisdiction interpos'd,
Will make her love the Count. No kind of means
Must want to draw her.

Polymetes.

Thou art my oracle,
My brain, my soul, my very being, Roscio.
Walk on and speed, while I but second thee.

Clerimont.

It is even so ; Count Virro is your rival ;
See how the old ape smugs up his mouldy chaps
To seize the bit.

Philocles.

He must not, if I live ;
But yet her father brings him : he has the means
That I shall ever want.

Clerimont.

If he do marry her,
Revenge it nobly, make him a cuckold, boy.

Philocles.

Thou jest'st, that feel'st it not ; pr'ythee let's go.

Clerimont.

Stay, I'll but curse him briefly for thy sake.
If thou dost marry her, may'st thou be made
A cuckold without profit, and ne'er get
An office by it, nor favour at the court ;
But may thy large ill-gotten treasury
Be spent in her bought lust, and thine own gold
Bring thee adulterers ; so farewell, good Count.

[*Exeunt Philocles, Clerimont.*]

Enter Servant.

Servant.

My lord, there's a messenger within
Desires access, has business of import,
Which to no ear but your's he must impart.

Enter Eugenio disguised.

Polymetes.

Admit him. Now, friend, your business with me.

Servant.

If you be the Lord Polymetes.

K 3

Polymetes.

Polymetes.

The same.

Eugenio.

My lord, I come from Athens with such news
As I dare say is welcome, though unlook'd for ;
Your son Eugenio lives, whom you so long
Thought dead, and mourn'd for.

Polymetes.

How ? lives !

Eugenio.

Upon my life, my lord, I saw him well
Within these few days.

Polymetes.

Thanks for thy good news.
Reward him, Roscio : But now tell me, friend,
Hast thou reveal'd this news to any man
In Syracuse but me ?

Eugenio.

To none, my lord :
At every place where I have staid in town,
Enquiring for your lordship's house, I heard
These tragic, but false news : the contrary
I still conceal'd, though knew, intending first
Your lordship's ear should drink it.

Polymetes.

Worthy friend,
I now must thank your wisdom as your love,
In this well-carried action. I'll requite it ;
Mean time pray use my house, and still continue
Your silence in this business. Roscio, make him welcome,
And part as little from him as you can, for fear.

Roscio.

Think it done, my lord.

Polymetes.

Psestas, come hither.

Virro.

Be like yourself, let not a cruel doom
Pass those fair lips, that never were ordain'd
To kill, but to revive.

Leucothoë.

Leucothoë.

Neither, my lord, lies in their power to do.

Virro.

Yes, sweet, to me,
Whom your scorn kills, and pity will revive.

Leucothoë

Pity is shew'd to men in misery.

Virro.

And so am I, if not reliev'd by you.

Leucothoë

'Twere pride in me, my lord, to think it so.

Virro.

I am your beauty's captive.

Leucothoë.

Then, my lord,
What greater gift than freedom can I give?
'Tis that that captives most desire, and that
You shall command; y' are free from me, my lord.

Virro.

Your beauty contradicts that freedom, lady.

Polymetes,

Come, noble Count,
I must for this time interrupt you; you'll find
Enough within to talk.

Virro.

I'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*

Manet Eugenio solus.

Eugenio.

'Thus in disguise I have discover'd all,
And found the cause of my reported death,
Which did at first amaze me; but 'tis well,
'Tis to draw on the match between my sister
And this rich Count; Heaven grant it be content
As well as fortune to her, but I fear
She cannot love his age: how it succeeds
I shall perceive, and, whilst unknown I stay,
I cannot hurt the project, help I may.

[*Exit.*

Enter Francisco, Sumner⁵.

Francisco.

This will make good work for you in the spiritual court, Shallow is a rich man.

Sumner.

Those are the men we look for ; there's somewhat to be got : the court has many businesses at this time, but they are little worth ; a few waiting-women got with child by serving-men or so, scarce worth citing.

Francisco.

Do not their masters get 'em with child sometimes ?

Sumner.

Yes, no doubt, but they have got a trick to put 'em off upon the men, and for a little portion save their own credits ; besides, these private marriages are much out of our way, we cannot know when there is a fault.

Francisco.

Well these are no starters ; I warrant you, Shallow shall not deny it, and for the wench she need not confess it, she has a mark that will betray her.

Sumner.

I thank you, fir, for your good intelligence, I hope 'tis certain.

Francisco.

Fear not that ; is your citation ready ?

Sumner.

I have it here.

Francisco.

Well, step aside, and come when I call ; I hear 'em coming.

[*Exit Sumner.*]

Enter Franklin, Shallow, Lucy, Parson.

Franklin.

Set forward there ; Francisco what make you here ?

⁵ *Sumner.*] Or *Sompner*, now called an *apparitor*. He is an officer whose proper business and employment is to attend the Spiritual Court, to receive such commands as the Judge shall please to issue forth ; to convene and cite the defendants into court ; to admonish or cite the parties in the production of witnesses, and the like ; and to make due return of the process by him executed,

Francisco.

Francisco.

I come to claim my right ; Parson, take heed,
Thou art the author of adultery
If thou conjoin this couple ; she's my wife.

Franklin.

Your's, sauce-box !

Shallow.

Father, I thought she had been mine ; I hope I shall
not lose her thus.

Franklin.

Francisco, dare not to interrupt us, for I swear
Thou shalt endure the law's extremity
For thy presumption.

Francisco.

Do your worst, I fear not ; I was contracted to her.

Franklin.

What witness have you ?

Francisco.

Heaven is my witness, whose impartial eye
Saw our contract.

Shallow.

What an ass is this, to talk of contracting ! He that
will get a wench, must make her bigger, as I have done,
and not contract.

Francisco.

Sir, you are abus'd.

Shallow.

Why so ?

Francisco.

The wife you go to marry is with child, and by another.

Shallow.

A good jest i'faith, make me believe that.

Francisco.

How comes this fool posselt ?
He never touch'd her, I dare swear.

Franklin.

No more, Francisco, as you will answer it.
Parson, set forward there.

Francisco.

Stay.

If

If this will not suffice, Sumner, come forth,

Franklin.

A Sumner! we are all betray'd.

Enter Sumner.

Sumner.

God save you all! I think you guess my business;
These are to cite to the spiritual court
You master Shallow, and you mistress Lucy:
Ask not the cause, for it's apparent here,
A carnal copulation *ante matrimonium*.

Franklin.

This was a bar unlook'd for; spiteful Francisco!

Francisco.

Injurious Franklin, could the laws divine,
Or human, suffer such an impious act,
That thou shouldst take my true and lawful wife,
And great with child by me, to give to another,
Gulling his poor simplicity?

Shallow.

Do you mean me, sir?

Sumner.

Gallants farewell; my writ shall be obey'd.

Franklin.

Sumner, it shall.

[*Exit Sumner.*]

Parson.

I'll take my leave, there's nothing now for me to do.

[*Exit Parson.*]

Francisco.

Farewel, good master parson,

Franklin.

Francisco, canst thou say thou ever lov'dst my daughter, and wouldst thou thus disgrace her openly?

Francisco.

No, I would win her thus;
And, did you hold her credit half so dear
As I, or her content, you would not thus
Take her from me, and thrust her 'gainst her will
On this rich fool.

Shallow.

Shallow.

You are very bold with me, sir.

Francisco.

Let me have news what happens, dearest Lucy.

Lucy.

Else let me die.

[*Exit Francisco.*

Franklin.

This was your doing, Lucy, it had been impossible he should e'er have known the time so truly else; but I'll take an order next time for your blabbing.

Shallow.

What's the matter, father?

Franklin.

We may thank you for it, this was your haste, that will now shame us all; you must be doing afore your time!

Shallow.

'Twas but a trick of youth, father.

Franklin.

And therefore now you must e'en stand in a white sheet for all to gaze at.

Shallow.

How! I would be loth to wear a surplice now, 'tis a disgrace the house of the Shallows never knew.

Franklin.

All the hope is, officers may be brib'd; and so they will, 'twere a hard world for us to live in else.

Shallow.

You say true, father; if 'twere not for corruption, every poor rascal might have justice as well as one of us, and that were a shame.

[*Exeunt Shallow and Lucy.*

Franklin.

This was a cunning stratagem well laid;
But yet, Francisco, th' hast not won the prize.
What should I do? I must not let this cause
Proceed to trial in the open court,
For then my daughter's oath will cast the child
Upon Francisco: no, I have found a better;
I will before the next court-day provide
Some needy parson, one whose poverty
Shall make him fear no canons; he shall marry

I

My

My daughter to rich Shallow ; when 'tis done,
Our gold shall make a silence in the court. [Exit.

Enter Philocles, Psestas.

Psestas.

I must return your answer to my lady ;
I'll tell her you will come.

Philocles.

Come !

And such an angel call, I should forget
All offices of nature, all that men
With in their second thoughts, ere such a duty.
Commend my service to her, and to you
My thanks for this kind message. [Exit Psestas.
I never breath'd till now, never till now
Did my life relish sweetness ; break not, heart,
Crack not, ye feeble ministers of nature,
With inundation of such swelling joy,
Too great to bear without expression.
The lady writes that she has known me long
By sight, and lov'd me, and she seems to thank
Her stars, she loves, and is belov'd again.
She speaks my very thoughts ! How strange it is,
And happy, when affections thus can meet !
She further writes, at such an hour to-day,
Her father's absence, and all household spies
Fitly remov'd, shall give access to me
Unmark'd to visit her ; where she alone
Will entertain discourse, and welcome me.
I hope 'tis truly meant ; why should I fear ?
But wisdom bids me fear : fie, fie, 'tis base
To wrong a creature of that excellence
With such suspicion ; I should injure her.
I will as soon suspect an angel false ;
Treason ne'er lodg'd within so fair a breast.
No, if her hand betray me, I will run
On any danger : 'tis alike to me
To die, or find her false ; for on her truth
Hangs my chief being. Well, I'll lose no time,
No not a minute : dearest love, I come ;

To

To meet my sweetest wishes I will fly,
Heaven and my truth shield me from treachery! [Exit.

A C T III.

Enter Polymetes, Roscio, Eugenio, and Psestas.

Polymetes.

I Cannot credit it, nor think that she,
Of all the noble youth in Sicily,
Should make so strange a choice, that none but he,
None but the son of my vow'd enemy,
Must be her mate ; it strikes me to amaze :
Minion, take heed, do not belye your mistress.

Psestas.

Mercy forsake me if I do, my lord :
You charg'd me to confess the truth to you,
Which I have fully done ; and presently
I'll bring you where, conceal'd, you shall both see
Their privacy, and hear their conference.

Polymetes.

Well, I believe thee, wench, and will reward
Thy trust^o in this ; go get thee in again,
And bring me word when Philocles is come. [Exit *Psestas*.
Sir, you'll be secret to our purpose ?

Eugenio.

As your own breast, my lord.

Polymetes.

I shall rest thankful to you :
This stranger must be sooth'd lest he mar all.

Roscio.

This was well found out, my lord ; you now have means
to take your enemy.

^o *Thy trust, &c.] i. e.* trustiness or fidelity, or perhaps we should read *truth*.
S. P.

Polymetes.

Polymetes.

Which blest occasion I will so pursue,
As childless Euphues shall for ever rue.
Rise in thy blackest look, direst Nemesis,
Assistant to my purpose, help me glut
My thirsty soul with blood. This bold young man
To his rash love shall sacrifice his life.

Roscio.

What course do you intend, to ruin him ?

Polymetes.

Why, kill him presently.

Roscio.

Oh no, my lord,
You'll rue that action : think not that the law
Will let such murder sleep unpunished.

Polymetes.

Should I then let him go, when I have caught him ?

Roscio.

Yes, sir, to catch him faster, and more safely.

Polymetes.

How should that be ? Speak, man.

Roscio.

Why thus, my lord ;
You know the law speaks death to any man
That steals an heir, without her friends consent ;
Thus must he do, his love will prompt him to it.
For he can never hope, by your consent,
To marry her ; and she, 'tis like, will give
Consent, for women's love is violent :
Then mark their passage, you shall easily find
How to surprize them at your will, my lord.

Polymetes.

Thou art my oracle, dear Roscio.

Enter Psestas.

Here's Psestas come again. How now, what news ?

Psestas.

My lord, they both are coming ; please you withdraw,
You shall both hear and see what you desire.

Enter

Enter Philocles and Leucothoë.

Leucothoë.

Y' are welcome, noble fir ; and, did my power
Answer my love, your visitation
Should be more free, and your deserved welcome
Exprest in better fashion.

Philocles.

Best of ladies,
It is so well, so excellently well,
Coming from your wish'd love, my barren thanks
Wants language for't ; there lies in your fair looks
More entertainment than in all the pomp
That the vain Persian ever taught the world.
Your presence is the welcome I expected,
That makes it perfect.

Leucothoë.

'Tis your noble thought
Makes good what's wanting here ; but, gentle friend,
For so I now dare call you —

Polymetes.

'Tis well, minion ; you are bold enough, I see,
To chuse your friends without my leave.

Philocles.

'Tis my ambition ever to be your's.

Leucothoë.

Think me not light, dear Philocles, so soon
To grant thee love, that others might have sought
With eagereft pursuit, and not obtain'd.
But I was your's by fate, and long have been ;
Before you won'd, Leucothoë was won,
And your's without resistance.

Philocles.

Oh my stars !

'Twas your kind influence, that, whilst I slept
In dullest ignorance, contriv'd for me
The way to crown me with felicity.

Polymetes.

You may be deceiv'd though ;
You have no such great reason

To

To thank your stars, if you knew all.

Philocles.

And know, fair mistress, you have met a love,
That time, nor fate, nor death can ever change,
A man that but in you can have no being.
Let this kiss seal my faith.

Leucothoë.

And this mine.

Polymetes.

Nay, to't again ; your sweet meat shall have four sauce.

Philocles.

But, sweet, 'mongst all these roses there's one thorn
That pricks and galls me ; our parents' enmity
Will cross our loves : I do assure myself
Thy father never will give his consent.

Leucothoë.

No, so I think ; he moves me still to Virro,
That old craz'd Count, and with such vehemency
I dare scarce 'bide his presence if I deny him ;
Therefore we must be speedy in our course,
And take, without his leave, what he denies.

Polymetes.

I thank you for that, good daughter.

Roscio.

I told you, sir, 'twould come to this at last.

Philocles.

Oh thou hast spoke my wishes, and hast shew'd
Thyself in love as good as beautiful ;
Then let's away, dearest Leucothoë.
My fortunes are not poor, then fear no want ;
This constant love of ours may prove so happy,
To reconcile our parents' enmity.

Leucothoë.

Heaven grant it may !

Polymetes.

Never by this means, youngster.

Leucothoë.

But soft ; now I think better on't, I'll not go.

Philocles.

Why, dearest, is thy love so quickly cold ?

Leucothoë.

Leucothoë.

No, but I'll not venture thee, thine is the danger ;
Thou know'st 'tis death by law to steal an heir,
And my dear brother's most untimely death
Hath lately made me one ; what if thou shouldst be taken ?

Philocles.

Oh fear not that ; had I a thousand lives,
They were too small a venture for such prize.
I tell thee, sweet, a face not half so fair
As thine, hath arm'd whole nations in the field,
And brought a thousand ships to Tenedos,
To sack lamented Troy ; and should I fear
To venture one poor life, and such a life
As would be lost in not possessing thee ?
Come, come, make that no scruple : when shall we go ?

Leucothoë.

This present evening ; for to-morrow morning
My father looks that I should give consent
To marry with the Count.

Philocles.

Best of all, would 'twere this present hour ;
I'll go prepare : but shall I call thee here ?

Leucothoë.

Oh no, we'll meet.

Philocles.

Where, dearest ?

Leucothoë.

East from the city, by a river's side,
Not distant half a mile, there stands a grove,
Where often riding by, I have observ'd
A little hermitage, there will I stay
If I be first ; if you, do you the like :
Let th' hour be ten, then shall I best escape.

Philocles.

Ne'er sweeter comfort came from angel's lips ;
I know the place, and will be ready there
Before the hour : I'll bring a friend with me
As true as mine own heart, one Clerimont,
That may do us good, if danger happen.

Leucotboë.

Use your pleasure.

Philocles.

Dearest, farewell ;

Hours will seem years till we are met again.

[*Exeunt.**Polymetes.*

Ah firrah, this géer goes well ; god-a-mercy, girl, for thy intelligence ; why this is as much as a man could desire, the time, place, and every thing ; I warrant 'em they pass no further. Well, go thou in and wait upon thy mistress, she's melancholy 'till she see her sweetheart again, but when she does, she shall not see him long. Not a word of what's past among us for your life.

Psestus.

I warrant you, my lord,

[*Exit.**Polymetes.*

I'll not so much as shew an angry look, or any token that I know of any of their proceedings. But, Roscio, we must lay the place strongly ; if they should 'scape us, I were prettily fool'd now after all this.

Roscio.

Why 'tis impossible, my lord ; we'll go strong enough ; besides, I think it fit we took an officer along with us, to countenance it the better.

Polymetes.

Thou say'st well, go get one. I'll go myself along with you too, I love to see sport, though I am old ; you'll go along with us too, sir ?

Eugenio.

Aye, sir ; you shall command my service when you are ready.

Polymetes.

Now, Euphues, what I did but barely act,
Thy bleeding heart shall feel, loss of a son,
If law can have his course, as who can let it ?
I know thou think'st mine dead, and in thy heart
Laugh'st at my falling house ; but let them laugh
That win the prize, things ne'er are known till ended.

[*Exeunt Polymetes and Roscio.*

7 let it.] & c. hinder it.

Eugenio.

Eugenio solus.

Eugenio.

Well, I like my sister's choice, she has taken a man whose very looks and carriage speak him worthy; besides, he is noble, his fortune's sufficient, they both love each other; what can my father more desire, that he gapes for after this old Count, that comes for the estate, as t' other, upon my soul, does not, but pure spotless love? but now his plot is for revenge upon his old enemy: Fie, fie, 'tis bloody and unchristian, my soul abhors such acts; this match may rather reconcile our houses, and I desire, where worth is, to have friendship, as on my soul 'tis there. Well, Philocles, I hope to call thee brother. Somewhat I'll do; I'll go persuade Count Virro not to love her, I know the way; and I'll but tell him truth, her brother lives, that will cool his love quickly. But soft, here comes the Count as fit as may be.

Enter Virro.

Virro.

She loves me not yet, but that's no matter; I shall have her, her father says I shall, and I dare take his word; maids are quickly over-rul'd. Ah ha, methinks I am grown younger than I was by twenty years; this fortune cast upon me, is better than Medea's charm, to make an old man young again; to have a lord's estate freely bestowed, and with it such a beauty as would warm Nector's blood, and make old Priam lusty. Fortune, I see, thou lovest me now; I'll build a temple to thee shortly, and adore thee as the greatest deity. Now, what are you?

Eugenio.

A poor scholar, my lord, one that am little beholden to fortune.

Virro.

So are most of your profession. Thou shouldest take some more thriving occupation; be a judge's man, they are the bravest now-a-days; or a cardinal's pander, that were a good profession, and gainful.

L 2

Eugenio.

Eugenio.

But not lawful, my lord.

Virro.

Lawful ! that cardinal may come to be pope, and then he could pardon thee and himself too.

Eugenio.

My lord, I was brought up a scholar, and I thank you for your counsel, my lord ; I have some for you, and therefore I came.

Virro.

For me ! what I pr'ythee ?

Eugenio.

'Tis weighty, and concerns you near.

Virro.

Speak, what is 't ?

Eugenio.

My lord, you are to marry old Polymetes's daughter.

Virro.

And heir.

Eugenio.

No heir, my lord ; her brother is alive.

Virro,

How ! thou art mad.

Eugenio.

My lord, what I speak is true ; and to my knowledge his father gives it out in policy to marry his daughter the better, to hook in suitors, and specially aim'd at you, thinking you rich and covetous ; and now he has caught you.

Virro.

But dost thou mock me ?

Eugenio.

Let me be ever miserable if I speak not truth ; as sure as I am here, Eugenio lives ; I know it, and know where he is.

Virro.

Where, pr'ythee ?

Eugenio.

Not a day's journey hence, where his father injoin'd him to stay till your match, and sends word to him of this plot :

plot : besides, I overheard the old lord, and his man Roscio, laughing at you for being caught thus.

Virro.

Why, wer't thou at the house then ?

Eugenio.

Yes, but had scurvy entertainment, which I have thus reveng'd.

Virro.

Beshrew my heart, I know not what to think on't ; 'tis like enough : this lord was always cunning beyond measure, and it amaz'd me that he should grow so extreme kind to me on the sudden, to offer me all this. Besides, this fellow is so confident, and on no ends of couzenage, that I can see. Well, I would fain enjoy her, the wench is delicate ; but I would have the estate too, and not be gull'd : What shall I do ? Now, brains, if ever you will, help your master.

Eugenio.

It stings him.

Virro.

Well, so fir, what may I call your name ?

Eugenio.

Irus, my lord.

Virro.

Your name, as well as your attire, speaks you poor.

Eugenio.

I am so.

Virro.

And very poor.

Eugenio.

Very poor.

Virro.

Would you not gladly take a course to get money, and a great sum of money ?

Eugenio.

Yes gladly, if your lordship would but shew me the way.

Virro.

Hark ye.

L 3

Eugenio.

Eugenio.

Oh ! my lord, conscience !

Virro.

Fie, never talk of conscience ; and for law thou art free ; for all men think him dead, and his father will be ashamed to follow it, having already given him for dead ; and then who can know it ? Come, be wise, five hundred crowns I'll give.

Eugenio.

Well, 'tis poverty that does it, and not I ; when shall I be paid ?

Virro.

When thou hast done it.

Eugenio.

Well, give me your hand for it, my lord.

Virro.

Thou shalt.

Eugenio.

In writing, to be paid when I have poison'd him, and think it done.

Virro.

Now thou speak'st like thyself ; come in, I'll give it thee.

Eugenio.

And this shall stop thy mouth for ever, Count. [*Exeunt.*]

*Leucothoë sola.**Leucothoë.*

There is no creature here, I am the first.
Methinks this sad and solitary place
Should strike a terror to such hearts as mine ;
But love has made me bold. The time has been ³,

³ See *The Old Couple*, vol. 10. p. 473, where May has borrowed from this passage the same sentiment.

" ——— The time has been,

" In such a solitary place as this,

" I should have trembled at each moving leaf ;

" But sorrow, and my miserable state,

" Have made me bold."

In such a place as this I should have fear'd
Each rolling leaf, and trembled at a reed
Stirr'd in the moonshine : my fearful fancy
Would frame a thousand apparitions,
And work some fear out of my very shadow.
I wonder Philocles is tardy thus ;
When last we parted, every hour, he said,
Would seem a year till we were met again ;
It should not seem so by the haste he makes.
I'll sit and rest me ; come, I know, he will.

Enter Philocles and Clerimont.

Philocles.

This, Clerimont, this is the happy place
Where I shall meet the sum of all my joys,
And be posses'd of such a treasury
As would enrich a monarch.

Leucothoe.

This is his voice ! My Philocles !

Philocles.

My life ! my soul ! what here before me ?
Oh thou dost still outgo me, and dost make
All my endeavours poor in the requital
Of thy large favours : but I forget myself ;
Sweet, bid my friend here welcome ; this is he
That I dare trust next mine own heart with secrets.
But why art thou disguised thus ?

Leucothoe.

I durst not venture else to make escape.

Philocles.

Even now, methinks, I stand as I would wish,
With all my wealth about me ; such a love
And such a friend, what can be added more
To make a man live happy ? Thou dark grove,
That hast been call'd the seat of melancholy,
And shelter for the discontented spirits,
Sure thou art wrong'd, thou seem'st to me a place
Of solace and content ; a paradise,
That giv'st me more than ever court could do,
Or richest palace. Blest be thy fair shades ;

Let birds of musick ever chant it here,
 No croaking raven, or ill-boding owl
 Make here their baleful habitation,
 Frighting thy walk ; but may'st thou be a grove
 Where love's fair queen may take delight to sport :
 For under thee two faithful lovers meet.
 Why is my fair Leucothoë so sad ?

Leucothoë.

I know no cause ; but I would fain be gone.

Philocles.

Whither, sweet ?

Leucothoë.

Any whither from hence,
 My thoughts divine of treason, whence I know not ;
 There is no creature knows our meeting here,
 But one, and that's my maid ; she has been trusty,
 And will be still, I hope, but yet I would
 She did not know it : pr'ythee let's away ;
 Any where else we are secure from danger.
 Then let's remove, but pr'ythee be not sad.
 What noise is that ?

[*Noise within.*]

Leucothoë.

Ah me !

Philocles.

Oh fear not, love !

[*Draws.*]

Enter Polymetes, Roscio, Eugenio, and Officers.

Polymetes.

Upon 'em, officers, yonder they are.

Philocles.

Thieves ! villains !

Polymetes.

Thou art the thief, and the villain too ;
 Give me my daughter, thou ravisher.

Philocles.

First take my life.

Polymetes.

Upon 'em, I say ;
 Knock 'em down, officers, if they resist.

[*Fight.*]

[*They are taken.*]

Leucothoë.

Leucothoë.

Oh they are lost! ah wicked, wicked Psestas!

Polymetes.

So, keep 'em fast; we'll have 'em faster shortly: and for you, minion, I'll tie a clog about your neck for running away any more.

Leucothoë.

Yet do but hear me, father.

Polymetes.

Call me not father, thou disobedient wretch,
Thou run-away; thou art no child of mine,
My daughter ne'er wore breeches.

Leucothoë.

O fir, my mother would have done as much
For love of you, if need had so requir'd;
Think not my mind transformed as my habit.

Polymetes.

Officers, away with him; peace, strumpet!
You may discharge him⁹, he's but an assistant.

Leucothoë.

O stay and hear me yet, hear but a word,
And that my last, it may be: Do not spill
The life of him in whom my life subsists;
Kill not two lives in one; remember, fir,
I was your daughter once, once you did love me;
And tell me then, what fault can be so great,
To make a father murderer of his child?
For so you are in taking of his life.
Oh think not, fir, that I will stay behind him,
Whilst there be asps, and knives, and burning coals,
No Roman dame shall in her great example
Outgo my love.

Philocles.

Oh where will sorrow stay!
Is there no end in grief, or in my death
Not punishment enough for my offence,
But must her grief be added to afflict me?
Dry up those pearls, dearest Leucothoë,

⁹ You may discharge him.] i. e. Clerimont.

S. P.

Or thou wilt make me doubly miserable;
 Preserve that life, that I may after death
 Live in my better part. Take comfort, dear,
 People would curse me if such beauty should
 For me miscarry; no, live happy thou,
 And let me suffer what the law inflicts.

Leucothoë.

My offence was as great as thine,
 And why should not my punishment?

Polymetes.

Come, have you done? Officers away with him.

[*Exit Philocles.*]

I'll be your keeper, but I'll look better to you.
 But, Roscio, you and I must about the business:
 Sir, let it be your charge to watch my daughter,
 And see she send no message any whither,
 Nor receive any.

[*Exeunt Polymetes and Roscio.*]

Eugenio.

It shall, my lord, I'll be an Argus; none shall come
 here, I warrant you.—My very heart bleeds to see two
 such lovers, so faithful, parted so. I must condemn my
 father, he's too cruel in this action: and, did not nature
 forbid it, I could rail at him, to wreak his long-foster'd
 malice against lord Euphues thus upon his son, the faithful
 lover of his own daughter; and upon her, for should it
 come to pass, as he expects it shall, I think it would kill
 her too, she takes it so. See in what strange amazement
 now she stands! her grief has spent itself so far, that it has
 left her senseless; it grieves me thus to see her, I can scarce
 forbear revealing of myself to her, but that I keep it for a
 better occasion, when things shall better answer to my pur-
 pose. Lady!

Leucothoë.

What are you?

Eugenio.

One that my lord, your father, has appointed
 To give attendance on you.

Leucothoë.

On me! alas, I need no attendance,
 He might bestow his care better for me.

Eugenio.

I came but lately to him, nor do I mean
Long to stay with him; in the mean time, lady,
Might I but do you any service.

Leucothoë.

All service is too late, my hopes are desperate.

Eugenio.

Madam, I have a feeling of your woe,
A greater, your own brother could not have;
And think not that I come suborn'd by any
To undermine your secrets; I am true,
By all the gods, I am; for further trial,
Command me any thing, send me on any message,
I'll do it faithfully, or any thing else
That my poor power can compass.

Leucothoë.

Oh strange fate!
Have I lost pity in a father's heart,
And shall I find it in a stranger? Sir,
I shall not live to thank you, but my prayers
Shall go with you.

Eugenio.

'Tis not for thanks or meed,
But for the service that I owe to virtue,
I would do this.

Leucothoë.

Surely this man
Is nobly bred, howe'er his habit give him:
But, sir, all physick comes to me too late,
There is no hope my Philocles should live.

Eugenio.

Unless the king were pleas'd to grant his pardon;
'Twere good that he were mov'd.

Leucothoë.

Ah! who should do it?
I fear me, 'tis in vain; Count Virro,
And my father, both will cross it; but I would venture
If I could but get thither.

Eugenio.

'Tis in my power

To

To give you liberty ; your father left
 Me to be your keeper : but in an act
 So meritorious as this, I will not hinder you ;
 Nay, I will wait upon you to the court.

Leucotboë.

A thousand thanks to you ; well, I will go.
 Grant, oh ye powers above, if virgin's tears,
 If a true lover's prayers had ever power
 To move compassion, grant it now to me !
 Arm with so strong a vigour my weak words,
 They may pierce deep into his kingly breast,
 And force out mercy in spite of all opposers !

Eugenio.

Come, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

Enter Francisco, reading a Letter.

Francisco.

MY dearest Lucy, were thy old fire as just
 As thou art truly constant, our firm love
 Had never met these oppositions.
 All my designs as yet, all practices
 That I have us'd, I see are frustrated ;
 For, as my fair intelligencer writes,
 He will before the next court-day provide
 Some careless parson, that in spite of laws
 Shall marry her to Shallow ; this being done,
 He means to hold the court's severity
 In by a golden bit. And so he may,
 Alas ! it is too true ; I must prevent it,
 And that in time, before it grow too far :
 But how ? there lies the point of difficulty :

But

But what strange sight is this that greets mine eyes?
Alphonso, my old captain! sure 'tis he.

Enter Alphonso.

Alphonso.

Thus once again from twenty years exile,
Toft by the storms of fortune to and fro,
Has gracious Heaven given me leave to tread
My native earth of Sicily, and draw
That air that fed me in my infancy.

Francisco.

'Tis he! Most noble captain, oh, what power
Has been so gracious, as to bless mine eyes
Once more with sight of my most honour'd master?

Alphonso.

Kind youth, the tears of joy that I have spent
To greet my native country, have quite robb'd
Mine eyes of moisture, and have left me none
To answer thy affection. But tell me,
Tell me how thou hast liv'd in Syracuse
These five years here, since that unlucky storm
Divided us at sea.

Francisco.

Faith poorly, sir,
As one that knows no kindred or alliance,
Unknown of any, have I shifted out:
But I have heard you say that I was born
In Syracuse, tell me what stock I come of,
What parentage; how mean soe'er they be,
They cannot well be poorer than myself:
Speak, do you know them, sir?

Alphonso.

Yes, very well,
And I am glad the fates have brought me home,
For thy dear sake, that I may now disclose
Thy honourable birth.

Francisco.

Honourable!

Alphonso.

Yes, noble youth, thou art the second son

To

To old lord Euphues; a man more worthy
And truly noble never drew this air;
Thy name's Lysandro: this discovery
Will be as welcome to your friends as you.

Francisco.

You do amaze me, sir.

Alphonso.

I'll tell you all;
It was my fortune, twenty years ago,
Upon the Tyrrhene shore, whose sea divides
This isle from Italy, to keep a fort
Under your noble father, where yourself,
Then but a child, was left to my tuition;
When suddenly the rude assailing force
Of strong Italian pirates so prevail'd,
As to surprisal of the fort and us.
Your name and noble birth I then conceal'd,
Fearing some outrage from the enmity
Of those fell pirates; and since from yourself
I purposely have kept the knowledge of it,
As loth to grieve your present misery
With knowledge of what fortunes you had lost.
That this is true, you straight shall see th' effect;
I'll go acquaint your father with the tokens,
And make his o'erjoy'd heart leap to embrace
Thee, his new-found and long-forgotten son.

Francisco.

Worthy captain, your presence was always
Welcome to me, but this unlook'd-for news
I cannot suddenly digest.

Alphonso.

Well, I'll go to him presently.

[*Exit Alphonso.*]

Francisco.

Now, my dear Lucy, I shall find means to 'quite
Thy love, that couldst descend so low as I,
When I was nothing, and with such affection.
This was my suit still to the powers above,
To make me worthy of thy constant love.
But I'll about the project I intended.

[*Exit Francisco.*]

Enter

Enter Virro and Polymetes.

Polymetes.

Why now, my lord, you are nearer to her love than ever you were yet; your rival by this accident shall be remov'd out of the way; for before, the scornful girl would never fancy any man else.

Virro.

I conceive you, fir.

Polymetes.

I labour'd it, for your sake as much as for my own, to remove your rival and my enemy; you have your love, and I have my revenge.

Virro.

I shall live, my lord, to give you thanks. But 'twill be after a strange manner, if Irus has dispatch'd what he was hired to; then, my kind lord, I shall be a little too cunning for you. *[Aside.]*

Polymetes.

My lord, you are gracious with the king.

Virro.

I thank his majesty, I have his ear before another man.

Polymetes.

Then see no pardon be granted, you may stop any thing; I know Euphras will be soliciting for his son.

Virro.

I warrant you, my lord, no pardon passies whilst I am there, I'll be a bar betwixt him and the king. But hark, the king approaches.

Enter King with attendants.

Ambo.

Health to your majesty.

King.

Count Virro, and lord Polymetes, welcome; You have been strangers at the court of late; But I can well excuse you, Count; you are about a wife, A young one, and a fair one too, they say. Get me young soldiers, Count; but speak,

When

When is the day? I mean to be your guest;
You shall not steal a marriage.

Virro.

I thank your majesty; but the marriage that I intended
is stolen to my hand, and by another.

King.

Stolen! how, man?

Virro.

My promised wife
Is lately stol'n away by Philocles,
Lord Euphues' son, against her father's will;
Who follow'd 'em, and apprehended them:
The law may right us, sir, if it may have course.

King.

No reason but the law should have its course.

Enter Euphues.

Euphues.

Pardon, dread sovereign, pardon for my son.

King.

Your son, lord Euphues! what is his offence?

Euphues.

No heinous one, my liege, no plot of treason
Against your royal person or your state,
These aged cheeks would blush to beg a pardon
For such a foul offence; no crying murder
Hath stain'd his innocent hands; his fault was love,
Love, my dear liege: unfortunately he took
The daughter and heir of lord Polymetes;
Who follows him, and seeks extremity.

Polymetes.

I seek but law; I am abus'd, my liege,
Justice is all I beg: my daughter's stol'n,
Staff of my age; let the law do me right.

Virro.

To his just prayers do I bend my knee,
My promis'd wife is stol'n, and by the son
Of that injurious lord; justice I crave.

Euphues.

Be like those powers above, whose place on earth

You

You represent, shew mercy, gracious king,
For they are merciful.

Polymetes.

Mercy is but the king's prerogative,
'Tis justice is his office; doing that
He can wrong no man, no man can complain;
But mercy shew'd, oft takes away relief
From the wrong'd party, that the law would give him.

Euphues.

The law is blind, and speaks in general terms,
She cannot pity where occasion serves;
The living law can moderate her rigour,
And that's the king.

Polymetes.

The king I hope in this will not do so.

Euphues.

'Tis malice makes thee speak,
Hard-hearted lord: Hadst thou no other way
To wreak thy canker'd and long-foster'd hate
Upon my head but thus, thus bloodily
By my son's suffering, and for such a fault
As thou should'st love him rather? Is thy daughter
Disparag'd by his love? is his blood base,
Or are his fortunes sunk? This law was made
For such-like cautions, to restrain the base
From wronging noble persons by attempts
Of such a kind; but, where equality
Meets in the match, the fault is pardonable.

Enter Leucothoë.

Leucothoë.

Mercy, my sovereign; mercy, gracious king.

Polymetes.

Minion, who sent for you? 'twere modesty
For you to be at home.

King.

Let her alone; speak, lady,
I charge you no man interrupt her.

Leucothoë.

If ever pity touch'd that princely breast,
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M

If

If ever virgin's tears had power to move,
Or if you ever lov'd, and felt the pangs
That other lovers do, pity, great king,
Pity and pardon two unhappy lovers.

King.

Your life is not in question.

Leucothoë.

Yes, royal sir,
If law condemn my Philocles ; he and I
Have but one heart, and can have but one fate.

Euphues.

Excellent virtue ! thou hadst not this from thy father.

King.

There's musick in her voice, and in her face
More than a mortal beauty : Oh my heart !
I shall be lost in passion if I hear her.
I'll hear no more, convey her from my presence ;
Quickly, I say.

Euphues.

This is strange !

Virro.

I told you what he would do ; I knew
He would not hear of a pardon, and I against it ;
He respects me.

Polymetes.

No doubt he does, my lord :
I like this passage well.

King.

But stay,
Stay, lady, let me hear you ; beshrew my heart,
My mind was running of another matter.

Virro.

Where the devil hath his mind been all this while ?
Perhaps he heard none of us neither, we may e'en tell our
tales again.

Polymetes.

No, sure he heard us ; but 'tis very strange.

King.

'Tis such a tempting poison I draw in,
I cannot stay my draught, Rise up, lady.

Leucothoë.

Leucothoë.

Never, until you grace's pardon raise me ;
There's pity in your eye, oh shew it, fir ;
Say pardon, gracious king ; 'tis but a word,
And short, but welcome as the breath of life.

King.

I'll further hear the manner of this fact ;
Avoid the presence, all but the lady,
And come not till I send.

Polymetes.

I like not this.

Virro.

Nor I ; here is mad dancing.

Euphues.

Heaven blefs thy suit, thou mirror of thy sex,
And best example of true constant love,
That in the sea of thy transcendent virtues
Drown'dst all thy father's malice, and redeem'dst
More in my thoughts than all thy kin can lose. [*Exeunt.*

King.

Now, lady, what would you do to save the life
Of him you love so dearly ?

Leucothoë.

I cannot think that thought I would not do.
Lay it in my power, and beyond my power
I would attempt.

King.

You would be thankful then to me,
If I should grant his pardon ?

Leucothoë.

If ever I were thankful to the Gods
For all that I call mine, my health and being,
Could I to you be unthankful for a gift
I value more than those, and without which
These blessings were but wearisome.

King.

Those that are thankful, study to requite a courtesy ;
would you do so ? Would you requite this favour ?

Leucothoë.

I cannot, fir ;

M 2

For

For all the service I can do your grace
Is but my duty ; you are my sovereign,
And all my deeds to you are debts, not merits.
But to those powers above, that can requite,
That from their wasteless treasures heap rewards
More out of grace than merits on us mortals,
To those I'll ever pray, that they would give you
More blessings than I have skill to ask.

King.

Nay, but Leucothoë, this lies in thy power to requite :
thy love will make requital ; wilt thou love me ?

Leucothoë.

I ever did, my lord :
I was instructed from my infancy
To love and honour you, my Sovereign.

King.

But in a nearer bond of love ?

Leucothoë.

There is no nearer, nor no truer love
Than that a loyal subject bears a prince.

King.

Still thou wilt not conceive me, I must deal
Plain with you ; wilt thou lie with me ?
And I will seal his pardon presently ;
Nay more, I'll heap upon you both all favours,
All honours that a prince can give.

Leucothoë.

Oh me unhappy !
In what a sad dilemma stands my choice,
Either to lose the man my soul most loves,
Or save him by a deed of such dishonour
As he will ever loath me for, and hate
To draw that breath that was so basely kept !
Name any thing but that to save his life ;
I know you do but tempt my frailty, sir,
I know your royal thoughts could never stoop
To such a foul, dishonourable act.

King.

Bethink thyself, there is no way but that ;
I swear by Heaven never to pardon him.

But

But upon those conditions.

Leucothoë.

Oh I am miserable !

King.

Thou art not, if not wilful ; yield, Leucothoë,
It shall be secret ; Philocles for his life
Shall thank thy love, but never know the price
Thou paid'st for it. Be wise ; thou heard'st me swear :
I cannot now shew mercy, thou may'st save him ;
And if he die, 'tis thou that art the tyrant.

Leucothoë.

I should be so if I should save him thus :
Nay, I should be a traitor to your grace,
Betray your soul to such a foe as lust.
But, since your oath is past, dear Philocles,
I'll shew to thee an honest cruelty,
And rather follow thee in spotless death,
Than buy, with finning, a dishonour'd life.

King.

Yet pity me, Leucothoë ; cure the wound
Thine eyes have made : pity a begging king ;
Uncharm the charms of thy bewitching face,
Or thou wilt leave me dead. Will nothing move thee ?
Thou art a witch, a traitor, thou hast sought
By unresisted spells thy sovereign's life :
Who are about us ? Call in the lords again ;

Enter Polymetes, Virro, Euphues, &c.

Lord Polymetes, take your daughter to you,
Keep her at home.

Polymetes.

I will, my liege ; Roscio, see her there. I wonder what
is done.

King.

Euphues, I have ta'en a solemn oath
Never to grant a pardon to thy son.

Euphues.

Oh say not so, my liege ; your grace I know
Has mercy for a greater fault than this.

King.

My oath is past, and cannot be recall'd.

M 3

Polymetes.

Polymetes.

This is beyond our wishes.

Virro.

What made him swear this, I wonder?

Euphues.

A heavy oath to me, and most unlook'd for.
 Your justice, sir, has set a period
 Unto a loyal house, a family
 That have been props of the Sicilian crown,
 That with their bloods in many an honour'd field,
 'Gainst the hot French, and Neapolitan,
 Have serv'd for you, and your great ancestors;
 Their children now can never more do so.
 Farewel, my sovereign! whilst I in tears
 Spend the sad remnant of my childless age,
 I'll pray for your long life, and happy reign,
 And may your grace, and your posterity,
 At need, find hands as good, and hearts as true,
 As ours have ever been!

King.

Farewel, good old man.

Euphues.

For you, my lord, your cruelty has deserv'd
 A curse from me, but I can utter none;
 Your daughter's goodness has weigh'd down your malice,
 Heaven prosper her!

*[Exit Euphues.]**Polymetes.*

Amen.

King.

He is an honest man, and truly noble.
 Oh my rash oath, my lust that was the cause;
 Would any price would buy it in again!

Virro.

Your majesty is just.

Polymetes.

'Tis a happy land
 Where the king squares his actions by the law.

King.

Away, you are base and bloody,
 That feed your malice with pretence of justice;
 'Tis such as you make princes tyrannous,

And

And hated of their subjects : but look to't,
Look your own heads stand fast ; for if the law
Do find a hole in your coats, beg no mercy.

Virro.

Pardon us, my lord, we were wrong'd.

Polymetes.

And sought redress but by a lawful course.

King.

Well, leave me alone.

Virro.

Farewel, my liege : now let him chafe alone.

Polymetes.

Now we have our ends.

[*Exeunt.*

King.

Is there no means to save him, no way
To get a dispensation for an oath ?
None that I know, except the court of Rome
Will grant one ; that's well thought on :
I will not spare for gold, and that will do it.
Nicanor !

Enter Nicanor.

Nicanor.

Sir !

King.

What book is that
Thou hadst from Paris, about the price of sins ?

Nicanor.

'Tis called the Taxes of the Apostolical Chancery ¹⁰.

King.

¹⁰ 'Tis called the Taxes of the Apostolical Chancery.] This book, entitled, *The Tax of the Roman Chancery*, which has been several times translated into English, was first published at Rome in the year 1514. It furnishes the most flagrant instances of the abominable profligacy of the Roman court at that time. Among other passages in it are the following, " Absolutio a lapsu carnis super quocunque actu libidinoso commissio
" per Clericum, etiam cum monialibus, intra et extra septa monasterii ;
" aut cum consanguineis vel affinibus, aut filia spiritali, aut quibusdam
" aliis, sive ab unoquoque de per se, sive simul ab omnibus absolutio
" petatur cum dispensatione ad ordines et beneficia, cum inhibitione tur.
" 36. duc. 3. Si verò cum illis petatur absolutio etiam a crimine com.

King.

Is there a price for any sin set down ?

Nicanor.

Any, sir ; how heinous e'er it be,
Or of what nature, for such a sum of money
As is set down there, it shall be remitted.

King.

That's well ; go fetch the book presently.

Nicanor.

I will, my lord.

[*Exit Nicanor.*]*King.*

Sure there is perjury
Among the rest, and I shall know what rate
It bears, before I have committed it.

Re-enter Nicanor.

How now, hast brought it ?

Nicanor.

Yes, sir.

King.

Read ; I would know the price of perjury.

Nicanor.

I shall find it quickly, here's an index. [He reads.
Imprimis. For murder of all kinds, of a clergyman, of a
layman, of father, mother, son, brother, sister, wife.

King.

Read till you come at perjury.

Nicanor.

Item, for im poisoning, enchantments, witchcraft, sacri-
lege, simony, and their kind and branches.

Item, pro lapsu carnis, fornication, adultery, incest

“ misso contra naturam, vel cum brutis, cum dispensatione ut supra, et
“ cum inhibitione tur. 90. duc. 12. car. 16. Si verò petatur tantum
“ absolutio a crimine contra naturam, vel cum brutis, cum dispensa-
“ tione et inhibitione, turon 36. duc. 9. Absolutio pro moniali qui
“ se permisit pluries cognosci intra vel extra septa monasterii, cum re-
“ habilitate ad dignitates illius ordinis etiam abbatialem, turon 36. duc.
“ 9.” In the edition of Bois le Duc there is “ Absolutio pro eo, qui
“ interfecit patrem, matrem, sororem, uxorem. . . . g. 5. vel. 7.”
Vide Bayle, art. Banck,

without

without any exception or distinction ; for sodomy, brutality, or any of that kind.

King.

My heart shakes with horror
To hear the names of such detested sins.
Can these be bought for any price of money ?
Or do these merchants but deceive the world
With their false wares ? No more of that foul book ;
I will not now know what I came to know.
I would not for the world redeem my oath
By such a course as this ; no more, Nicanor,
Unless thou find a price for Atheism.
Well, this is not the way to help, I see ;
I have thought of another that may prove,
And both discharge my oath, and save his life.
Nicanor, run presently, call Matho hither,
Matho the lawyer ; command him to make haste,
I long to be resolv'd.

Nicanor.

I run, sir.

King.

He is a subtle lawyer, and may find
Some point, that in the law's obscurity
Lies hid from us, some point may do us good.
I have seen some of his profession
Out of a case as plain, as clear as day
To our weak judgments, and no doubt at first
Meant like our thoughts by those that made the law,
Pick out such hard, inextricable doubts,
That they have spun a suit of seven years long,
And led their hood-wink clients in a wood,
A most irremeable labyrinth,
Till they have quite consum'd them ; this they can do
In other cases, why not as well in this ?
I have seen others could extend the law
Upon the rack, or cut it short again
To their own private profits, as that thief
Cruel Procrustes serv'd his hapless guests,
To fit them to his bed. Well, I shall see ;
I would Nicanor were return'd again,

I would

I would fain ease my conscience of that oath,
That rash and inconsiderate oath I took.
But see ! here they are coming.

Enter Matho, and Nicanor.

Matho.

Health to my sovereign !

King.

Matho, welcome.

I sent for thee about a business
I would entreat thy help in.

Matho.

Your highness may command my service in that,
Or any thing lies in my power.

King.

'Tis to decide a case that troubles me.

Matho.

If it lie within the compass of my knowledge, I will
resolve you highness presently.

King.

Then thus it is : Lord Euphues' son,
Young Philocles, has lately stol'n away
The daughter and heir of lord Polymetes,
Who is his enemy : he, following him hard,
Has apprehended him, and brings him to his trial
To-morrow morning. Thou hast heard this news.

Matho.

I have, my liege, with every circumstance
That can be thought on in the business.

King.

And what will be the issue of the law ?

Matho.

He must die for't ; the case is plain, unless
Your grace will grant his pardon.

King.

But can there be no means thought upon
To save him by the law ?

Matho.

None, my lord.

King.

King.

Surely there may; speak, man, I'll give thee double fees.

Matbo.

It cannot be, my liege, the statute is plain.

King.

Nay, now thou art too honest; thou should'st do
As other lawyers do, first take my money,
And then tell me thou canst do me no good.

Matbo.

I dare not undertake it; could it be done,
I'd go as far as any man would do.

King.

Yes, if it were to cut a poor man's throat, you could;
For some rich griping landlord you could grind
The face of his poor tenant, stretch the law
To serve his turn, and, guided by his angels,
Speak oracles more than the tongues of men;
Then you could find exceptions, reservations,
Stand at a word, a syllable, a letter,
Or coin some scruples out of your own brains:
But in a case so full of equity,
So charitable as this, you can find nothing.
I shall for ever hate all your profession.

Matbo.

I do beseech your highness to excuse me;
I cannot do more than your laws will let me;
Nor falsify my knowledge, nor my conscience.

King.

Then I am miserable. Rise, Matho, rise,
I do not discommend thy honesty,
But blame my own hard fate: ah Philocles,
I would redeem thy life at any price,
But the stars cross it, cruel fate condemns thee. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Constable and Watch ¹¹.

Constable.

Come, fellow-watchmen, for now you are my fellows.

¹¹ *Constable and Watch.*] This Constable and Watch are poor imitations of Shakspeare's Dogberry, &c, in *Much Ado about Nothing*. S.
Watch.

Watch.

It pleases you to call us so, master constable.

Constable.

I do it to encourage you in your office, it is a trick that we commanders have ; your great captains call your soldiers fellow-soldiers, to encourage them.

2d Watch.

Indeed, and so they do. I heard master curate reading a story-book t'other day to that purpose.

Constable.

Well, I must shew now what you have to do, for I myself, before I came to this prefermity, was as simple as one of you ; and, for your better destruction, I will deride my speech into two parts. First, what is a watchman ? Secondly, what is the office of a watchman ? For the first, if any man ask me what is a watchman ? I may answer him, he is a man as others are ; nay, a tradesman, as a vintner, a taylor, or the like, for they have long bills.

3d Watch.

He tells us true, neighbour, we have bills indeed.

Constable.

For the second, what is his office ? I answer, he may by virtue of his office reprehend any person or persons that walk the streets too late at a seasonable hour.

4th Watch.

May we indeed, master constable ?

Constable.

Nay, if you meet any of those rogues at seasonable hours, you may, by virtue of your office, commit him to prison, and then ask him whither he was going.

1st Watch.

Why that's as much as my Lord Mayor does.

Constable.

True, my Lord Mayor can do no more than you, in that point.

2d Watch.

But, master constable, what if he should resist us ?

Constable.

Why, if he do resist, you may knock him down, and then bid him stand, and come before the constable. So,

now

now I think you are sufficiently instructed concerning your office : take your stands, you shall hear rogues walking at these seasonable hours, I warrant you : stand close.

Enter Eugenio.

Eugenio.

Now do I take as much care to be apprehended, as others do to 'scape the watch ; I must speak to be overheard, and plainly too, or else these dolts will never conceive me.

Constable.

Hark, who goes by ?

Eugenio.

Oh my conscience, my conscience, the terror of a guilty conscience !

Constable.

How, conscience talks he of ? he's an honest man, I warrant him, let him pass.

2d Watch.

Aye, Aye, let him pass ; good-night, honest gentleman.

Eugenio.

These are wise officers ! I must be plainer yet. That gold, that cursed gold, that made me poison him, made me poison Eugenio !

Constable.

How, made me poison him ! he's a knave I warrant him.

3d Watch.

Mr. Constable has found him already.

Constable.

I warrant you a knave cannot pass me ; go reprehend him, I'll take his excommunication myself.

1st Watch.

Come afore the constable.

2d Watch.

Come afore the constable.

Constable.

Sirrah, sirrah, you would have 'scap'd, would you ? no, sirrah, you shall know the king's officers have eyes to hear

hear such rogues as you. Come, firrah, confess who it was you poison'd — He looks like a notable rogue.

1st Watch.

I do not like his looks.

2d Watch.

Nor I.

Constable.

You would deny it, would you, firrah ? we shall sift you.

Eugenio.

Alas, Mr. Constable, I cannot now deny what I have said, you over-heard me ; I poison'd Eugenio, son to lord Polymetes.

1st Watch.

Oh rascal !

2d Watch.

My young landlord !

Constable.

Let him alone, the law shall punish him ; but, firrah, where did you poison him ?

Eugenio.

About a day's journey hence ; as he was coming home from Athens I met him, and poisoned him.

Constable.

But, firrah, who set you a work ? confess, I shall find out the whole nest of these rogues ; speak.

Eugenio.

Count Virro hired me to do it.

Constable.

Oh lying rascal !

1st Watch.

Nay, he that will steal will lye.

2d Watch.

I'll believe nothing he says.

3d Watch.

Belye a man of worship !

4th Watch.

A nobleman !

Constable.

Away with him. I'll hear no more, remit him to prison.

fon. Sirrah, you shall hear of these things to-morrow,
where you would be loth to hear them. Come, let's go.
[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

*Enter Franklin, Shallow, Lucy, Francisco in a Parson's
habit, and a true Parson otherwise attired.*

Franklin.

I'L L take your counsel, fir, I'll not be seen in't, but
meet you when 'tis done ; you'll marry them ?

Francisco.

Fear not that, fir, I'll do the deed.

Franklin.

I shall rest thankful to you ; till then I'll leave you.

Shallow.

I pray, father, leave us, we know how to behave our-
selves alone ; methinks, Lucy, we are too many by two
yet.

Lucy.

You are merry, fir.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manet Franklin.

Franklin.

Now they are sure, or never ; poor Francisco,
Thou met'st thy match when thou durst undertake
To over-reach me with tricks. Where's now your Summer ?
'Fore Heaven I cannot but applaud my brain,
To take my daughter even against her will,
And great with child by another ; her shame publish'd,
She cited to the court, and yet bestow her
On such a fortune as rich Shallow is :
Nay, that which is the master-piece of all,
Make him believe 'tis his, though he ne'er touch'd her.
If men ne'er met with crosses in the world,

There

There were no difference 'twixt the wise and fools.
But I'll go meet them; when 'tis done, I fear not. [*Exit.*]

Enter Francisco, Parson, Shallow, Lucy.

Francisco.

Nay, fret not now, you had been worse abus'd
If you had married her; she never lov'd you.

Lucy.

I ever scorn'd thy folly, and hated thee, though some-
times afore my father I would make an ass of thee.

Shallow.

Oh women, monstrous women! little does her father
know who has married her.

Lucy.

Yes, he knows the parson married me, and you can
witness that.

Francisco.

And he shall know the parson will lie with her.

Shallow.

Well, parson, I will be reveng'd on all thy coat; I will
not plough an acre of ground for you to tythe, I'll rather
pasture my neighbours cattle for nothing.

Parson.

Oh be more charitable, sir; bid God give them joy.

Shallow.

I care not greatly if I do, he is not the first parson that
has taken a gentleman's leavings.

Francisco.

How mean you, sir?

Shallow.

You guess my meaning. I hope to have good luck to
horse-flesh now she is a parson's wife.

Francisco.

You have lain with her then, sir?

Shallow.

I cannot tell you that, but if you saw a woman with
child without lying with a man, then perhaps I have
not.

Lucy.

Impudent coxcomb! dar'st thou say that ever thou lay'st
with

with me ? Did'st thou ever so much as kiss my hand in private ?

Shallow.

These things must not be spoken of in company.

Lucy.

Thou know'st I ever hated thee.

Shallow.

But when you were i' th' good humour you would tell me another tale.

Lucy.

The fool is mad ; by Heaven, my Francisco, I am wrong'd.

[*He discovers himself.*]

Francisco.

Then I must change my note. Sirrah, unsay what you have spoken ; swear here, before the parson and myself, you never touch'd her, or I'll cut thy throat ; it is Francisco threatens thee.

Shallow.

I am in a sweet case, what should I do now ? Her father thinks I have lain with her ; if I deny it, he'll have a bout with me ; if I say I have, this young rogue will cut my throat.

Francisco.

Come, will you swear ?

Shallow.

I would I were fairly off, I would lose my wench with all my heart. I swear.

Francisco.

So, now thou art free from any imputation that his tongue can stick upon thee.

Enter Franklin.

Franklin.

Well, now I see 'tis done.

Shallow.

Here's one shall talk with you.

Franklin.

God give you joy, son Shallow.

Francisco.

I thank you, father.

VOL. VIII.

N

Franklin.

Franklin.

How's this, Francisco in the parson's habit?

Francisco.

I have married her, as you bad me, fir; but this was the truer parson of the two, he tied the knot, and this gentleman is our witness.

Franklin.

I am undone; strumpet, thou hast betrayed thyself to beggary, to shame besides, and that in open court; but take what thou hast sought, hang, beg, and starve, I'll never pity thee.

Lucy.

Good fir!

Shallow.

I told you what would come on't.

Franklin.

How did your wisdom lose her?

Shallow.

E'en as you see, I was beguil'd, and so were you.

Franklin.

Francisco, take her; thou seest the portion thou art like to have.

Francisco.

'Tis such a portion as will ever please me; but for her sake, be not unnatural.

Lucy.

Do not reject me, father.

Francisco.

But for the fault that she must answer for, or shame she should endure in court, behold her yet an untouch'd virgin. Cushion, come forth; here signior Shallow, take your child unto you, make much of it, it may prove as wise as the father.

[He flings the cushion at him.]

Franklin.

This is more strange than t'other; ah Lucy, wer't thou so subtle to deceive thyself, and me? Well, take thy fortune, 'tis thine own choice.

Francisco.

Sir, we can force no bounty from you, and therefore must rest content with what your pleasure is.

Enter

Enter Euphues, Alphonso.

Alphonso.

Yonder he is, my lord, that's he in the parson's habit ;
he is thus disguis'd about the business I told you of. Ly-
sandro, see your noble father.

Euphues.

Welcome, my long-lost son, from all the storms
Of frowning fortune that thou hast endur'd,
Into thy father's arms.

Lucy.

Is my Francisco noble ?

Franklin.

Lord Euphues' son ! I am amaz'd.

Euphues.

I hear, Lyfandro, that you are married.

Francisco.

Yes, my lord, this is my bride, the daughter and heir
of this rich gentleman ; 'twas only she, that when my
state was nothing, my poor self and parentage unknown,
vouchsafed to know ; nay, grace me with her love, her
constant love.

Euphues.

Such merit must not be forgot, my son.
Daughter, much joy attend upon your choice.

Francisco.

Now, wants but your consent.

Franklin.

Which, with a willing heart I do bestow.
Pardon me, worthy son, I have so long
Been hard to you ; 'twas ignorance
Of what you were, and care I took for her.

Francisco.

Your care needs no apology.

Euphues.

But now, Lyfandro, I must make thee sad
Upon thy wedding-day, and let thee know
There is no pure and uncompounded joy
Lent to mortality : in depth of woe
Thou met'st the knowledge of thy parentage ;

N 2

Thy

Thy elder brother Philocles must die ;
 And in his tragedy our name and house
 Had sunk for ever, had not gracious Heaven
 Sent, as a comfort to my childless age,
 Thy long-lost self, supporter of the name.

Francisco.

But can there be no means to save his life ?

Euphues.

Alas, there's none ; the king has taken an oath
 Never to pardon him ; but since, they say,
 His majesty repents, and fain would save him.

Francisco.

Then am I wretched : like a man long blind,
 That comes at last to see the wish'd-for sun,
 But finds it in eclipse ; such is my case,
 To meet, in this dark woe, my dearest friends.

Euphues.

Had you not heard this news before, Lyfandro ?

Francisco.

Yes, sir, and did lament,
 As for a worthy stranger, but ne'er knew
 My sorrow stood engag'd by such a tie
 As brotherhood. Where may we see him, sir ?

Euphues.

This morning he's arraign'd : put off that habit you are
 in, and go along with me ; leave your friends here a
 while.

Francisco.

Farewel, father ;
 Dear Lucy, till soon, farewel ; nought but so sad
 A chance could make me cloudy now.

[*Exeunt.*

Franklin.

Well, Lucy, thy choice has prov'd better than we ex-
 pected ; but this cloud of grief has dimm'd our mirth, but
 will, I hope, blow over ; Heaven grant it may ! And, sig-
 nior Shallow, though you have mis'd what my love meant
 you once, pray be my guest.

Shallow.

I thank you, sir, I'll not be strange.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter King, Nicanor.

King.

Nicanor, I would find some privy place,
Where I might stand unseen, unknown of any,
To hear th' arraignment of young Philocles.

Nicanor.

The judges are now entring ; please you, sir,
Here to ascend, you may both hear and see.

King.

Well, I'll go up ;
And, like a jealous husband, hear and see
That that will strike me dead. Am I a king,
And cannot pardon such a small offence ?
I cannot do't, nor am I Cæsar now ;
Lust has uncrown'd me, and my rash-ta'en oath
Has reft me of a king's prerogative.
Come, come, Nicanor, help me to ascend,
And see that fault, that I want power to mend.
[*They ascend.*]

*Enter three Judges, Virro, Polymetes, Euphues, Francisco,
Leucothoë, Clerimont, Roscio.*

1st Judge.

Bring forth the prisoner : where are the witnesses ?

Polymetes.

Here, my lords ; I am the wrong'd party, and the fact,
my man here, besides the officers that took them, can
justify.

2d Judge.

That's enough.

Enter Philocles with a guard.

1st Judge.

Philocles, stand to the bar, and answer to such crimes
As shall be here objected against thy life.
Read the indictment.

Philocles.

Spare that labour ;
I do confess the fact that I am charg'd with,
And speak as much as my accusers can,

As much as all the witnesses can prove ;
 'Twas I that stole away the daughter and heir
 Of lord Polymetes, which, were't to do again,
 Rather than lose her, I again would venture.
 This was the fact : your sentence, honour'd fathers.

Clerimont.

'Tis brave and resolute.

1st Judge.

A heavy sentence, noble Philocles ;
 And such a one, as I could wish myself
 Off from this place, some other might deliver ;
 You must die for it, death is your sentence.

Philocles.

Which I embrace with willingness. Now, my lord,
 Is your hate glutted yet, or is my life [To Polymetes.
 Too poor a sacrifice to appease the rancour
 Of your inveterate malice ? If it be, to ¹²
 Invent some scandal, that may after blot
 My reputation.—Father, dry your tears, [To Euphues.
 Weep not for me, my death shall leave no stain
 Upon your blood, nor blot on your fair name :
 The honour'd ashes of my ancestors,
 May still rest quiet in their tear-wet urns
 For any fact of mine ; I might have liv'd,
 If Heaven had not prevented it, and found
 Death for some foul, dishonourable act.
 Brother, farewell ; no sooner have I found [To Francisco,
 But I must leave thy wish'd-for company.
 Farewel, my dearest love ; live thou still happy ;
 And may some one of more desert than I,
 Be blest in the enjoying what I lose ;
 I need not wish him happiness that has thee,
 For thou wilt bring it ; may he prove as good
 As thou art worthy !

Leucothoe.

Dearest Philocles,
 There is no room for any man, but thee,

¹² — If it be, to
 Inven' some scandal, &c.] I think we should read go.

Within this breast. Oh good my lords,
Be merciful, condemn us both together,
Our faults are both alike; why should the law
Be partial thus, and lay it all on him?

1st Judge.

Lady, I would we could as lawfully
Save him as you, he should not die for this.

Enter Constable, leading Eugenio.

How now, who's that you have brought there?

Constable.

A benefactor, an't please your lordships,
I reprehended him in my watch last night.

Virro.

Irus is taken.

2d Judge.

What's his offence?

Constable.

Murder.

Watch.

No, Mr. Constable, 'twas but poisoning of a man.

Constable.

Go, thou art a fool.

Virro.

I am undone for ever, all will out.

3d Judge.

What proofs have you against him?

Constable.

His own profession, if it please your honour.

3d Judge.

And that's an ill profession, to be a murderer; thou
meanest he has confessed the fact?

Constable.

Yes, my lord, he cannot deny it.

1st Judge.

Did he not name the party, who it was that he had poi-
son'd?

Constable.

Marry, with reverence be it spoken, it was Eugenio, my
lord Polymetes' son.

N 4

Polymetes.

Polymetes.

How's this!

1st Judge.

He died long since, at Athens.

Polymetes.

I cannot tell what I should think of it,
This is the man that lately brought me news
My son was living.

2d Judge.

Fellow, stand to the bar; thou hear'st thy accusation,
what can'st thou say?

Eugenio.

Ah, my good lord,
I cannot now deny what I have said;
This man o'erheard me, as my bleeding heart
Was making a confession of my crime.

Constable.

I told him, an't shall please your lordships, the king's
officers had eyes to hear such rascals.

1st Judge.

You have been careful in your office, Constable;
You may now leave your prisoner.

Constable.

I'll leave the felon with your lordship,

1st Judge.

Farewel, good Constable; murder I see will out.
Why did'st thou poison him? [Exit Constable.

Eugenio.

I was poor, and want made me be hir'd.

2d Judge.

Hir'd, by whom?

Eugenio.

By Count Virro; there he stands.

Virro.

I do beseech your lordships not to credit what this base
fellow speaks; I am innocent.

1st Judge.

I do believe you are; firrah, speak truth,
You have not long to live.

Eugenio.

Eugenio.

Please it your lordship, I may relate the manner.

3d Judge.

Do.

Eugenio.

Eugenio was alive, when first the news
Was spread in Syracuse that he was dead ;
Which false report, Count Virro crediting,
Became an earnest suitor to his sister,
Thinking her heir ; but finding afterwards
Her brother liv'd, and coming home
Not a day's journey hence, he sent me to him,
And with a promise of five hundred crowns
Hir'd me to poison him ; that this is true,
Here's his own hand to witness it against him ;
Please it your lordships to peruse the writing.

1st Judge.

This is his hand.

2d Judge.

Sure as I live, I have seen warrants from him with just
these characters.

3d Judge.

Besides, methinks this fellow's tale is likely.

Polymetes.

'Tis too true ;
This fellow's sudden going from my house
Put me into a fear.

1st Judge.

Count Virro, stand to the bar ;
What can you say to clear you of this murder ?

Virro.

Nothing, my lords, I must confess the fact.

2d Judge.

Why then against you both do I pronounce
Sentence of death.

Ambo.

The law is just.

Polymetes.

Wretch that I am, is my dissembled grief
Turn'd to true sorrow ? Were my acted tears

But

But prophecies of my ensuing woe,
 And is he truly dead ? Oh pardon me,
 Dear ghost of my Eugenio, 'twas my fault
 That call'd this hasty vengeance from the Gods,
 And shorten'd thus thy life ; for, whilst with tricks
 I sought to fasten wealth upon our house,
 I brought a cannibal to be the grave
 Of me and mine ; base, bloody, murderous Count.

Virro.

Vile cozener ! cheating lord ! dissembler !

1st Judge.

Peace ! stop the mouth of malediction there,
 This is no place to rail in.

Euphues.

Ye just powers,
 That to the quality of man's offence
 Shape your correcting rods, and punish there
 Where he has sinn'd ! did not my bleeding heart
 Bear such a heavy share in this day's woe,
 I could with a free soul applaud your justice.

Polymetes.

Lord Euphues, and Philocles, forgive me ;
 To make amends, I know's impossible,
 For what my malice wrought ; but I would fain
 Do somewhat that might testify my grief
 And true repentance.

Eugenio.

That is that I look'd for.

Euphues.

Y' are kind too late, my lord ; had you been thus
 When need requir'd, y' had sav'd yourself and me,
 Our hapless sons ; but if your grief be true,
 I can forgive you heartily.

Philocles.

And I.

Eugenio.

Now comes my cue. My lord Polymetes,
 Under correction, let me ask one question.

Polymetes.

What question ? speak.

1

Eugenio.

Eugenio.

If this young lord should live, would you bestow your daughter willingly upon him? would you, my lord?

Polymetes.

As willingly as I would breathe myself.

Eugenio.

Then dry all your eyes,
There's no man here shall have a cause to weep.
Your life is sav'd, Leucothoë is no heir, [To Philocles.
Her brother lives; and that clears you, Count Virro,
Of your supposed murder.

All.

How! lives?

Eugenio.

Yes, lives to call thee brother, Philocles.

Leucothoë.

Oh, my dear brother! [He discovers himself.

Polymetes.

My son, welcome from death.

Eugenio.

Pardon me, good my lord, that I thus long
Have from your knowledge kept myself conceal'd;
My end was honest.

Polymetes.

I see it was.

And now, son Philocles, give me thy hand;
Here take thy wife, she loves thee, I dare swear;
And for the wrong, that I intended thee,
Her portion shall be double what I meant it.

Philocles.

I thank your lordship.

Polymetes.

Brother Euphues,
I hope all enmity is now forgot
Betwixt our houses.

Euphues.

Let it be ever so, I do embrace your love.

Virro.

Well, my life is sav'd yet, though my wench be lost.
God give you joy!

Philocles.

Philocles.

Thanks, good my lord.

*1st Judge.*How suddenly this tragic scene is chang'd,
And turn'd to comedy!*2d Judge.*

'Tis very strange!

Polymetes.

Let us conclude within.

King.

Stay, and take my joy with you.

*[The King speaks from above.]**Euphues.*

His majesty is coming down, let us attend.

*Enter King.**King.*These jars are well clos'd up: now, Philocles,
What my rash oath deny'd me, this blest hour
And happy accident has brought to pass,
The saving of thy life.*Philocles.*A life, my liege,
That shall be ever ready to be spent
Upon your service.*King.*Thanks, good Philocles.
But where's the man whose happy presence brought
All this unlook'd-for sport? where is Eugenio?*Eugenio.*

Here, my dread liege.

*King.*Welcome to Syracuse,
Welcome Eugenio; pr'ythee ask some boon
That may requite the good that thou hast done.*Eugenio.*I thank your majesty; what I have done
Needs no requital: but I have a suit
Unto lord Euphues, please it your majesty
To be to him an intercessor for me,

I make

I make no question but I shall obtain.

King.

What is it ? speak ; it shall be granted thee.

Eugenio.

That it would please him to bestow on me
His niece, the fair and virtuous lady, Leda.

Euphues.

With all my heart ; I know 'twill please her well,
I have often heard her praise Eugenio.
It shall be done within.

King.

Then here all strife ends.

I'll be your guest myself to-day, and help
To solemnize this double marriage.

Polymetes.

Your royal presence shall much honour us.

King.

Then lead away, the happy knot you tie,
Concludes in love two houses' enmity.

T H E E P I L O G U E.

O U R Heir is fall'n from her inheritance ;
But has obtain'd her Love : you may advance
Her higher yet ; and from your pleas'd hands give
A dowry, that will make her truly live.

É D I T I O N.

T H E H E I R E :

A C O M E D I E.

As it was Acted by the Company of the Revels,
1620.

Written by T. M.

T H E S E C O N D I M P R E S S I O N.

L O N D O N :

Printed by AUGUSTINE MATHEWES, for THOMAS
JONES; and are to be sold at his Shop in *S. Dunstons*
Church-yard, in Fleet-street. 1633.

4to.

THE
BIRD IN A CAGE.

THE
BIRD IN A CAGE

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JAMES SHIRLEY was descended from the family of the Shirleys of Sussex or Warwickshire. He was born in the year 1594, in the parish of St. Mary Wool-church, where Stocks-market formerly stood. His grammatical learning he acquired in Merchant Taylors School, and from thence was removed to St. John's College, Oxford, but in what condition he lived there, whether as servitor, batler, or commoner, Wood * says, he was not able to discover. At that time Dr. Laud, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, presided in that seminary; and, having observed early marks of genius in young Shirley, conceived a great regard for him, but is said to have prevented him from entering into holy orders, on account of a large mole, which disfigured his left cheek, and which he deemed a sufficient reason for refusing to permit him to be ordained. He afterwards left Oxford, and removed to Catherine Hall † Cambridge, where Wood supposes he took his degrees in arts, and entering into holy orders, began his ministry in or near St. Albans. It was not long before he began to entertain scruples about his religion, which ended in his embracing the tenets of the Roman Catholick Church. On this change, he quitted his living, and taught a Grammar School at St. Albans; but this also growing irksome to him, he came to reside in the metropolis, lived in Gray's Inn, and commenced writer for the stage. In this profession he met with considerable success, and obtained sufficient advantages to enable him to live with credit

* Athen. Oxon. 2 vol. p. 376.

† Bancroft's Epigrams, 4to. 1639. B. 1. Epig. 13.

and decency, until the breaking out of the civil wars, which occasioning the theatres to be shut up, he was compelled to leave London, and accepted an invitation from William, then Earl, afterwards duke of Newcastle, to take his fortune with him in the wars *. On the decline of the King's fortune, he retired obscurely to London, where, in 1647, he published the folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's works, and was some time maintained at the expence of Thomas Stanley, Esq; †. He afterwards returned to his former profession of teaching school, chiefly in White-Fryers, and gained a decent subsistence from it until the king's return; but whether on that event he had any office or employment conferred on him, to recompense his sufferings, Wood says he could not discover. At length, after a life of full seventy-two years, in which he had experienced various fortunes, he, with his second wife Frances, were driven from their house near Fleet-street, by the great fire which happened in 1666, into the parish of St. Giles in the Fields, where, being overcome by the fright and the loss they had sustained, added to the infirmities of old age, they both died in one day, and were buried in one grave in St. Giles's church-yard, on the 29th of October, 1666. Wood says, that Shirley assisted his patron, the duke of Newcastle, in composing of certain plays, which the duke afterwards published; he also was consulted by Fletcher, after the death of his coadjutor Beaumont, and was besides a drudge for John Ogilvy, in writing annotations for that author's translations of Homer and Virgil. Dryden ‡ with great injustice has classed him with Flecnoe, a writer too contemptible to deserve the slightest mention. According to the fashion of the times, in which every poet of reputation took another as his poetical son, and as such patronized and supported his reputation; Shirley was adopted by Chapman, in the same manner as Brome was by Dekker, Field by Massinger, Randolph first, and afterwards Cartwright, by Ben Jonson.

Shirley wrote several books for the instruction of youth

* Ath. Oxon. p. 377.

† Ibid.

‡ See Mac Flecnoe.

in grammatical learning, many poems, and the following dramatic pieces :

1. " The Wedding : a Comedy ; acted at the Phoenix, in Drury-Lane." 4to. 1629. 4to. 1633. 4to. 1660.
 2. " The Grateful Servant : a Comedy ; acted at the Private House, Drury-Lane." 4to. 1630. 4to. 1637.
 3. " The School of Compliments : a Comedy ; acted at the Private House, Drury-Lane." 4to. 1631. 4to. 1637, and in 4to. 1667. under the title of " Love Tricks, or, the School of Compliments, as acted at the duke of York's theatre, Little Lincoln's-Inn-Fields."
 4. " Changes, or Love in a Maze : a Comedy ; acted at the Private House, Salisbury-Court." 4to. 1632.
 5. " A Contention for Honour and Riches : a Masque." 4to. 1633.
 6. " The Witty Fair One : a Comedy ; acted at the Private House, Drury-Lane." 4to. 1633.
 7. " The Triumph of Peace : a Masque ; presented by the Four Inns of Court, at the Banqueting-House, Whitehall, Feb. 3. 1633." 4to. 1633. See Warton's History of Poetry, vol. 2. p. 400.
 8. " The Bird in a Cage : a Comedy ; acted at the Phoenix, Drury-Lane." 4to. 1633.
 9. " The Traytor : a Tragedy ; acted by his Majesty's Servants." 4to. 1635.
- " This play was revived, and re-printed in 4to. 1692 ; and P. Motteaux, in his Gentleman's Journal, says, " Shirley only ushered it on the stage, but that it was written by one Mr. Rivers, a Jesuit, who wrote it, and died in Newgate." See also Gildon on it. *Oldys MS. Notes on Langbaine*. — It was also revived in 1718, at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and printed in 8vo. the same year. To that edition, as well as the former in 1692, the name of Rivers is put as the author.
10. " The Lady of Pleasure : a Comedy ; acted at the Private House, Drury-Lane." 4to. 1637.
 11. " The Young Admiral : a Tragi-comedy ; acted at the Private House, Drury-Lane." 4to. 1637.
 12. " Hide Parke : a Comedy ; acted at the Private House, Drury-Lane." 4to. 1637.

13. "The Gamester: a Comedy; acted at the Private House, Drury-Lane." 4to. 1637. See vol. 9.
14. "The Example: a Comedy; acted at the Private House, Drury-Lane." 4to. 1637.
15. "The Royal Master: a Tragi-comedy; acted at the New Theatre in Dublin, and before the Lord Deputy of Ireland in the Castle." 4to. 1638.

By the dedication to the Earl of Kildare, it appears that the author was that year in Ireland.

16. "The Duke's Mistress: a Tragi-comedy; acted at the Private House, Drury-Lane." 4to. 1638.
17. "The Maid's Revenge: a Tragedy; acted at the Private House, Drury-Lane." 4to. 1639.
18. "Chabot, Admiral of France: a Tragedy, acted at the Private House, Drury-Lane." 4to. 1639.

Chapman joined in writing this play.

19. "The Ball: a Comedy; acted at the Private House, Drury-Lane." 4to. 1639.

Chapman also joined in writing this play.

20. "Arcadia: a Pastoral; acted at the Phoenix, Drury-Lane." 4to. 1640.
21. "The Opportunity: a Comedy; acted at the Private House, Drury Lane." 4to. 1640.
22. "Love's Cruelty: a Tragedy; acted at the Private House, Drury-Lane." 4to. 1640.
23. "St. Patrick for Ireland: the first part." 4to. 1640.

24. "The Constant Maid: a Comedy." 4to. 1640.

This was afterwards published under the title of "Love will find out the Way. By T. B." 4to. 1662.

25. "The Coronation: a Comedy; acted at the Private House, Drury-Lane." 4to. 1640.

This play was printed with the name of John Fletcher, as the author, and as such it is included in the works of him and Beaumont; Shirley however claims it, in the catalogue printed at the end of *The Cardinal*, and says it was falsely ascribed to Fletcher.

26. "The Humorous Courtier: a Comedy; acted at the Private House, Drury-Lane." 4to. 1640.
27. "The Triumph of Beauty: a Masque." 8vo. 1646.

28. " The Brothers : a Comedy ; acted at the Private House in Black-Fryers." 8vo. 1652.
29. " The Sisters : a Comedy ; acted at the Private House, Black-Fryers." 8vo. 1652.
30. " The Doubtful Heir : a Tragi-comedy ; acted at the Private House, Black-Fryers." 8vo. 1652.
31. " The Imposture : a Tragi-comedy ; acted at the Private House, Black-Fryers." 8vo. 1652.
32. " The Cardinal : a Tragedy ; acted at the Private House in Black-Fryers." 8vo. 1652.
33. " The Court Secret : a Tragi-comedy ; never acted, but prepared for the scene at Black-Fryers." 8vo. 1653.

These last six were printed in one volume.

34. " Cupid and Death : a Masque ; presented before the Embassador of Portugal, on the 26th of March, 1653." 4to. 1653. 4to. 1659.
35. " The Politician : a Tragedy ; presented at Salisbury-Court." 4to. 1655.
36. " The Gentleman of Venice : a Tragi-comedy ; presented at a Private-House in Salisbury-Court." 4to. 1655.
37. " The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses, for Achilles's Armour : a Masque." 8vo. 1659.
38. " Honoria and Mammon : a Comedy." 8vo. 1659.
39. " Andromana ; or, the Merchant's Wife : a Tragedy." 4to. 1660.

Langbaine mentions only 37 dramattick pieces by Shirley, but says there were others in MS. One of them was intituled, *Rosania, or Love's Victory* * ; a Comedy. Shirley appears to have left some children ; one of them, in Wood's time, was the butler of Furnival's-Inn in Holborn.

* Mr. Malone's attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays, p. 331.

T O

MASTER WILLIAM PRINNE *,
 UTTER-BARRISTER OF LINCOLN'S-INN.

S I R,

THE same of your candour and innocent love to learning, especially to that musical part of human knowledge, poetry, and in particular to that which concerns the stage and scene (yourself, as I hear, having lately

* This is he who wrote *Histrion-mastrix*, the *Players-Scourge*, or *Actors Tragedy*, printed in 1633. It is a large railing rhapsody, consisting chiefly of stupid quotations from the Fathers; from whence he endeavours to prove, that all who write, act, or frequent plays, are certainly damn'd. He particularly reflected upon the King and Queen for the countenance and encouragement they gave to plays, for which he was prosecuted in the Star-chamber, and sentenc'd to stand twice in the pillory, lose an ear each time, pay 5000 l. suffer perpetual imprisonment, and have his book burnt by the common hangman.

Mr. DODSLEY.

This very extraordinary man, whose severe punishment, and *Roman constancy* in submitting to it, had no small effect upon the minds of the people, and contributed more than is generally imagined to the disasters of the times, was born at Swanwick, near Bath, in Somersetshire, in the year 1600. He was educated in the last-mentioned city; entered of Oriel College in 1616, and took the degree of B. A. Jan. 20, 1620. From thence he was removed to Lincoln's Inn, where he studied the Common Law, and became successively Barrister, Benchet, and Reader, in that society. After the execution of his sentence, on account of *Histrion-mastrix*, he printed other pieces which gave equal offence, which occasioned his being again prosecuted. In consequence of which, he was fined, branded, and imprisoned, and in each with equal or more severity than before. The place of his confinement was Mount Orgueil, in the island of Jersey, where he continued three years: at the end of that time, being chosen member for Newport in Cornwall, he was released, and entered London in triumph; and he soon had an opportunity to revenge the severe treatment he had experienced from his inveterate foe, Archbishop Laud. He sat in the long Parliament, and was one of the secluded Members who were imprisoned on account of their zeal for a peace with the King.

lately written a tragedy) doth justly challenge from me this dedication. I had an early desire to congratulate your happy retirement; but no poem could tempt me with so fair a circumstance as this in the title, wherein I take some delight to think (not without imitation of yourself, who have ingeniously fancied such elegant and apposite names for your own compositions, as *Health's Sickness*, *The Undowniness of Love-Locks*, &c.) how aptly I may present you at this time with *The Bird in a Cage*, a comedy, which wanteth, I must confess, much of that ornament which the stage and action lent it, for, it comprehending also another play or interlude, personated by ladies, I must refer to your imagination, the musick, the songs, the dancing, and other varieties, which I know would have pleased you infinitely in the presentment. I was the rather inclin'd to make this oblation, that posterity might read you a patron to the Muses, and one that durst, in such a critical age, bind up the wounds which ignorance had printed upon wit and the professors. Proceed (inimitable Mecænas), and, having such convenient leisure and an indefatigable Pegasus, I mean your prose, (which scorneth the road of common sense, and despiseth any stile in his way) travel still in the pursuit of new discoveries; which you may publish, if you please, in your next book of Digressions. If you do not happen presently to convert the organs; you may in time confute the steeple, and bring every parish to one bell.

This is all I have to say at this time: and, my own occasions not permitting my personal attendance, I have intreated a gentleman to deliver this testimony of my service. Many faults have escaped the press, which your

King. From this time he was an avowed enemy of Oliver Cromwell, and was by him imprisoned in Dunster Castle in Somersetshire. At the restoration he became instrumental in recalling the King, and was rewarded with being appointed keeper of the records in the Tower, and a salary of 500*l.* per annum. He was soon after named one of the Commissioners for appeals and regulating the excise, was elected Member for Bath, and embroiled himself with the House of Commons, on which account he was obliged to make a submission. He died at his chambers in Lincoln's-Inn, Oct. 24, 1669; and was buried under the chapel there.

judgment will no sooner find than your mercy correct ; by which you shall teach others a charity to your own volumes, though they be all Errata. If you continue where you are, you will every day enlarge your fame ; and, beside the engagement of other poets to celebrate your Roman constancy, in particular oblige the tongue and pen of your devout honourer,

JAMES SHIRLEY.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE of Mantua.

PERENOTTO, captain of his guard.

PHILENZO, lover of Eugenia, under the disguise and name of Rolliardo.

FULVIO, } noblemen.

ORPIANO, }

MORELLO, } courtiers.

DONDOLO, }

GRUTTI, }

EMBASSADOR of Florence.

BONAMICO, a mountebank, or decayed artist.

Servant, Guard, Attendants.

EUGENIA, the duke's daughter.

DONELLA, }

KATHARINA, }

MARDONA, }

FIDELLA, }

CASSIANA, }

ladies, attendant on the princess.

THE

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THE

T H E
B I R D I N A C A G E.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Fulvio, Orpiano.

Orpiano.

HE does not mean this building for a college, I hope?

Fulvio.

That were an ill foundation; there are more scholars than can live one by another already: 'tis pity we should have more plenty of learned beggars.

Orpiano.

'Tis past all my conjecture why he built it,

Fulvio.

Signior Perenotto, captain o' th' guard,
Is of counsel only with the duke in't.

Enter Morello.

Morello.

Signior Orpiano, and Fulvio.

Fulvio.

My spark! whither in such haste? Let us change air a little.

Morello.

You are travelling to your mistress.

Orpiano.

Madam Donella is newly return'd to court.

Fulvio.

With the princess?

Orpiano.

Orpiano.

She was but late retir'd into the country :
What's the matter ?

Morello.

Your lordships, I hope, have heard the duke sent post
for them, as they say. There is something in it.

Fulvio.

What ?

Morello.

Does not your lordship know ?

Fulvio.

Not I.

Morello.

Your lordship's wisdom and mine is much about a scantling then ; yet, for aught I hear, there be others of the court as ignorant as we.—Your honour's pardon, I beseech you ; I must in all haste to the princess's lodging.

Orpiano.

Farewel, signior,
Your amorous lock¹ has a hair out of order.

Morello.

Um ! what an oversight was this of my barber !
I must return now and have it corrected, dear signior.

[*Exit.*

Fulvio.

Here's a courtier, that will not miss a hair of his compliment when he is to appear before his mistress. Every morning does this fellow put himself upon the rack, with putting on's apparel ; and manfully endures his taylor, when he screws and wrests his body into the fashion of his

¹ *Your amorous lock.*] i. e. One of the *love locks* anciently worn. Prynne, to whom this Play is satirically dedicated, wrote a book against them. See Dr. Warburton's note on *Much ado about nothing*, A. 5. S. 1.

S.

The fashion appears to have been derived from France. In *Green's Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, 1592, it is said. "—Will you be *Frenchified* with a *love-locke* down your shoulders ? wherein you may wear your mistress favour." *Love-locks* are often mentioned or alluded to. See *Ben Jonson's Epicæne*, A. 4. S. 6 ; *The Return from Parnassus*, A. 3. S. 2 ; and in other pieces.

doublet.—But that the court cannot subsist without a fool,
I should marvel what this fellow does to follow it.

Orpiano.

There are more have much about his parcel of brains :
the benefit of youth and good clothes procur'd their places,
and ignorance and impudence have since maintain'd 'em.

Fulvio.

Two great helps, as the world goes.

Enter Gentleman-ushers, Dondolo, and Grutti.

Gentleman-usher.

Clear the presence, the Duke is entering.

Enter Duke, Eugenia, Perenotto. Attendants.

Eugenia.

I ever was obedient —

Duke.

'Tis for thy honour, which I know
Is to thyself a precious sound. — That building,
I late erected, then shall be thy palace.

Eugenia.

Or my prison, sir, if I do rightly understand.

Duke.

That name

Is too unworthy of it, my Eugenia.
Nor will it seem restraint to my lov'd daughter,
Since, free to all delights, thy mind shall be
Its own commander ; every day shall strive
To bring thee in fresh rarities : time shall be
Delighted with thy pleasures, and stay with thee.

Eugenia.

Indeed I shall think time has lost his wings,
When I am thus cag'd up.

Duke.

Thou shalt give
To him feathers when thou pleasest. Mantua
Shall pour her raptures on thee.—Why have I
A crown, but to command what thou can'st wish for,
My dear Eugenia ?

Eugenia.

Eugenia.

A deer, it seems ;
For, as you had suspicion of my wildness,
You'll measure out my walk.

Duke.

I am thy father,
Who, by example of the wisest kings,
But build a place to lay my treasure in,
Safe from the robber, where I'll place a guard —

Eugenia.

Do you suspect I shall break prison ?

Duke.

To keep off violence, and soliciting,
Which may disturb thy pleasures, until we
Shall find out one to match thy birth and virtues :
My dukedom is too poor that way. Maintain
Thy father's soul : thou hast no blood to mix
With any beneath Prince. Forget, as I shall,
Thy love was ever falling from thy greatness,
Into the arms of one carries but stile of honour.

Eugenia.

Sir, I am your daughter.

Duke.

Thou'st deserv'd my blessing ; and thy obedience
In this new crowns thy father. I see I need not
Urge what I am to move thee, and lay force :
Thy understanding does appear convinc'd,
And loving duty teaches thee to more
Than the command. — Perenotto —

Eugenia.

What narrow ground I tread ! I know he is
Too passionate to be denied his will,
And yet to yield will make me miserable :
'Tis my misfortune to be born so great.
Each common man and woman can enjoy
The air, when the condition of a princess
Makes me a prisoner : but I must obey,
In hope it will not last. — I have a soul
Is full of grateful duty, nor will suffer me
Farther dispute your precept : you have power
To steer me as you please.

Duke.

Duke.

All the Graces
 Speak in my girl — each syllable doth carry
 A volume of thy goodness : all my cares,
 So well rewarded, do convert to sweetness :
 I thank thy filial piety. Know, my girl,
 That place wherein I lock so rich a jewel,
 I do pronounce again, shall be thy paradise.
 Thy paradise, my Eugenia, saving that
 In this man only finds no being ; other
 Delights shall stream themselves into thy bosom,
 And those that pass shall flow again, t' invite
 Thy sense to tasting. — Perenotto.

Perenotto.

Your grace's pleasure ?

Duke.

Admit those ladies that attend.

Fulvio.

The Duke shews much indulgence.

Orpiano.

Observe the issue.

Duke.

We will not limit thy companions ;
 Elect what Mantuan beauties thou canst best
 Delight in, they shall serve thee ; or if some
 Of your own train, whom we have thought most proper
 To be your personal guard, affect you, they

Enter Donella, Katharina, Mardona, and Fidella.

Attend our pleasures : see, they are ignorant
 Yet of our purpose. If to any thy
 Affection be not free, thy breath discharge them,
 And 'point thy own attendants.

Eugenia.

I shall be pleas'd with your appointment.
 Ladies, I know you love me. [*She goes to the ladies.*]

Donella.

Doth your grace hold suspicion any of us
 Serve you not with our heart ?

Eugenia.

I do not doubt ;
 Or if I did, you now approach a trial :

For

For my sake, can you be content to be
All prisoners.

Ladies.

Prisoners !

Eugenia.

Yes, shut up close prisoners, and be barr'd
The conversation, nay the sight of men.

Katbarina.

Marry, Heaven defend ! wherein have we offended,
That we must lose the sweet society
Of men ?

Mardona.

How have we forfeited our freedom ?

Duke.

No one argue — 'tis our pleasure.

Donella.

'Las, madam, I am new contracted to a handsome
signior.

Katbarina.

I have but newly entertain'd a servant, that gave me
these gloves : they smell of him still, a sweet courtier !

Donella.

Not one man among so many ladies !
Not a gentleman-usher ! nor a page !
How shall we do, madam ?

Mardona.

I beseech your grace let me be exempted :
If I have committed an offence deserves your anger,
Let one of your lords cut off my head rather, signior Don-
dolo.

Fidella.

Shall we express
So cold a duty to her highness ? fie, ladies.

Eugenia.

You shall but suffer with me. I partake
As much severity as any of you shall.

Duke.

I will expect your duties, lords, in silence.
Orpiano, you shall to Florence with
Our daughter's picture : your commission's seal'd. —
Now, fair ladies, I hope

I hope y' are fix'd to wait upon Eugenia.
 If your restraint be a burthen, it shall be
 In her power to enlarge you, and elect
 New friends into your places.

Ladies.

'Tis our duties
 To obey your grace and her.

Duke.

Perenot, are all things prepar'd ?

Perenotto.

They are, my lord.

Duke.

For once then let us usher you.

Katharina.

Whither do we go ?

Perenotto.

I'll tell you.

Donella.

Whither ?

Perenotto.

To take physick, madam.

The duke has prepar'd to stay all looseness in your bodies:
 You must be all fast : stone-walls and mortar will bind.

Fidella.

Come, follow with a courage.

Donella.

I hope we shall be allow'd our little dogs and monkeys.

Dondolo.

Sweet madam.

[*Exeunt omnes præter.*

Fulvio, Orpiano, Dondolo, and Grutti.

Grutti.

Madam Katharina — they are gone, signior.

Dondolo.

Would I had known this afore.

Fulvio.

The duke will be censur'd for this act.

Orpiano.

'Tis very strange ! good lady,

I read

I read a forc'd obedience in her eye,
Which hardly held up rain.

Enter Morello.

Morello.

Save you, dear signior. Which way went the ladies?

Grutti.

News, signior, news.

Morello.

I beseech you I may partake.

Fulvio.

Have you forgot there was suspicion
She affected signior Philenzo, the cardinal's nephew?

Orpiano.

Alas, poor gentleman, he suffers for't.

Fulvio.

By this restraint he would make her sure : his jealousy
is not yet over.—Signior Morello, is your lock rectify'd?
You have miss'd your lady but a hair's breadth.

Morello.

Nay but, my lords and gentlemen, where are the ladies
gone, indeed?

Grutti.

We ha' told you.

Morello.

What, committed to New-prison?

Fulvio.

Very true, signior.

Dondolo.

Our dancing days are done : shut up close, not
A man must enter.

Morello.

Would I were a mouse then.—Why, but is the Duke mad?

Orpiano.

Take heed what you say, signior : tho' we be no in-
formers, yet walls have ears.

Morello.

Ears ! would I had left mine behind me : here's
News indeed !

Fulvio.

An' y'ad come a little sooner, you might ha' taken
your leave ; but 'twas your barber's Pfault.

VOL. VIII.

P

Morello.

Morello.

Would he had left me i' th' luds an hour ago !
What shall we do, gentlemen ? 'Tis a hard case, when a
man that has an intention to marry and live honest —

Enter Rolliardo.

How now, what art thou ?

Rolliardo.

Any thing, nothing ; yet a man, yet no man ;
For I want —

Morello.

What ? th' art no capon, I hope.

Rolliardo.

Money, fir : will you spare any from your precious
fins ?

Grutti.

Th' art very free.

Rolliardo.

Yet, fir, I am in debt.

Dondolo.

What do'st owe ?

Rolliardo.

Nobody harm.

Fulvio.

Whence cam'st ?

Rolliardo.

I dropt from the moon.

Orpiano.

So methinks ; thou talk'st very madly :
Th'ast much humour in thee.

Rolliardo.

Ha' ye any thing to do, that ye account impossible,
gentlemen ?

Fulvio.

Why, wilt thou do't ?

Rolliardo.

An' you'll pay for't. Let me have money enough, and
I'll do any thing.

Orpiano.

Hold, hold.

Rolliardo.

Yes, I will hold.

Morello.

Morello.

I'll lay with thee ; what wilt hold ?

Rolliardo.

Why paradoxes.

Grutti, Dondolo.

Paradoxes !

Morello.

I hold you a paradox.

Fulvio.

Let's hear some.

Rolliardo.

There are no beasts but cuckolds and flatterers ; no cold weather but i' th' dog-days ; no physick to a whore ; no fool to an alderman ; no scholar to a justice of peace ; nor no foldier to a belt and buff jerkin.

Orpiano.

A smart fellow.

Enter Duke.

Morello.

The Duke.

Duke.

So, my fears are over ; in her restraint I bury all my jealousies.—How now, what fellow's this ?

Fulvio.

Such an humourist as I never before convers'd withal : it seems he makes himself free of all places.

Duke.

What would he have ?

Rolliardo.

Thy pardon, mighty man, if it be no treason to pray for thee. Save thee, wilt employ me ? 'tis vacation, and I want work. Ask me not what I can do, let me have money enough, and I'll do any thing.

Duke.

You have your senses ?

Rolliardo.

I take it : I can see greatness big with an imposthume, yet tow'ring in the air like a falcon : I can hear a man swear I am thy eternal slave, and will serve thee ; when, if op-

portunity were offer'd, for price of a plush cloak, he will be the first shall strip thee to the very soul: I can taste wine that another man pays for, and relish any thing that comes of free cost: I can smell a knave thro' a furr'd gown, a politician thro' a surplice, a fool thro' a scarlet outside: I can touch a wench better than a lute, and tell money with a secretary, to shew I ha' lost my feeling: tush, all's nothing, I have a humour to do something to be talk'd on; nothing can come amiss to me; let me have money enough, and, my life to a cheese-paring, I'll do any thing.

Duke.

You'll except somewhat.

Rolliardo.

Not to do o'er the seven wonders of the world, and demolish 'em when I ha' done. Let me have money enough, what star so high, but I will measure by this Jacob's staff? Divine money, the soul of all things sublunary, what lawyer's tongue will not be tipt with silver? and will not money with a judge make it a plain case? Does not gouty greatness find ease with *Aurum palpabile*? and he's a slight physician cannot give a golden glister at a dead list.—Money, I adore thee; it comes near the nature of a spirit, and is so subtle it can creep in at a cranny, be present at the most inward councils, and betray 'em: money! it opens locks, draws curtains, buys wit, sells honesty, keeps courts, fights quarrels, pulls down churches, and builds alms-houses.

Duke.

A wild fellow.

Fulvio.

Will your grace have him punish'd for this insolence?

Duke.

No, his humour is good mirth to us. Whence art?

Rolliardo.

I am of no country.

Duke.

How?

Rolliardo.

I was born upon the sea,

2

Duke.

Duke.

When?

Rolliardo.

In a tempest, I was told—

Morello.

A blust'ring fellow.

Duke.

Thy name?

Rolliardo.

Rolliardo.

Duke.

And how long hast thou been mad thus?

Rolliardo.

Your highness may be merry—and if you have no employment for me, I am gone.

Duke.

Stay, we command you, and bethink again,
What to except in your bold undertaking.

Rolliardo.

I except nothing, nothing Duke, it were no glory
Not to be general, active in all : let me have money
Enough, and I'll do any thing.

Duke.

You shall.

Fulvio.

Will your grace set him a work?

Rolliardo.

Name the action.

Duke.

What say you to a lady?

Rolliardo.

I will fall upon her, as Jupiter on Danae : let me
have a shower of gold, Acrisius' brazen tower shall melt
again, were there an army about it ; I would compass her
in a month, or die for't.

Duke.

Ha !—A lady without guard would try your wit and
money, to get her love.

Rolliardo.

A toy, a toy.

Duke.

Thro' a credulity, you may too much
Traduce the sex, and merit such a justice
No money will buy off:—admit some branches
Grow not so straight and beautiful as nature
Intended them, will you disgrace the stem?
Or for some woman's lenity², accuse
That fair creation? money buy their love!
Promise a salary of that sacred flame
Themselves cannot direct, as guided by
Divine intelligence?

Rolliardo.

Your highness' pardon; if you prohibit, I must not undertake; but let me have freedom and money enough (for that's the circle I walk in) and if I do not conjure up a spirit hot enough to enflame a frozen Lucretia's bosom, make mummy of my flesh, and sell me to the apothecaries³. Try me with some master-piece; a woman's love

² Or for some woman's lenity, accuse
That fair creation? money buy their love!
Promise a salary of that sacred flame
Themselves cannot direct, as guided by
Divine intelligence?] This passage is very obscure, if at all intel-

ligible. In the first line I should not hesitate to read *levity* instead of *lenity*. What follows may have this meaning: *Will you, as if guided by divine intelligence, promise yourself a reward from that heavenly passion, which women, who feel and inspire it, cannot direct for any purpose beneficial to themselves?* —Or, in yet plainer terms: *Do you, as a superior being, pretend to turn the passions, which women cannot direct for their advantage, to your own?* —In defence of this explanation, which is wrung with some degree of violence from the text, it may be observed, that the Duke, who is the speaker, has just imprisoned his daughter, lest she should dispose of herself improperly. Such a sentiment, therefore, from one reflecting on the impotence of female reason, is not out of character; but seems naturally enough to arise from his own particular situation and opinions. S.

³ *make mummy of my flesh, and sell me to the apothecaries.*] “Mummy is said to have been first brought into use in medicine, by the magic of a Jewish physician; who wrote, that flesh thus embalmed was good for the cure of divers diseases, and particularly bruises, to prevent the blood's gathering and coagulating. It is, however, believed, that no use whatever can be derived from it in medicine; and that all which is sold in the shops, whether brought from Venice or Lyons, or even directly

love is as easy as to eat dinner without saying grace, getting of children, or going to bed drunk : let me have money enough, and task me to the purpose.

Fulvio, Orpiano.

He's constant.

Duke.

Admit there be a lady, whom a prince
Might court for her affection ; of a beauty
Great as her virtue ; add unto them birth,
Equal to both, and all three but in her
Not to be match'd—Suppose this miracle
(Too precious for man's eye) were shut up, where
A guard more watchful than the dragons did
Forbid access to mankind :—men pick'd out,
Between whose souls and money were antipathy
Beyond that which we know ; and you as soon
Might bribe to be a saint :—what would you do
With your enough of money, were your life
Engag'd to win her love ?

Rolliardo.

The sky may fall †, and aldermen cry larks
About the city.

Duke.

The fellow's impudent—Sirrah, thou hast landed thyself
upon a rock ; you shall have sense of what you would
contemn, a life : put on a most fortified resolution, you
shall need it ; we have a daughter thus lock'd up —

Fulvio.

What does the Duke mean ?

Duke.

A virgin.

Orpiano.

He is in a passion.

“ directly from the Levant by Alexandria, is fastitious, the work of
“ certain Jews ; who counterfeit it by drying carcases in ovens, after
“ having prepared them with powder of myrrh, caballin aloes, Jewish
“ pitch, and other coarse or unwholesome drugs.” See *Chambers's Dic-*
tionary, voce MUMMY.

† *The sky may fall, &c.*] See note 17, to *The Muse's Looking-Glass*,
vol. 9. p. 197.

Duke.

Shalt not engage thee on a work so much
Impossible as procurement of her love ;
Make it appear, with all thy art, thou canst
Get but access to her. A month we limit ;
But take heed, boaster, if you fail, your life
Shall only satisfy our charge, and teach
All other mountebanks to be at distance,
With such bold undertakings : you shall expect
A severe justice.
By this, I shall know the fidelity of those are trusted.

Rolliardo.

'Tis a match. I shall have money enough ?

Duke.

You shall. What d' ye call enough ?

Rolliardo.

I will not be particular, and agree o' th' sum ; you look
I should die if I perform not, and I'll look to be merry,
and want nothing while I live ; I'll not take the advantage
on you, because I hope to receive credit by it : if I
use now and then a round sum, set me up o' th' tick
for't. But who shall pass his word, if I do this feat, you'll
let me keep my head o' my shoulders ?

Duke.

Our royal word secures thee.

Rolliardo.

'Tis enough.

Fulvio.

What security can your grace expect for his
Forth-coming, if he fail ?

Duke.

We ha' studied that,
'Tis but the loss of some superfluous crowns,
Let the end carry what success fate please,
All the expence will not be lost, to try
The faith of those we shall employ in this.

⁵ *What d' ye call enough ?*] In the 4to edition this sentence follows,
which in the errata is directed to be obliterated: " Yet it shall be un-
der twenty thousand crowns. I will not leave the pawn here for twice
so much."

THE BIRD IN A CAGE. 217

Our city's strong, the river that environs
On three parts, shall be carefully attended ;
A wall makes safe a fourth, which shall be guarded.
Our vigils shall be so exact, he shall
Deserve his liberty, if he escape us.
We are constant, sir.

Fulvio.

Would he might pay for his curiosity.

Rolliardo.

I'll wait upon your highness for some earnest : I have a month good, let me have fair play, and my bargain, money enough ; if I do come short, let my head be too heavy for my shoulders ; if I do more than is expected, you'll believe it possible hereafter : when a man has money enough he may do any thing.

Duke.

Maintain your humour still——attend us. [Exeunt.

Manent Morello, Dondolo, and Grutti.

Morello.

Here's a mad fellow ; does he mean to get into the ladies ?

Dondolo.

It seems so.

Grutti.

Or I wou'd not be in his taking when the moon changes.

Morello.

Our best course then is to observe and humour him, he may have a trick more than we know ; he seems to be a good fellow, let's be drunk together, and get him to confess it —— ha !

Dondolo and Grutti.

A match.

Morello.

Like errand knights our valiant wits must wrestle,
To free our ladies from the enchanted castle. [Exeunt.

A C T

A C T II. SCENE I.

*Enter Bonamico and a servant.**Servant.*

D'YE think this hair
And habit will sufficiently disguise you,
From your inquiring creditors ?

Bonamico.

No question.
Have you disperfed my bills about the city ?
Does every publick place carry the fcroll,
As I commanded ?

Servant.

I have been careful.

Bonamico.

What do they fay abroad ? do they not wonder ?

Servant.

They are ftrucken dumb at reading ; he that has
The ufe of tongue, employs it to exprefs
His admiration of your art, your deep,
Invifible art.

Bonamico.

There's hope then we fhall prosper.
In this believing age, Italy is full
Of juggling mountebanks, that fhew tricks with oyls
And powders. Here an empirick dares boast
Himfelf a Paracelfian, and daub
Each poft with printed follies, when he went
O' th' tick with fome midwife, or old woman,
For his whole flock of phyfick. Here a fellow
Only has fkill to make a handsome perriwig,
Or to fow teeth i' th' gums of fome ftate madam,
Which fhe coughs out again, when fo much phlegm
As would not ftrangle a poor flea, provokes her,
Proclaims himfelf a rectifier of nature,
And is believ'd fo, getting more by keeping
Mouths in their quarterly reparations,

I

Than

'Than knowing men for all their art, and pains
In th' cure of the whole body—Shall we doubt
To be made rich, rich, Carlo, by our art,
Whereof I am the first and bold professor
In Italy? we shall grow fat and purchase,
Dost not think so?

Servant.

To go invisible
Who will not learn at any rate?

Bonamico.

True, Carlo.

There may be, in the throng of our admirers,
Some will presume 't above the power of art
To make men walk and talk invisible;
But we can clear the mystery, and make
Mantua in the proof acknowledge it
A matter feasible—Here's some customer:

Enter Rolliardo.

Ha! tis the humourist, the undertaker,
The bird I spread my art for; he has money
Enough, and's apt to prove a fortune to me.

Rolliardo.

So, the covenants are seal'd: I am like a famous cathedral with two rings of bells, a sweet chime o' both sides. Now 'tis nois'd I ha' money enough, how many gallants of all sorts and sexes court me! here's a gentleman ready to run himself in the kennel for haste to give me the wall; this cavalier will kiss my hand, while t'other signior crinckles in th' hams, as he were studying new postures against his turn comes to salute me. As I walk, every window is glaz'd with eyes, as some triumph were in the street; this Madona invites me to a banquet for my discourse, t'other Bona-roba sends me a spark, a third a ruby, a fourth an emerald, and all but in hope to put their jewels to usury, that they may return again with precious interest—Thus far it goes well: very well. What's next?

Bonamico.

Save you, signior.

Rolliardo.

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Rolliardo.

What art thou ?

Bonamico.

One appointed by fate to do you service, fir.

Rolliardo.

But I gave fate no commission to take you up for me ;
I ha' more followers than the Duke already. Pr'ythee have
me commended to the lady Destinies, and tell 'em I am
provided.

Bonamico.

Mistake me not, he speaks to you, has power
To make you happy.

Rolliardo.

Pr'ythee make thyself happy with a warm suit first, thy
house is but poorly thatch'd : and thou be'st so good at
making happy, why hast no better cloaths ?

Bonamico.

'Tis no felicity : or admit the sun
Dispenseth a rich warmth about the world,
Yet hath no heat itself.

Rolliardo.

Philosophy !

Bonamico.

To omit circumstance, I know what you
Have undertaken, to the general
Amazement : upon penalty of death,
You must procure access to the fair princess.
'Tis in my art to help—to perfect what
The Duke holds so impossible

Rolliardo.

How canst thou assist me ?

Bonamico.

Altho' my outside promise not, my brain
Is better furnish'd : I ha' gain'd by study
A secret, will advance the work you labour with ;
I'll teach you, fir, to go invisible —

Rolliardo.

How ? th' hast no cloven foot ; I scent brimstone, and
thou be'st a devil, tell me.

Bonamico.

I trifle not ; I am a man, whose fame

Shall

Shall out-live time, in teaching you this mystery,
For which I must expect reward — you are,
(Loud noise proclaims it) able, and can pay me
Out of the Duke's exchequer, being yourself
His walking treasury.

Rolliardo.

You'll teach me to go invifible, you fay.

Bonamico.

I can, and with your fafety ; for I deal not
With magick, to betray you to a faith
Black and fatanical ; I abhor the devil.

Rolliardo.

Very like fo.

Bonamico.

Which fome have conjur'd into a ring,
To effect the wonder : I admit of no
Suffumigation, incense offer'd to
Infernal fpirits ; but by art, whose rules
Are lawful and demonstrative —

Rolliardo.

You think I admire you all this while — harkee, when
did you eat ? or do you hope again, that you are put to
this pitiful and desperate exigent ? I fee you, my would-
be-invisible, fine knave !

Bonamico.

D' ye mock me, fir ?

Rolliardo.

I'll tell you a better project, wherein no courtier has
prefool'd you. Stick your fkin with feathers, and draw
the rabble of the city for pence apiece to fee a monftrous
bird brought from Peru : baboons have pafs'd for men al-
ready, been taken for ufurers, i' their furr'd gowns and
night-caps : keep a fool in play, to tell the multitude of
a gentle faith, that you were caught in a wildernefs, and
thou may'ft be taken for fome far-country howlet ⁶.

Bonamico.

Do you defpife my art ?

Rolliardo.

Art ! but fuch another word, and I fhall mar the whole

⁶ *houlet.*] i. e. owl.

expectation

expectation of your invifible traffick : in to your neft, and leave me : diftinguifh men before you praftife on 'em ; 'tis wholefome caution.

Bonamico.

I leave you to the mifery of your unbelief. When you hear of me hereafter, you will curfe your fortune to have thus neglected me : fare you well, fir. [Exit.

Enter Perenotto, with three or four of the guard.

Rolliardo.

This is Perenotto, captain of the guard.

Perenotto.

Not yet attempted you ?

1st Guard.

We have not feen him, my lord.

Perenotto.

He's here.

2d Guard.

Is that he that has gold enough ? wou'd I had fome of his yellow-hammers.

Rolliardo.

D' ye hear, you are one of the lift.

1st Guard.

A poor halbert man, fir.

Rolliardo.

Poor ! hold thee, there's gold for thee : — thou wo't be honeft now ?

1st Guard.

O yes, fir.

Rolliardo.

Not a penny ; and thou hadft not been a fool, thou wouldft ha' been a knave, and fo thou might'ft have got by me : yet by thofe fcurvy legs there's fome hope thou'lt be converted ; at all adventures take it.

1st Guard.

I will be what you please, fir.

Rolliardo.

Tell me what condition is that fignior of ; is he rich ?

1st Guard.

He loves money.

Rolliardo.

Rolliardo.

Come, shalt be my pensioner—here's more gold for thee;
and will he take a bribe?

1st Guard.

D'ye make question of that, fir? he bought his office,
and therefore may sell his conscience; he has sold two
hundred on's twice over: he was brought up at court, and
knows what belongs to his place, I warrant you.

Rolliardo.

Good.

1st Guard.

Am I not a knave now, fir?

Rolliardo.

I like thee.

1st Guard.

To your cost:—I hope you wo'not tell him what I say;
but if you do, and he chance to turn me out of my office,
your gold is restorative.

Perenotto.

To your stations, and be circumspect. [Exit Guard.]

Rolliardo.

Noble fir, you are the only man I have ambition to ho-
nour.

Perenotto.

I should be proud to merit such a phrase.

Rolliardo.

'Tis in your power to oblige my soul—we're private,
I am jealous of the wind, lest it convey
Our noise too far. This morn I had some traffick
With a jeweller; and, if my judgment err not,
H'as richly furnish'd me.
What says your lordship to this diamond?

Perenotto.

'Tis a glorious one.

Rolliardo.

Does it not sparkle most divinely, signior?
A row of these stuck in a lady's forehead,
Would make a Persian stagger in his faith,
And give more adoration to this light

Than

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Than to the sun-beam. I ha' fellows to 'em,
A nest of bright ones.

Perenotto.

This box is studded like a frosty night with stars.

Rolliardo.

You have outbid their value ; make me a gainer
In changing them for your commands.

Perenotto.

How, sir !

Rolliardo.

I'm serious.

Perenotto.

I never shall deserve this bounty : if
You'd point me out some service to begin my gratitude—

Rolliardo.

You have a noble soul,
I'll teach you how to merit more.

Perenotto.

I am covetous of such a knowledge.

Rolliardo.

Make but my path a smooth one to the princess—
I am brief, you know my undertaking.

Perenotto.

So I should be a traitor.

Rolliardo.

It comes not near the question of a life : do't, I'll enable you to buy another dukedom, state, and title.

Perenotto.

Altho' 'twere necessary in the affairs
Of such high consequence to deliberate,
Yet for this once I'll be as brief as you,
I wo't not do't.

Rolliardo.

How !

Perenotto.

No indeed, signior, you shall pardon me
At this time, and I'll keep your jewels too,
For they are gifts : hereafter you will know me.
So fare you well, sir.

[Exit.

Rolliardo.

Rolliardo.

Was I not told this officer was corrupt ?
I want faith to believe the miracle.
Sure he does but jest with me, ha ?

Enter Morello, Dondolo, and Grutti.

Morello.

The guard will accept no money.

Dondolo.

What an age do we live in, when officers will take no bribes !

Grutti.

Not the golden one.

Dondolo.

Here's Rolliardo.

Rolliardo.

I'm quite lost.

Grutti.

'Tis he.

Rolliardo.

Yet he keeps my jewels ; there may be some hope :
I'll to him again ; 'tis but his modesty
At first, not to seem easy ; he must be courted.
Statesmen, like virgins, first should give denial,
Experience and opportunity make the trial.—
Save you, gallants.

Morello.

And you go there too, save yourself, you are in a worse pickle than we are.

Dondolo.

And how is 't w' ye, signior ?

Grutti.

Do you thrive in your hopes ?

Rolliardo.

I do not despair, gentlemen ; you see I do not wear my hat in my eyes, crucify my arms, or intreat your lordship's brain to melt in a petition for me.

Morello.

I did but jest, I know you have a way to the wood in
VOL. VIII. your

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your pericranium, what is't? we are honest, simple-minded lords.

Rolliardo.

I think so.

Grutti.

Nay, nay, impart.

Dondolo.

We tell no tales.

Morello.

Wou'd we were whip'd an' we do.

Rolliardo.

Why, shall I tell you?—You are three——

Morello.

Very secret——

Rolliardo.

Coxcombs.

All three.

How?

Rolliardo.

A miserable leaff of court mimicks.

Morello.

Mimicks! what's that?

Rolliardo.

You perfum'd goats.

Morello.

Oh, is that it? I never heard what a mimick was before.

Rolliardo.

D'ye think I am so wretched, in a point that concerns my life and honour, to trust my ways and purposes to you that have no souls?

Dondolo.

No souls!

Morello.

Peace, how comes he to know that?

Grutti.

Why, hast thou none?

Morello.

'Twas more than ever I could see in myself yet.

Rolliardo.

Rolliaro.

Things that have forfeited their creation; and, had not your taylor took compassion on you, you had died to all men's thoughts, who long since wou'd have forgotten that ever there were such things in nature.

Dondolo.

Shall we suffer this?

Rolliaro.

Yes, and make legs, in token of your thankfulness. If I were at leisure, I would make you shew tricks now.

Morello.

Do I look like a jackanapes?

Rolliaro.

But I wo't not.

Morello.

It were not your best course.

Rolliaro.

How?

Morello.

Alas, sir, I should but shame myself, and be laugh'd at 'fore all this company.

Rolliaro.

When you see me next, avoid me as you would do your poor kindred when they come to court. Get you home, say your prayers, and wonder that you come off without beating, for 'tis one of my miracles. [Exit.

Morello.

Had we not better a' gone to tavern, as I plotted at first? he could not have been more valiant in his drink.

Grutti.

I'm glad he's gone.

Dondolo.

I know not what to make on him.

Morello.

Make on him, quotha! he made little reckoning of us, and he had not gone as he did, I should ha' made——

Dondolo.

What?

Morello.

Urine in my breeches——he squeez'd me, I think I was ready to melt o'both sides.

Q 2

Grutti.

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Grutti.

But harkee you, signior, we forget the ladies still.

Morello.

Well remember'd.

Dondolo.

Let's consult to purpose about that—shall we?

Morello.

No, every one think what he can by himself, my thoughts shall be private, and not free at this time; every one scratch his own head.

Grutti.

And he that gets the first hint, communicate—

Dondolo.

A match.

Morello.

Let me see—hum.

Dondolo.

What if I did—nothing, my brains are dull.

Grutti.

Ten to one, but if I did—let it alone, a pox on't; I were best drink some sack, they say it helps invention.

Morello.

O rare!

Both.

Rub, rub, out with it.

Morello.

No, 'tis gone back again, I drank butter'd sack this morning; and it slipt back when 'twas almost at my tongue's end—but it was a delicate project, whatsoever it was.

Grutti.

Recover it with thy finger⁷.

Dondolo.

Follow it, Morello.

Morello.

Now, now, now, let me alone—make no noise, 'tis coming again, I ha't, I ha't—

⁷ Recover it with thy finger.] i. e. make yourself sick, by putting your finger down your throat, and so bring it up again.

Dondolo.

Dondolo.

Hold it fast now.

Grutti.

Lose it not, thou art great with wit ; let us deliver thee ;
what is't ?

Morello.

Some wiser than some——

[They follow him up and down for discovery.]

Dondolo.

Wilt not tell us ?

Grutti.

Didst not promise ?

Morello.

No haste—as occasion serves—it cost more than so, yet
you may know't.

Dondolo.

Well said.

Morello.

Hereafter, but not now—away, do not tempt me, I will
eat the sweat of my own brain ; O rare ! never was such a
strain of wit invented. — D' ye hear, gentlemen, if you
will command me any service to the ladies, I do purpose
to visit them—with a quirk—hey.

Grutti.

How ?

Morello.

Marry do I.

Dondolo.

Nay, Morello.

Morello.

Gentlemen, as I told you, if you have any thing to the
ladies before I go, I am the messenger,—there is a crochet,
and so forth—a carwhichet is found out—your ears—I will
do such a stratagem as never the like was heard of in the
world.—Oh rare !—— *[Exit.]*

Dondolo.

He's mad.

Grutti.

So am I, that he is so reserv'd.
What shall's do ?

Q 3

Enter

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Enter Bonamico.

Bonamico.

Save you, signiors : pray whereabouts is the sign of the invisible man ?

Dondolo and Grutti.

The invisible man !

Bonamico.

Cry ye mercy, now I see it.

[*Exit.*

Dondolo.

See't ! he does more than we can : the gentleman's mistaken, here's no such sign, yet he went in there.

Grutti.

He has better eyes than we to distinguish it.

Enter Servant.

Servant.

This, ay, this is it.

Dondolo.

What is it, pray ?

Servant.

What's that to you ?

Grutti.

In courtesy we ask.

Servant.

Then by the sign this is the house, whither I am going to enquire for a gentleman that teaches men to walk invisible.

Grutti.

That wou'd be seen : this is news.

Servant.

News ! either you have slept long, or you are gentlemen of very small intelligence : examine the next paper you see advanc'd, and inform yourselves. Farewel, gallants.

[*Exit.*

Dondolo.

He's enter'd there too.

Grutti.

Teach men to walk invisible ? a very fine trade !

Dondolo.

Dondolo.

Would 'twere true; we should desire no other device to get in to the ladies.

Enter Bonamico and Servant.

Grutti.

'Tis impossible—see, see, more gentlemen! pr'ythee let's to him, this will be a trick worth our learning.

Dondolo.

Stay, we are not acquainted, let's knock first.

Enter Servant.

Servant.

Your pleasures, gentlemen?

Dondolo.

Pray, sir, what sign is this?

Servant.

The invisible man, sir.

Grutti.

Man! I see no man.

Dondolo.

Here's nothing but a cloud.

Servant.

Right, sir, and he's behind it, the man's invisible.

Dondolo.

Pretty faith; it may be the man i' the moon for aught we know.

Servant.

Wou'd ye any thing with my master?

Grutti.

He does teach to walk invisible, they say.

Servant.

He is the only professor of the miraculous invisible art.

Dondolo.

May we change a little discourse with him?

Servant.

There are some gentlemen with him—but I'll tell him
—I am prevented, he's coming forth himself.

Enter Bonamico.

Dondolo.

Signior Altomaro, I take it.

Bonamico.

'Tis my name, fir, a poor artist, not warm in these parts of Italy.

Grutti.

And you were not too busy, fir—

Bonamico.

Please you walk in, I am now alone : your persons will grace my poor habitation.

Dondolo.

We saw four or five enter but now.

Bonamico.

I ha' dispatch'd 'em, they are fresh departed.

Dondolo.

Which way ?

Grutti.

Here's not a man ; are they not sunk ? came they out here ?

Bonamico.

Upon my credit, fir, no other way.

Dondolo.

Then they went invifible.

Bonamico.

Right, fir, they came hither to that purpose, their designs required hafte.

Grutti.

This man can do't, I fee already.

Dondolo.

Sir, if you can affure us this invifible walking, for we are not fo ignorant as we feem, we have feen the play of the Invifible Knight, and——

Bonamico.

That of the Ring too^s, ha' ye not ?

Dondolo.

Yes.

^s *That of the Ring too.*] This is the comedy of *The Two merry Milk-maids*, or, *The best Words weave the Garland*. By J. C. 1620.

Bonamico.

Bonamico.

The one was magick, and t'other an imposture: what I do is by art, fair and natural. Are you in debt, and fear arresting? you shall save your money in protections, come up to the face of a serjeant, nay, walk by a shoal of these mankind horse-leaches, and be mace-proof⁹. If you have a mind to rail at 'em, or kick some o' their loose flesh out, they sha'not say black's your eye¹⁰, nor with all their lynx's eyes discover you: would you see, when the mercer's abroad, how his man plays the merchant at home with his mistress' silkworm, and deals underhand for commodity——would yourself talk with a lady in secret, sit down, play with her, ravish a diamond from her finger, and bind her soft wrist with a bracelet, kiss her abroad, at home, before her servants, in the presence of her jealous husband; nay trust her up, when the tame lord is abed with her, and to his eyes be undiscovered as the wind, signior? —— do you suspect your mistress plays double? would you hear how she entertains t'other's love, and know what she does i' the closet with the smooth page? —— would you be present at secret counsels, betray letters, see how such a lord paints his thighs, this perfume his breath, t'other marshal his fine French teeth; see this statesman's eyes put out with a bribe, how that officer cozens the Duke, and his secretary abuses 'em both; this lawyer take fees o' both sides, while the judge examines the fertility and price of the manor, before the witnesses, and then decrees who shall have the land? —— would you see justice employ her scales to weigh light gold, that comes in for fees or corruption, and flourish with her sword like a fencer, to make more room for causes i' the court? ——

⁹ *mace-proof.*] Brainworm in *Every Man in his Humour*, when in the disguise of a serjeant or bailiff, says, "A kind of little kings we are, bearing the diminutive of a mace, made like a young artichoke, that always carries pepper and salt in its lf."

¹⁰ *black's your eye.*] The same phrase is in Stubbs's *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1595. p. 65. "Then having estraunged themselves thus for a small space, they returne againe, not to their pristine cursed life (I dare say) but to their countrey, and then no man say *blacke is their eie*, but all is wel, and they as good Christians, as those that suffer them unpunished." The expression is even yet to be heard among the vulgar.

Dondolo.

Dondolo.

All this and more may be done, if we can but go invisible; but how can you assure us of that? I would fain see any man go invisible once.

Bonamico.

See him, sir?

Grutti.

Video pro intelligo, I mean, sir.

Bonamico.

Nay, sir, you need not distinguish, for it is possible to see a man invisible. Observe me, you see me now perfectly in every part: if I should walk before you without a body——

Grutti.

How?

Bonamico.

My head only visible, and hanging in the air like a comet.

Dondolo.

That were a strange sight.

Bonamico.

Sometimes nothing shall be seen but my arm, another while one of my legs, hopping without a body.

Grutti.

This is admirable.

Bonamico.

When I please, I will have nothing conspicuous but my hand; nay, perhaps my little finger.

Dondolo.

Do not you conjure then?

Grutti.

Come, you will cast a mist before our eyes.

Bonamico.

'Tis a mystery indeed, but a safe one, signiors.

Dondolo.

Why, look you, sir, if you will be pleased that we may see you first walk invisible, we shall not only credit your art, but at any rate be ambitious to be your disciples.

Bonamico.

Why, gentlemen, you speak but justice, you shall have experiment.

experiment. I will be invisible first, but as t'other in this kind, I will not demonstrate without half in hand; let me have fifty crowns apiece, I'll 'point you a day when I will be invisible.

Grutti.

Can you not do it presently?

Bonamico.

I can be invisible in a twinkling; but what assurance can you have, that I am here at the same instant, when you see no part of me? I may deceive you.

Dondolo.

He says true.

Bonamico.

I do purpose therefore to give you reality and proof, for I will walk invisible, all but—my hand.

Both.

Your hand?

Bonamico.

Only my hand, you shall touch it, see every line in't, and the rest of my body be to you invisible. This will require a little time for preparation; and when, with the consent of your eyes and understandings, I keep my promise in this point, you will think your money's well expended to be taught the mystery.

Dondolo.

This is very fair.

Grutti.

The crowns are ready, sir.

Dondolo.

Expect 'em within this hour.

Enter Rolliardo.

Bonamico.

At your own pleasures.—Ha, Rolliardo! I must not be seen, gentlemen.

Both.

Farewell, incomparable signior—what luck had we to light upon this artist! he sha' not publish it, we'll buy the whole secret at any value, and then get him remove into some other province. — Who's this?

Rolliardo.

Rolliardo.

Am not I mad? sure I am, though I do not know it; and all the world is but a Bedlam, a house of correction to whip us into our senses. I ha' known the time when jewels and gold had some virtue in 'em; the generation of men now are not subject to corruption. Democritus, the world's refin'd.

Dondolo.

'Tis Rolliardo, he looks melancholy; let's have a fling at him.—Give you joy of the great lady, sir: which is the next way to the moon, pray?

Rolliardo.

Bolt upright, musk-cat; and if you make haste, you may be one of her calves: next time she appears, you shall see her beckon to you, with a pair of horns, just o' the size of those are preparing for your forehead, my precious animal.

Dondolo.

Ha, ha, ha, the fellow's mad.

Grutti.

Can you tell, sir, what became of all the swallows, cuckoos, and small birds, we had here last summer?

Rolliardo.

Marry, sir, they went to sea, to avoid the cranes, and there have been mustering ever since; but for want of a woodcock they ha' left behind 'em, they dare not venture upon the pygmies; you may do well to overtake the buzzard, and relieve the army, sir.

Grutti.

Ha, ha, ha.

[Exit.]

Rolliardo.

I shall be grin'd to death, as I walk the streets: 'tis no policy to be dull and modest—but let me see, which way to compass my work, and put myself out of the common laughter; the very children will jeer me shortly I think, and point me out with stones, the precious undertaker. I might have more wit, than to run myself into this calamity—Whom have we next?

Enter

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Enter the Duke, Ambassador, Fulvio, Dondolo, Grutti, Attendants, Courtiers.

The Duke? what stranger's that? I must not seem dejected.

Ambassador.

Is this he, your highness discoursed of?

Duke.

This is the piece made up of all performance,
The man of any thing without exception :
Give him but gold, kings daughters and their heirs,
Though lockt in towers of brass, are not safe from him.
Nay, though I play the chymist with my trust,
And from a million of sure confidences
I draw the spirit of honesty into a few,
He can corrupt 'em.

Rolliardo.

You are my prince, great sir, and you have spoke
Not much unlike a brave one.

Dondolo.

He'll jeer the Duke too.

Rolliardo.

If my head
Come to be paid to you before sun-set,
That day when it is forfeit, I ha' clear'd with you,
And shall depart out of your royal debt ;
There's all you can demand ; a good sharp sword
Will make an even reck'ning.

Ambassador.

He seems confident.

1st Courtier.

With your grace's leave, let me come to him.

Rolliardo.

Now a fierce dog.

1st Courtier.

What came into thy mind, thou daring madman? fool
is a word of favour to thee——

Rolliardo.

So, sir.

1st Courtier.

To undertake such an impossible task?

Rolliardo.

Mushroom——I'll cast away a few words on thee ;

Had

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Had I another life, I'd undertake yet,
 Though I be low in all opinion,
 To venture it, with the riches I have spread
 To corrupt others, to make thee my parasite ;
 I would engage my life to wear no steps
 To thy white daughter : thou and thy grave matron
 Most humbly should present her, when I was pleased too,
 For fear I should refuse the sport you brought me.

Duke.

I never knew man bear his scorn so high. To him some other.

Grutti.

Not I, fir, you shall excuse me, 'twas the last thing I did.

2d Courtier.

In the position general, I'll not touch him,
 For money may be said to purchase all things ;
 But to aspire to my good sovereign's daughter
 Of blessed memory——

Rolliardo.

She's not dead, I hope.

2d Courtier.

There gold and trash was impudently inferr'd,
 And 'twas a task too insolent : in that point
 You'd willingly give a pound of your proud flesh
 To be releas'd.

Rolliardo.

I heard a pound of flesh ¹¹, a Jew's demand once :
 'Twas gravely now remember'd of your lordship —— re-
 leas'd !

Fortune, and courtesy of opinion
 Gives many men nobility of birth,
 That never durst do nobly, nor attempt
 Any design, but fell below their honours.
 Cas'd up in chambers, scarcely air themselves
 But at a horse-race, or i' th' park with puppets.
 That for which I'm your laughter (I speak to
 You flattering tribe of courtiers, to you glow-worms)
 Is my chief glory, that, perhaps, being sprung
 From humble parentage, dare yet attempt
 A deed so far above me, that sets all

¹¹ I heard a pound of flesh, &c.] See *The Merchant of Venice*.

Your wisdoms in combustion. You may think
I've made a sorry bargain for my life :
Let scorers know, in aiming at her only,
My memory after death receives more honour
Than all your marble pinnacles can raise you,
Or alabaster figures, whiter far
Than e'er your souls were ; and that hour I die,
If you dare look upon me without fainting
(Which I much fear) you shall see death so scorn'd,
I mean for any terror, you shall think him
My slave to take my upper garment off¹².

Dondolo.

I told your highness — how you shou'd find him.

Embassador.

A brave resolution.

Duke.

Be this the prologue to the mirth, my lord,
Attends to entertain you ; set on, we'll leave him. Ha,
ha, ha.

[*Exeunt. Rolliardo pulls Fulvio back.*]

Rolliardo.

Sir, I observ'd you noble, and not apt
To throw derision on me with the rest ;
Which does encourage me to ask you a question.

Fulvio.

Name it, sir.

Rolliardo.

Pray, what stranger's that walk'd with the Duke ?

Fulvio.

'Tis an embassador from Florence, sir.

Rolliardo.

An embassador ! his design, I pray ?

¹² *My slave to take my upper garment off.*] If the unjust censure, which Dryden hath passed on our author did not preclude every idea of his having read the works of the latter, the sameness of the words here used, with those put into the mouth of Creon in Oedipus, A. 3, would tempt one to suppose that Mr. Dryden had this line in his mind, when he wrote Creon's description of conscience :

" 'Tis my slave, my drudge, my supple glove ;

" My upper garment, to put on, throw off,

" As I think best : 'Tis my obedient conscience."

The first and third acts of Oedipus were written by Mr. Dryden. See *Defence of the Duke of Guise*.

Fulvio.

Fulvio.

To treat of marriage betwixt our princefs
 And the great Duke's son, desir'd much by our master,
 Who has some hope 'twill be effected too.
 H' as brought rich presents to her.

Rolliardo.

This is all ?

Fulvio.

You have it freely.

[*Exit.**Rolliardo.*

Y'ave honour'd me—Married to Tuscany ?—So, if my
 ambition had been fortunate, I might have been his
 taster : but my stars want influence, they are too dull, and
 weary of my fate : Rolliardo then must forfeit : why that's
 the worst on't ; I will make a glorious blaze in death, and
 while I live make the Duke's treasury pay for't : nor shall
 he accuse me I exhaust him poorly ; I'll study out some
 noble way to build me a remembrance — ha ! — a church
 or college ! tedious, my glass has but few sands ; I must
 do something I may live to finish : — I ha't, I will send
 to all the prisons i' th' city, and pay the poor men's debts
 for 'em : the world wants such a precedent. I ha' money
 enough : since I fail in my other ends, I will do some
 good deeds before I die, so shall I be more sure of prayers
 than if I built a church ; for they are not certain to con-
 tinue their foundation. Fate, I despise thee : I sink un-
 der no cheap and common action, but sell my life to fame,
 in catching my death by so brave an aspiring.

If I obtain a monument, be this all

Writ on my grave ; *This man climb'd high to fall.*

[*Exit.*

A C T III. SCENE I.

*Enter Guard.**1st Guard.*

C O M E, gentlemen, we must watch still, that none
 run away with the princefs.

2d Guard.

2d Guard.

He must have an excellent stomach, that can break these stone-walls to come to her.

3d Guard.

Beside this moveable wall of flesh which we carry.

2d Guard.

One makes towards us.—'Tis a lady.

Enter Morello, like a lady.

Morello.

So, now am I as valiant as Hercules when he turn'd spinster. Great Jupiter, the patron of 'scapes, assist my petticoat, and at my return I will sacrifice my linen-breeches to thee. — Here be the men, the men of metal : now, Venus, I beseech thee, an' they be men, they will let a lady enter without many questions.

1st Guard.

Save you, sweet lady ; your affairs this way ?

Morello.

I go but in to the princess.

1st Guard.

From whom ?

Morello.

From the Duke's grace.

1st Guard.

What may be your ladyship's name ?

Morello.

I never thought to give myself a name — My name is madam—um. My name is something an odd name ; but—I do not stand upon't—my name's Thorn.

1st Guard.

Indeed, madam Thorn, if his Grace hath sent you to such a purpose, you must shew something for our discharge.

Morello.

Why, hark'e you, it was but forgotten of the Duke to send his signet — but I ha' brought some of his highness's deputies wi' me : I hope that will satisfy.

[As he takes out money, discovers breeches.]

2d Guard.

By this gold, breeches.

3d Guard.

No, they are but filk — here will be sport ; I have a hint already.

1st Guard.

Say you so ? 'Tis very well — but, madam, we are many and we would be loth to venture ; deal ingeniously ⁽¹²⁾, sweet lady ; have you no more gold in your breeches ?

Morello.

Not a doit, as I am virtuous and sinful.

1st Guard.

Pafs — but, d'ye hear, an' you should not be secret now ?

Morello.

As I am a gentleman —

3d Guard.

A gentleman ! do'ft hear him ? I'll put him to't.

Morello.

I have left some crowns with your fellow.

2d Guard.

Tush, that wo'not satisfy me.

Morello.

Indeed, I ha' no more money.

2d Guard.

You have commodity : hang this transitory gold — give me — what's this ?

Morello.

Nothing but a wart o' my little finger.

2d Guard.

A wart ! let me see't.

[Pulls off his gloves.

Morello.

'Tis a diamond ; 'twas my mother's legacy — or else —

2d Guard.

Is it your will I should have it ?

Morello.

It was my mother's will I should wear it : her ghost will haunt me, an' I should give it away.

(12) *ingeniously*] Ingeniously and ingenuously are, in our ancient writers, used without the least distinction for each other.

2d Guard.

You know the way back, lady.

Morello.

You will give me my gold again?

1st Guard.

Not a doit, as I am virtuous and sinful. Stand with him for a toy, and know y' ave no warrant from the Duke? 'Tis in our power —

Morello.

D' ye hear, fir, an' it were a diamond of gold you should have it.

2d Guard.

Lady, I kifs your hand.

Morello.

Y' ave kifs'd the ring off my finger, I'm sure.

1st Guard.

Use your fortune; pass.

Morello.

If I get to the ladies, some body shall pay for this, that's my comfort.

3d Guard.

Can you wrestle, madam? [*Takes him by the shoulder.*]

Morello.

Ah — wrestle, fir, ladies do not use to wrestle.

3d Guard.

They are thrown down with their good-wills then. Come, you and I will have a bout: I must hug your little body.

1st Guard.

Humour him, and y' are past danger.

Morello.

Would you ha' me tear my clothes?

1st Guard.

I'll persuade him.

2d Guard.

To tell you true, madam, this fellow is an abominable letcher; there is no 'scaping him without a fall; a very satyr; he leaps all comes near him: if your ladyship's modesty can dispense with a private favour — you understand; for our parts, we are satisfied otherwise, and our lips are sew'd up. Take him a one side, and see how you

can mollify him : he's a cock o' the game, and will tread you, an' you were ten Thorns.

Morello.

Mollify him ! doth he use ladies so ? he will mollify me ?

2d Guard.

An' you were his sister, all's one to him : the devil is not more hot and robustious, where he finds opposition to the sport ; therefore the Duke made choice of him, as suspecting some lord might come disguis'd o' this fashion, to prevent dishonour to the princess and ladies. — Use your own discretion.

Morello.

What will become of me ? if he be such a wench he'll ravish me, and discover all. What a rascal was I to venture thus ! I'll give thee my fan to persuade him — help, help.

3d Guard.

Nay then.

[He throws him down, and discovers his breeches.]

Why how now ? breeches !

1st Guard.

This is a man.

2d Guard.

Sure 'tis a woman.

Morello.

To tell you true, gentlemen, I am neither a man nor a woman ; I am an hermaphrodite.

1st Guard.

How ! an hermaphrodite ? what would you do among the ladies, then ?

2d Guard.

An hermaphrodite !

3d Guard.

Let's search him.

Morello.

Ah !

1st Guard.

Stay, let's be advis'd ; if he be such a monster, our best way is to carry him to the Duke.

2d and 3d Guard.

Agreed.

Morello.

I shall be undone. — D 'ye hear, noble friends ; 'tis but a folly to dissemble, I am no such thing, I am no hermaphrodite, I am a friend of yours.

All.

Of ours ?

2d Guard.

Your name, I beseech you ?

Morello.

I did but jest all this while ; the Duke himself put me upon't, to see whether I could cozen you : my name's Morello.

1st Guard.

Signior Morello ! 'tis not possible.

Morello.

As I am virtuous, I am : I am no hermaphrodite ; no matter for the gold or diamonds, 'tis your own. I'll acquaint his Grace how careful I found you ; and if he does not reward you beside, I'll say he's the poorest duke in Christendom : I'll tell him presently.

3d Guard.

Noble signior, we'll wait upon you to him.

Morello.

No, no, 'tis better for me to go alone.

1st Guard.

Your pardon, you shall tell him how careful you found us ; we'll relate to him how cunningly you carried the business.

Morello.

Nay, d 'ye hear, gentlemen —

All.

It must be so, sir ; come, sweet effeminate signior.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Fulvio and Ambassador.

Ambassador.

Y' ave done me a noble office, signior, in this Discovery ; where now lives her banish'd lover ?

R 3

Fulvio.

Fulvio.

My kinsman lives in Florence ; but two days since
I received letters from him.

Embassador.

In Florence too ?

Fulvio.

Sir, you may censure me ;
But my affection to the injur'd lord,
And not without respect unto the honour
Of your master too, hath been the cause of
My free language.

Embassador.

Trust me, signior,
We are all engag'd to study you a recompence ;
But Mantua was unjust to banish him,
For being too much a servant.

Fulvio.

Sir, when princes resolve to punish —

Embassador.

Virtue shall be treason.

'Twas tyranny — why now is she thus cag'd ?

Fulvio.

I can conjecture nothing but his jealousy,
Which will be ever active. By that love
We interchang'd at Pisa, when we grew
Together in our studies, I conjure
Your nobleness to silence.

Embassador.

You will dishonour me by suspicion : — I am charm'd.

Enter Perenotto, Dondolo, and Grutti.

Perenotto.

My honour'd lord !

Embassador.

Signior Perenotto !

Fulvio.

My gentle sparks !

Dondolo and Grutti.

Your servants.

Fulvio.

You are all courtship.

Perenotto.

Perenotto.

Is your lordship for this wonder ?

Embassador.

What wonder, my lord ?

Perenotto.

These pair of gentlemen have discours'd me into admiration ; there's one has undertaken to go invisable.

Embassador.

Invisible !

Perenotto.

This hour expected, and in this place.

Fulvio.

How ?

Dondolo.

With a trick that he has.

Fulvio.

Do you believe him, gentlemen ?

Grutti.

You shall see't.

Dondolo.

We were hereticks in that point ; but our understandings are convinc'd ; he did demonstrate.

Grutti.

And, because you shall know the truth of his art, he will be invisible all but his hand : what think you of that ? the rarest fellow in Christendom.

Embassador.

Nothing visible but his hand ?

Dondolo.

As sure as we have given him a hundred crowns in hand.

Embassador.

Why is not the Duke presented with this novelty ?

Dondolo.

He's travelling to the emperor first ; only as he goes, for our sake, he will shew us a figary of his art.

Enter Rolliardo.

Here's Rolliardo ; he's somewhat costive o' t'other side, wants faith.

R 4

Rolliardo.

Rolliardo.

Save you, nest of courtiers ; smooth faces, rich clothes, and sublime compliments, make you amorous in sight of your ladies. Donzell del Phebo and Rosicleer ¹³, are you there ? what pestilent diseases have you got, that you wear so much musk and civet about you ? Oh for a priest of Cupid to sacrifice you now ! how your breeches would burn like incense, and your hair, disguis'd in sweet powder, leave your bodies in a mist, while your bones were inwardly consuming with the fire of dame Venus's altar !

Dondolo.

The same humourist still.

Rolliardo.

I heard say we shall have strange apparitions i' th' air, and yet invisible wonders ; a hand must appear as fatal to some, as that hung o'er the capitol ; for there is a suspicion some purses will be juggled empty, and as silent as the moon ; no bright Sol appearing, nor a piece of pale-fac'd silver in your silken hemispheres.

Grutti.

He is an infidel.

Rolliardo.

Right, Jehochanan ! right, my precious Jew ! we are all infidel that wo't believe the court-catechism. My lord ambassador, you are welcome from Florence : does the great duke pick fallads still ? I mean continue his assize, return into his exchequer, once in seven years, the wealth of Tuscany ? Vespasian was held covetous for ordaining vessels to receive the beneficial publick urine ; but 'tis heathenism among Christians not to hold *dulcis odor lucri è re qualibet*.

Embassador.

He's mad.

Rolliardo.

Signior Perenotto, it has puzzled my understanding how you can subsist at court, without making use of the

¹³ Donzell del Phebo and Rosicleer.] Famous heroes of Romance. See *The Mirror of Knighthood*, &c. S.

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common sins, flattery and corruption ; take heed, y' are a great man, and 'tis ominous to die in your bed ; a sign your children are like to inherit but weak brains : thou may'st go to heaven, but thy heir had rather thou should'st make a journey to Erebus for the proverb's sake, Happy is that son whose father goes to the devil. — Why when comes out my don Invisible ? may be he's here already, for we cannot see him. What says my squirrel ? thou look'st dull and physical, methinks : the crowns will return again invisibly, never fear it. And how does my grave gymnosophist, whose ambition is to be register'd an honest lord, tho' thou beest buried upon alms, carried to church with four torches, and have an inscription on thy marble worse than the ballad of the *dewil and the baker*, and might be sung to as vile a tune too. — Gentlemen, I'll invite you shortly to see my head cut off ; and do only intreat you would not laugh at me when I am dead ; 'twill shew but poorly in you, and I shall revenge it with my ghost walking.

Fulvio.

Either he is very confident to atchieve his design, or, late grown desperate, he talks so wildly.

Enter Servant.

Dondolo.

I wonder signior Altomaro forgets us ! Now, now ye shall hear : this is his servant ; I know he is not far off. Where is thy master ?

Servant.

He is invisible — this letter is directed to you.

The Letter.

Gentlemen,

That you may perceive I deal plainly with you, I am now invisible all but my hand, and here it is ; you may with ease read every line, as I promis'd upon the receipt of your crowns. —

His hand.

Servant.

Ay, sir, 'tis his own hand, I can assure you.

Omnes.

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Omnes.

Ha, ha, ha !

Dondolo.

He does not mean to serve us so ? thou do'st but jest.
Where is he invisible ?

Servant.

Here, I think, for I cannot see him ; nor do I know
when I shall, or where he will be visible again. Upon di-
ligent search I found this paper, but my master is not to
be found.

Fulvio.

Then he is invisible, indeed.

Rolliardo.

All but his hand. Ha, ha !

Grutti.

I do incline to believe that we are cheated.

Perenotto.

With a trick that he has. Ha, ha, ha !

Embassador.

You were hereticks in that point, till he did demon-
strate. Ha, ha, ha !

Rolliardo.

I cannot contain my merry spleen. Ha, ha !

Fulvio.

Come, my lord, let's leave them now, to be their own
derision.

[*Exeunt Embassador and Fulvio.*]

Enter Guard, with Morello.

Dondolo.

Signior Morello, ha, ha, ha ! How came he in a petti-
coat ?

Morello.

Carry me away quickly ; they will laugh me out of my
little wit.

Rolliardo.

No, no, do not, gentlemen ; remember yourselves.

Grutti.

We wo't not then.

Perenotto.

Morello ! I'll wait upon him to the Duke myself.

Morello.

Morello.

What wise man in Italy would be in my coat now ?

[*Exit.*

Rolliardo.

I was coſtly, and an infidel ; you are Chriſtian cox-combs ; and ſo, while I ſee what will become of the mirth that is gone before, I leave your wiſe ſigniorſhips to the mercy of your garters ; which is a ſpeedy way, after a little time, to make yourſelves inviſible indeed. Fare you well.

[*Exit.*

Dondolo.

Signior Grutti, we are gull'd.

Grutti.

I always thought he would cheat us. What ſhall's do to prevent more laughter ?

Servant.

I am reſolv'd — I ſhall get no more money by him. Gentlemen, be not head-hung, droop not ; 'tis in this ſconce ¹⁴ to revenge yourſelves, and it may be recover your crowns too.

Dondolo.

How, pr'ythee ?

Servant.

My maſter—

Dondolo.

Is inviſible ; we know't too well.

Servant.

What will you give me if I diſcover him to your eyes again, nay, give him to your poſſeſſion ?

Dondolo.

This.

Grutti.

And this — oh quickly.

[*Give him money.*

Servant.

Then firſt know, my maſter is not that man you took him for ; no Altomaro he, but Bonamico the decay'd artiſt, he that made properties, and grew poor for want of pictures ; who, for fear of his creditors, left his dwelling,

¹⁴ ſconce] head. See note 15 to 'Tis Pity She's a Whore, p. 48.

and,

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and, in this quaint disguise, set up the trade of cozening such wise gentlemen as you are.

Grutti and Dondolo.

Bonamico !

Servant.

The same.

Dondolo.

Oh that we could reach him again !

Servant.

Follow me close, and I will bring you within an hair's breadth of his false beard immediately.

Grutti.

That will be excellent.

Dondolo.

Nimbly, good Mercury, nimbly.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Eugenia, Fidella, Mardona, Donella, Katharina, Cassiana.

Fidella.

Madam, you are too passive ; if you be dejected, what must we, whose hopes and blisses depend upon your fortune ?

Donella.

Oh liberty, liberty ! Are all the Roman spirits extinct ? Never a Brutus in nature to deliver poor ladies from this captivity ?

Cassiana.

Since there is no probability of our enlargement, let's be merry, and despise our sufferings, laugh, tell tales, sing, dance, any thing to cozen our melancholy.

Eugenia.

There are some thoughts, that stick upon my memory, I would fain discharge,

Katharina.

Shall we try our lutes, madam ?

Eugenia.

And voices, if you please.

Donella.

Yes, you may try : they say musick built the walls of Thebes ; it were a greater miracle if you could charm these
to

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to fall. I shall never endure to live an anchorite thus ; and, if it were not for the happiness that I do sometimes dream of a man, I should leap the battlement. Now would I give all my jewels for the sight of a pair of breeches, tho' there were nothing in 'em. [Song.]

This but feeds our dullness. Shall we dance, madam, and stir ourselves ?

Cassiana.

I am for that musick : we shall grow to the ground, an' we use no more activity.

Eugenia.

With all my heart.

Donella.

None o' your dull measures¹⁵ ; there's no sport but in your country figaries ; a nimble dance will heat, and make us merry.

[*They dance ; which done, a bell rings.*]

Eugenia.

Hark, the bell.

[*Exit Donella, and enters again with a letter.*]

Donella.

Some news from the Duke ;
A letter, madam, and these jewels.

Eugenia.

Ha ! whence—from Florence ? [Reads.]
This is my father's practice : I'll peruse the paper. [Exit.]

Donella.

I have an excellent hint, ladies, of a mirth
Cannot but please the princess.

Fidella.

What is't ?

Donella.

It will require every one's endeavour :
What if we play some pretty comick story ?

Katharina.

A play ?

Cassiana.

Shall we ?

¹⁵ *dull measures.*] See note 35, to *Alexander and Campaspe*, vol. 2. p. 132.

Donella.

We! do not distrust your own performance. I ha' known men ha' been insufficient, but women can play their parts.

Mardona.

I like it; 'twill be new.

Donella.

We will not present it to the princess,
But engage her person in the action;
We shall be too few else: some pretty interlude,
To square with our number——D' ye allow it?

All.

Willingly.

Donella.

Come, I'll acquaint you with a plot then instantly;
refer yourselves to me for your parts. We can receive no disparagement, our spectators cannot jeer us; for we'll speak but to the people in the hangings, and they have as much judgment as some men, that are but clothes, at most but walking pictures.

Fidella.

I shall be out.

Cassiana.

What part will you give me? I'll be a king.

Katharina.

Thou'lt play a tyrant bravely.

Donella.

Let me alone, I'll fit you all, I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Dondolo and Grutti.

Dondolo.

Now our invisible merchant is cag'd, we may redeem our opinion, and pass again in the rank of discreet courtiers.

Grutti.

I think now, to most of the beholders, he is invisible all but his head, for he has but a small grate to look out at.

Dondolo.

He shall gull no more with his art, I warrant him.

Grutti

Grutti.

Nay, he is like to lie by't; for I hear since, all his creditors, like so many crows, have light upon him, and they'll leave him but a thin carcase.

Dondolo.

Let 'em pick out his eyes, what care we?

Grutti.

He sent me an epistle to take pity on him.

Dondolo.

But, I hope, thou hast more wit than to shew thyself a Christian to such a rascal as he is.

Grutti.

I return'd him my court-compliment, that I was sorry I could not serve him; I would do him any office that stretch'd not to mine own prejudice; that we had taken order with his keepers, upon payment of our sums disburs'd, he might be enlarged.

Dondolo.

Which is impossible.

Enter Bonamico brave.

Pr'ythee let me see his letter; in what submissive language the rogue does beseech us—Most heroic signiors,—good—I throw myself at the feet of your mercy, for to your justice I beg I may not be made a sacrifice—nay, we'll make him beg ere we ha' done.

Grutti.

At the grate.

Dondolo.

I confess I ha' done you wrong—does he so? it shall not serve the turn—there is no hope I shall ever satisfy you,—all the better, lie and rot—if I be known a prisoner to my creditors, I am irrecoverably lost;—oh, compassionate a miserable man, who otherwise must soon forfeit his day-light, and die in a dungeon.—Ha, ha, ha!

Bonamico.

Save you, noble signiors.

Grutti.

Ha!

Dondolo.

'Tis he.

Grutti.

Grutti.

Did he not die in prison, and his ghost haunts us,
brave?—'Tis not he.

Bonamico.

*When this eternal substance¹⁶ of my soul
Did live imprison'd in my wanton flesh,*
and so forth—And how d' ye like don Andrea, gentlemen? poor snake! but he has cast his skin, and recover'd a new coat o' th' Destinies' spinning. The bird is flown again.

Dondolo.

How the devil came he at liberty?

Grutti.

And thus gallant?

Bonamico.

The slave does not beg of your hercick signiorships a court-compassion: debts must be paid: there is no danger of the grate, as the case goes, nor of forfeiting his daylight in a dungeon, if I mistake not, my illustrious pair of wigeons, my serene smooth-faced coxcombs, whose brains are curdled this hot weather. Will your neat worship sell your cloak, ha? or you that superfluous double-hatch'd rapier? there be sums in nature to lend you, upon security that I shall like of.

Dondolo.

He jeers us.

Grutti.

Would we durst beat him.

Bonamico.

You see me now, gentlemen, perfectly: what if I should walk before you without a body, my head hanging in the air like a comet?

*Enter Rolliardo.**Grutti.*

Would thou wer't hang'd any way.

Dondolo.

Here's Rolliardo too.

Ler's be gone.

¹⁶ *When this eternal substance &c.*] See *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. 3.
P.

Bonamico.

Bonamico.

Or shall I appoint you a day when I will be invisible
all but my hand?

Dondolo.

No, I thank you, sir; we have some business at this
present.

Grutti.

Let's to the prison, and know the wonder better:
Noble signior—

Bonamico.

For your crowns—

Dondolo.

We are glad we had 'em for you: dear signior, talk no
more on 'em. [Exeunt.]

Bonamico.

Farewel phantasmas then—ha! 'tis he, sir!

Rolliardo.

Keep your way.

Bonamico.

You do not know me:
But I ha' brought a life, which by your means
Has been preserv'd from wretchedness: your bounty
Deserves you should dispose it.

Rolliardo.

What are you?

Bonamico.

I was the object of a charity
We seldom meet in mankind; from a prison
You sent a sum to free me.

Rolliardo.

Pr'ythee, friend, if thou'st receiv'd a benefit, go home,
and say thy prayers:—I would forget it.

Bonamico.

'Mong many whom your nobleness enlarg'd,
I came to make you tender of my service:
Despise not, sir, my gratitude.

Rolliardo.

D' ye mock me?

Bonamico.

May my soul want Heaven's mercy then! to you,
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Next

Next my creator, I do owe this my being :
 I have a soul is full of thanks ; but name
 Employment to assure you, and you make me twice
 happy.

Rolliardo.

I ha' nothing to say to you.

Bonamico.

Then I ha' something to say to you.

Rolliardo.

How ?

Bonamico.

And you shall hear it too, and give me thanks ;
 Y' ave sow'd your charity in a fruitful ground,
 Which shall return it tenfold, nay one hundred.
 What you have done for me, you shall acknowledge
 I will deserve to th' height.

Rolliardo.

Th' art liberal in language.

Bonamico.

I'll be active——off with this fullen face,
 It scurvily becomes you, d' ye hear ?
 I study'd for you since you paid my debts :
 I'll do you a courtesy, and save your life,
 Which your attempt upon the princess has
 Left desperate : a happy fancy, sir,
 If Heaven will please to prosper it, and you
 Not be your own enemy to refuse it.

Rolliardo.

Ha, ha, ha ! what mean'st ?

Bonamico.

Nay you shall laugh, and heartily, ere I ha' done
 wi' ye.

The Duke does love his daughter, sends her all
 Rarities are presented to him.

Rolliardo.

His soul's not dearer to him——what of that ?

Bonamico.

Why then you shall be admitted into the castle of com-
 fort, that's all : the conceit is in my brain ; and would
 you could as probably get her consent to untie her virgin-
 zone,

zone, as I dispose your access to her : it shall not cost you much. If I fail, instead of saying of my prayers, I'll curse the destinies, and die with you.

Rolliardo.

D' ye hear, I ha' bestow'd three hundred crowns already to set your heels at liberty ; if you do mock me, it shall cost me five hundred but I'll ha' you clapt up again, where you shall howl all day at the grate for a meal at night from the basket ¹⁷.

Bonamico.

Are you in earnest now ?

Rolliardo.

Yes.

Bonamico.

By all that you have threaten'd, so am I : have but the patience to walk and hear me.

Rolliardo.

Can thy art procure this ?

Bonamico.

My art ! why, look you, I made this watch. I'll bestow it on you.

Rolliardo.

What to do ? to reckon the hours I have to live ?

Bonamico.

It sha' not cost me so much trouble as that toy did, to

¹⁷ *the basket.*] In which broken meat was formerly sent to the prisons. S.

Stow says, that " The poorer sort of prisoners, as well in this counter (i. e. the Poultry) as in that in Wood-street, receive daily relief from the Sheriff's table, of all the broken meat and bread." Strype's edition, 1720, B. 3. p. 51. And Massinger, in *The City Madam*, A. 1. S. 1. mentions the Sheriff's basket :

" — thou unthankful wretch,

" Did our charity redeem thee out of prison,

" Thy patrimony spent, ragged and lowly ;

" When *the Sheriff's basket* and his broken meat

" Were your festival exceedings ; and is this

" So soon forgot ?"

At Christmas, and probably at some other times, it is still customary for the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs to visit the markets, and the houses of those who vend either meat or bread, and solicit charity for the prisoners confined in the several jails.

make you master of your wishes still, if Heaven prosper it.
 Come let's talk privately, you shall ha' the plot.
 He that doth many good deeds, it may fall,
 Among the rest, one may reward them all.
 I long to be discoursing it; pray lead the way.

Rolliardo.

Provide, again, you mock me not — come on, sir.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Dondolo and Grutti.

Dondolo.

Rolliardo pay his debts! sure, the fellow that never
 saw much money in's life, now, by the Duke made
 master of so many fums, is grown mad with 'em.

Grutti.

Many other he hath discharg'd, they say.

Dondolo.

He'll undo the exchequer an' he hold on; he shall be
 chronicled for't.

Grutti.

He has some cause to imagine himself short-liv'd, and
 that makes him so desperately charitable toward his end,
 Signior Perenotto!

Enter Perenotto.

Perenotto.

Dondolo and Grutti, news, news for ye.

Dondolo.

What, we beseech you?

Perenotto.

You have lost the best mirth in Italy in your absence;
 your companion Morello—

Dondolo.

Was carried to the Duke in a petticoat, in which he at-
 tempted

tempted a passage to the sequester'd ladies. What's the issue?

Perenotto.

Mirth in abundance.

Grutti.

How came he off?

Perenotto.

Nay, 'tis on still: the Duke, to make himself sport, would call a council, before whom the poor signior must be arraign'd: not to hold you in suspense, the business was merrily discuss'd, and the pitiful projector was judg'd—

Dondolo.

How, how?

Perenotto.

To wear the petticoat for a month: if he appear without it, during the term, he incurs his perpetual exile from court.

Dondolo and Grutti.

Ha, ha, ha!

Perenotto.

You may imagine with what variety of lamentable faces the courtier heard his unexpected sentence; some would have pleaded for him, but for laughter, which continued so long and so high, that he had time to collect his scatter'd senses; and instead of swooning, which was expected, he grew fortify'd, and most humbly besought the Duke, since his sentence had past so definitive, he would be so merciful to admit him that course of a moon to be his jester; that, since he could not shake off the fool's coat, that he might have that favourable pretence to keep it on.

Grutti.

Very good —

Perenotto.

'Twas easily granted; but ever since, to the astonishment of the hearers, he is grown so jocund and airy, nay as if he had been born with a song in's head: he talks everlasting ballad; no man laughs at him, but he lashes him in rhyme worse than a satyr: the Duke has privileg'd his mirth, made him fool-free, and now he plays the tyrant—He's here already!

Enter Morello like a jester.

Morello.

O yes, O yes, O yes,
If there be any one in city or in town,
Can shew me a wise man, I'll please him for his pains.

Perenotto.

Disgrace has made him witty.

Dondolo.

What will you say to him will shew you a wise man?

Morello.

Marry, if he go far, he is not so wise as he should be.
Dondolo, Grutti! old acquaintance, how is't? how is't?

Grutti.

The case is alter'd with you.

Morello.

It does appear so; but nothing can make me proud, I'll
know my fellows.

Perenotto.

How do you mean, Morello?

Morello.

Your lordship may make one at foot-ball;
'Tis all the sport now a-days.

What other is the world than a ball,
Which we run after with hoop and with hollow?
He that doth catch it is sure of a fall,
His heels trip'd up by him that doth follow.

Dondolo.

Do not women play too?

Grutti.

They are too light, quickly down.

Morello.

O yes, they are the best gamesters of all,
For tho' they often lie on the ground,
Not one amongst a hundred will fall,
But under her coats the ball will be found.
*With a fading*¹⁸.

¹⁸ *fading.*] A *fading* is an Irish dance. See Mr. Tyrrel's note on
The Winter's Tale, A. 4. S. 3.

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But we be three of old, without exception to your lordship, only with this difference, I am the wisest fool; for you play the fool in your old cloaths, and I have a new coat on.

Perenotto.

Does it not become him?

Dondolo.

Rarely well; Do you ever mean to resign it?

Grutti.

'Twere pity but he should have a patent for't, to him and his posterity.

Morello.

Hark you, gentlemen, d'ye hear the news?

Dondolo.

News! what news?

Morello.

Do you not hear on't yet? why 'tis in a ballad already.

Grutti.

And thou can'st sing it.

Morello.

'Twas well guess'd, and I can but hit o' the tune.

*There was an invifible fox, by chance
Did meet with two vifible geefe;
He led 'em a fine invifible dance,
For a hundred crowns a-piece.
Invifible all but his hand he would go,
But when it came to be try'd,
Not only his hand which was left he did fhew,
But a fair pair of heels befide.
Invifible fince their wits have been,
But yet there is hope of either,
Their wit and their crowns may return again,
Invifible altogether.* [Exit.

Grutti.

And he continue thus but a moon, he'll make the court mad.

Perenotto.

Oh 'twill be excellent; fince it is not fafe for a wife man

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to speak truth, 'twere pity fools should lose their privilege.
—The Duke.

Enter Duke, Fulvio, and Courtiers.

Fulvio.

My lord.

Duke.

What is't?

Fulvio.

Here's an important suitor calls himself
An artist, humbly craves admittance with
A present which he'd tender to your acceptance,
And, if my judgment err not, a most pleasing one.

Duke.

Let us see him and his present;
It will reward my daughter's patience,
Love, and obedience:—All the rarities
Ten kingdoms yield, shall not be thought too weighty,
That she may shift each solitary hour
With a fresh object.

Enter Bonamico. A cage discover'd.

Dondolo.

Bonamico!

Grutti.

'Tis he.

Duke.

By my love to goodness,
It is a master-piece, 'twill feed the eye
With plenty of delight.

Bonamico.

I am as jocund since I am admitted, I talk as glib,
Methinks, as he that farms the monuments¹⁹.

Duke.

Is't not, sirs?

¹⁹ that farms the monuments.] I suppose he means the monuments in
old St. Paul's, or those in Westminster-Abbey. S.

Perenotta.

Peronotto.

My lord, I have not seen so much delight
In any piece these seven years.

Duke.

Where's the master of this work?

Bonamico.

My lord,
I am the constable, that put all these in the cage, and you
may call it a point of injustice, for they never kept late
hours: tho' they all wear feathers, there's not a roarer
amongst 'em, and yet, were they suffer'd, they'd fly high,
for some of 'em are very lofty-minded.

Duke.

A pleasant fellow too.

Bonamico.

Oh, my lord, we are all born in our degrees to make
one another merry: the birds make me merry, I make my
wife merry, the fool makes your courtiers merry, and the
courtiers make your Grace merry.

Duke.

And whom do I make merry?

Bonamico.

The whole commonwealth, if you govern handsomely.

Duke.

There's salt in's mirth:—
I'll have this fellow wait i' the court.

Bonamico.

I shall be kick'd out by the pages.

Duke.

Why so?

Bonamico.

Because I cannot flatter.

Duke.

A conceited thing:
We lack the humourist Rolliardo here.

Dondolo.

We saw him in the court ere while, my lord

Duke.

This humour would have been a gad-fly to him,
And stung him to the quick,

Bonamico.

Bonamico.

Not altogether so, Duke.

Grutti.

Fellow, what bird is that?

Bonamico.

Fellow!—cry mercy, I do forget you, fellow. I'll tell thee: d'ye not know him? 'tis an Arabian woodcock, the same that carry'd a bunch of grapes in January last to Bethlem Gabor.

Dondolo.

And what call you this?

Bonamico.

This was the duke of Venice his own bulfinch, and taken by the Turks.

Duke.

By the Turks say'st thou? he droops indeed.

Bonamico.

Since his captivity, the wretch endur'd
Much misery by the infidel; it had nothing
But bread and water for three months.

Fulvio.

A shrewd calamity.

Duke.

I do affect this fellow's prate.

Perenotto.

What's this?

Bonamico.

This is the blackbird which was hatcht that day
Gondamore died ²⁰; and, which was ominous,
About that time Spinola's thrush ²¹ forfook him.

²⁰ *Gondamore died.*] The celebrated Embassador from Spain, who obtained an influence over King James, as dishonourable to the crown as disgraceful to the nation. He died a very short time after the king, in the year 1625, at a place called Bunnell, of pure apprehensions of grief, as *Howel* says it was given out. He was then on his way to Flanders, from whence he designed to have come to England. See *Howel's Letters*, edit. 1754, p. 178.

²¹ *Spinola's thrush.*] This seems to allude to some circumstance at that time well known, but now perhaps irrecoverably lost. The marquis of Spinola was the person who carried on the siege of *Ofsend*, mentioned vol. 3d. p. 321, and that of *Bergen*, taken notice of below.

Perenotto.

Was this he ?
Perenotto.

Yes.
Bonamico.

And what was this ?
Duke.

Bonamico.
This was the pigeon was so shrewdly handl'd
For carrying letters at the siege of Bergen ²².

Perenotto.
Alas, pretty bird——

Bonamico.
This, a wagtail of the city, which a silkman
So dearly lov'd, he called it wife, but could not
(Tho' in much jealousy he had cag'd her up)
Keep her from flying out. This was a rail,
Bred up by a zealous brother in Amsterdam ²³,
Which being sent unto an English lady,
Was ta'en at sea by Dunkirkers.—Name but Rome,
And straight she gapes as she would eat the pope;
A bird to be made much on : she and the horse
That snorts at Spain, by an instinct of nature,
Should ha' shewn tricks together. I could run over—
But your gracious pardon.

Duke.
How, our pardon ?

Bonamico.
I'm now another man, and know my distance.

Duke.
This man is good at all.

Bonamico.
My buffoon face is off, I did but shew
The impudent condition of a mountebank,
That sets off base toys with miraculous lyes.
Thus far I'll boast : they are the only choice

²² *the siege of Bergen.*] The town of Bergen was invested by the marquis of Spinola in 1623, but without success. After being before it some time, he found himself obliged to raise the siege.

²³ *Amsterdam*] See note 16, to *The Mayor of Quinborough*, vol. xi. p. 162.

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Italy, and other parts of Europe yield
For the work ; if it prove so fortunate
To receive grace from your divine acceptance,
The workmanship (so duty suffer not)
I freely tender——

Duke.

No, that were to quench
The fire in all deservers—Fulvio.

Fulvio.

My lord.

Duke.

Pay the cost double : I'll fend it to my daughter.

Bonamico.

It takes as art could wish it.

[*Aside.*

Duke.

I know it is a present, the sweet soul
Will raise much joy in.—Signior Perenotto—

Perenotto.

My lord.

Bonamico.

There are two birds I ha' not nam'd.

Dondolo.

What are they?

Bonamica.

A pair of gulls, which you may share between you.

Perenotto.

It shall, my lord.

Duke.

If Florence now keep touch, we shortly shall
Conclude all fear with a glad nuptial.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Eugenia, Fidella, Mardona, Donella, Cassiana,
Katharina.*

Donella.

You like this story best then?

Eugenia.

That of Jupiter and Danae comes near our own.

Donella.

Be it so ; we are all perfect in the plot, I think.

Eugenia.

Eugenia.

You shall dispose the rest.

Donella.

You will not be ambitious then, and quarrel about the parts, like your spruce actor, that will not play out of the best cloaths. and the fine young prince, who if he fight, 'tis six to four he kills all, and gets the lady.

Fidella.

We are constant, you shall appoint 'em.

Donella.

Then, madam, without ceremony, you shall play Danae, that is shut up in the brazen tower.

Eugenia.

Well, I'm contented, 'twill suit with my present fortune.

Donella.

I need not to instruct you in the character.—You shall be the king Acrisius, her father; a jealous, harsh, crabbed man, who, in fear of the oracle, commands her to be thus enclos'd.

Mardona.

So:—I'll fit you for a vinegar king.

Donella.

No matter for properties ²⁴—
We'll imagine, madam, you have a beard.

Fidella.

What shall I play?

Donella.

You must be ladies, whom the king leaves to keep her company; entertain what humour you please.

Cassiana and Katharina.

This is our own parts indeed.

Donella.

You will play it the more natural, and let me alone to play the thunderer, I'll wanton Jove it:—now what your inventions and about it, imagine our scene express'd, and the New-prison, the title advanc'd in form.

²⁴ properties,] in the language of the playhouse, are every implement necessary to the exhibition. See notes by Dr. Johnson and Mr. Steevens to *The Taming of the Shrew*, Induction.

Eugenia.

Eugenia.

The New-prison ! why ?

Donella.

O 'tis an excellent name, where spectators throng together, as ours do methinks in the arras already : the musick have their part. Dispose yourselves for your entrances, while I speak the prologue to our mix'd audience of silk and crewel gentlemen ²⁵ in the hangings.—Hem.

Katharina.

Let it be a confident prologue howsoever.

[*Musick.**Donella.*

Y' are welcome to New-prison : we have still
Our ancient keeper, and we fear he will
Speak in his old key too : but do not look for
Choice diet, for alas, we play the cook for
All you are like to feed on ; let your palate
Expect at most then but a root or fallad
Pick'd from the prison garden. We know you are
Judicious hangings, and well seen ; nor dare
We lift you up (too bold) lest we incense
Your green and spreading wits with impudence.
As I began, let me conclude in rhyme :
Hang still, you learned criticks of the time.

Now Danae and the ladies.

Eugenia.

Was ever father to his child
So unkind ? It makes me wild,
When, to beguile a tedious hour,
From the top of this high tower,
I see every other creature,
Enjoy a liberty by nature.
Can the silver running fountains,
And the cloud-aspiring mountains,
Every grove and flow'ry field,
But a new affliction yield ?

Donella.

This is excellent ; she has play'd the part before.

²⁵ *silk and crewel gentlemen.*] *Crewel* is *worsted*. See note on *King Lear*, A. 2. S. 4. vol. 9. p. 428. edit. 1778. S.

Cassiana.

Cassiana.

Waste not yourself in woeful plaint,
Sorrow will not help restraint.
Think, madam, all is but a dream,
That we are in—Now I am out—beam, cream;
Help me, Katharina, I can make no sense rhyme to't.

Donella.

Cream is as good a rhyme as your mouth can wish; ha,
ha, ha.

Cassiana.

Does not the arras laugh at me? it shakes, methinks.

Katharina.

It cannot chuse, there's one behind does tickle it.

Eugenia.

A dream! alas, 'tis no relief
For us to flatter so much grief!
Fancy wants power to delight,
Or, if we could think it might,
Such a dream so sad would make us,
That it could not chuse but wake us.

Donella.

My lady has help'd her pretty well out of her dream.

Katharina.

The sun with glitt'ring golden rays,
May appear one of these days:
You know always, after winter,
Comes the spring and pleasant summer.

Donella.

Winter and summer! ha, ha, ha.

Mardona.

Winter and summer! by my faith that's well, there's
but half a year between: there be some call themselves
poets, make their rhymes straddle so wide, a twelvemonth
will hardly reconcile 'em, and I hope, a lady may straddle
a little by poetical licence.

Cassiana.

Madam, your father, king Acrisius.

Mardona.

Must I enter already?—Hum.

Eugenia.

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Eugenia.

This is his hour to visit us.

Mardona.

How fares our daughter?

Cassiana.

What voice is that?

Donella.

The king speaks thro' a trunk.

Mardona.

How is't, heroick birth? what dulness, cold
As Saturn's, dwells on thy forehead? be bold
To give thy grief a tongue; instruct, child,
My paternal nature, lest I grow wild
As the rude north:—thought of thee makes my hairs
Silver, my blood is curdled with my cares.

Donella.

Most high and mighty nonsense! sure the king has
swallow'd pills, and his stomach, not able to digest 'em,
does vomit 'em up again.

Mardona.

Is thy organ dumb,
Or am I grown cheap in majesty? trivial fool,
Shall I reap crabbed thistles in neglect for rich love?

Cassiana.

Crabbed language, I am sure.

Donella.

Sure my lady does not understand him?

Eugenia.

If my brow so sad appear,
My fortune's livery I wear.

Mardona.

Weep no more, thy eyes pave the ground with pearl.
My power is rais'd, my crown thy tribute, girl,
Here is nothing to want.

Eugenia.

Nothing to want, indeed? to be
A prisoner speaks all misery.

Mardona.

Curse not thy soft stars, but take thy fair bliss

With

With comfort : free from loud noise and fear is
Thy gaudy station. When I have unskrew'd
Mystical oracles, which not understood,
Do perplex with involv'd sense—I shall then
Enlarge thy person, Danae; till when,
If aught else do clog thy thoughts with unkind
Thoughts, unload the dark burthen of thy mind.
Pronounce thy grief aloud, my amorous darling,
And I will—

Cassiana.

Let him chuse his rhyme, I beseech you, madam.

Mardona.

Uh, uh—cold phlegm obstructs my language—barling,
carling.

Donella.

Ha, ha, 'tis time to make an end,
He was almost choak'd with his own phrase.

Mardona.

And you get me to play an old man again—

Donella.

We'll have a young one for thee; twenty-one and a coat,
is a double game :—my turn comes next.

Eugenia.

He's gone, and leaveth us behind,
To tell our passions to the wind.
Ha! what o' th' suddain doth surprize
My active motion? On my eyes
What dark and heavy cloud doth sit,
To persuade me it is night?
It is some charm; I cannot keep
These windows open, I must sleep.

Enter Jupiter.

Cassiana.

This was well passionated : now comes Jupiter, to take
my lady napping; we'll sleep too: let the wanton have
her swing, would she were a man for her sake.

Jupiter.

Let the musick of the spheres
Captivate these mortal ears;

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While

While Jove descends into this tower,
 In a golden streaming shower.
 To disguise him from the eye
 Of Juno, who is apt to pry
 Into my pleasures, I to-day
 Have bid Ganymed go play,
 And thus stole from heaven to be
 Welcome on earth to Danae.
 And see where the princely maid,
 On her easy couch is laid,
 Fairer than the queen of loves,
 Drawn about with milky doves.
 To thee let Paphian altars smoke,
 Priests thy better name invoke.
 When Hymen lights his holy fires,
 Thou that canst infuse desires
 In the gods, from thy lip
 Let Jove heavenly nectar sip,
 And translate, by kissing thee,
 Into thy breast his deity.
 But I rob myself of treasure,
 This is but the gate of pleasure :
 To dwell here, it were a sin,
 When Elysium is within.
 Leave off then these flatt'ring kisses,
 To rise other greater blisses.

[Bell within.]

Eugenia.

The bell—news from my father.

Cassiana.

Then your play is interrupted, Jove—Madam, I'll see.

Donella.

Beshrew the bell-man ; and you had not wak'd as you
 did, madam, I should ha' forgot myself, and play'd Jupiter
 indeed with you ; my imaginations were strong upon me,
 and you lay sweetly—how now ?

Cassiana.

A present, madam, from the duke : one of the finest
 pieces of pageantry that e'er you saw : 'tis a cage with va-
 riety of birds in it : it moves on wheels. Your assistance,
 ladies, to bring it in.

Eugenia.

Eugenia.

A cage—if from Florence, it shall to the fire,
Or whenceſoe'er : it cannot be intended
But as a mockery of my reſtraint.
I'm very ſad o'th' ſuddain : ha ! 'tis ſo :
Break it to pieces.

Donella.

'Twere pity, madam, to deſtroy ſo much art.

Eugenia.

Yet ſpare the workmanſhip, in the peruſal
There's ſomething pleads for mercy :—I feel within
Some alteration, I know not what ;
Let me intreat your abſence for ſome minutes ;
I am in earneſt, pray do, without reply.
Your eyes ſhall feed with plenteous ſatisfaction
On this gay object, when I call you.

Ladiſs.

We obey you.

[*Exeunt.*

Eugenia.

Yet can't I ſay I am alone, that have
So many partners in captivity.
Sweet fellow-prisoners, 'twas a cruel art,
The firſt invention to reſtrain the wing,
To keep th' inhabitants o' th' air cloſe captive,
That were created to ſky freedom : ſurely
The mercileſs creditor took his firſt light,
And priſons their firſt models, from ſuch bird-loops.
I know yon nightingale is not long liv'd.
See how that turtle mourns, wanting her mate !
And doth the duke, my father, think I can
Take comfort either in reſtraint, or in
The ſight of theſe that every moment do
Preſent it to me ? were theſe tender'd me ?
They ſhall no more be priſoners to pleaſe me,
Nor ſhall the woods be robb'd of ſo much muſic.

[*She opens the cage, and Rolliardo comes from the pillar.*

Rolliardo.

I take you at your word, fair princeſs,
I am the trueſt priſoner : tremble not,
Fear ſies the noble mind, for injury dares not come near.

T 2

Eugenia.

Eugenia.

Sir, what are you ?

Rolliardo.

The humblest of your servants.

Eugenia.

You are not mine, for in this bold attempt
You have undone me.

Rolliardo.

You see I keep at distance.

Eugenia.

Y' are too near ; I will discover you, tho'
I fall myself by your presumption.

Rolliardo.

Hold, be counsell'd rather
But to calm silence for a pair of minutes,
And none shall perish : you shall save him too
That would for your sake lose himself for ever :

Eugenia.

For my sake ? what relation has my birth,
Or any passion I call mine, to you ?

Rolliardo.

Nor doom me unto scorn ; I am a gentleman ;
And when my inimitable resolution
In those attempts whose very sound breeds earthquakes
In other hearers, shall your knowledge fill
With wonder and amaze, you will at least
Think I fall too low, if I love beneath you.

Eugenia.

Ha ! this is a strange accident.

Rolliardo.

Was it less
Than death, dear princess, to adventure hither ?

Eugenia.

It will be death, however.

Rolliardo.

Y' are deceiv'd, lady.

Eugenia.

How I am perplex'd !

Rolliardo.

It had been death ;

Your

Your fight gives me a lease of longer life,
My head stands fast.

Eugenia.

He speaks all mystery : I sha' not get him off,
I fear, without some stain.

Rolliardo.

The truth is, princess, if you now discover me,
(Tho' I made nice at first, to put your fright by)
You cannot harm me much, I ha' done my task.
Do you fear me still ? why is there such a space
Betwixt us, lady ? — Can you keep that man
At so unkind a distance, that for your sake
Has in his undertaking swallow'd danger,
Robb'd death of all his fears ?

Eugenia.

For my sake ?

Rolliardo.

Your's — fair princess, dare you so far trust me yet,
To let me kiss your hand ?

Eugenia.

Audacious ! — fir,
I shall grow loud, if you forget your distance,
Nor that you may hold long —
I'm studying how I should be rid of him without their
Knowledge : yet that's dangerous too, and might
Shew guilt in me, for he will boast on't.

Rolliardo.

Such was the Duke, your gracious father's care,
He would put confidence in none about him,
But saw me brought himself.

Eugenia.

This is a fine paradox.

Rolliardo.

Which must be to high purpose. Come, be wise,
And keep me while you have me ; 'tis but reaping
This fruitless harvest from my cheek and chin,
And you can form the rest. Y' are young and beautiful ;
Lose not the blessing of your youth, sweet princess ;
Fair opportunity waits upon your pleasure ;
You want but the first knowledge of your joy.

T 3

Your

Your blood is ripe ; come, I am confident
 Your will is but controul'd by upstart fears,
 Like advanc'd beggars, that will cheek their princes.
 My safest way is yours now to conceal me,
 It may be thought I have enjoy'd you else ;
 Ill censure soon takes fire : nay, perhaps,
 To be reveng'd of your stern cruelty,
 I'll swear myself I have possess'd you freely.
 Play your game wisely then, your honour lies
 Full at my mercy : come, 'tis in your love
 To lead me to a secret couch.

Eugenia.

Bold villain,
 For these uncivil, most unhallowed words,
 I'll die, but I'll undo thee.

Rolliardo.

Stay, and let me circle in mine arms
 All happiness at once ; I have not soul
 Enough to apprehend my joy, it spreads
 Too mighty for me. — Know, excellent Eugenia,
 I am the prince of Florence, that owe Heaven
 More for thy virtues, than his own creation.
 I was born with guilt enough to cancel
 My first purity ; but so chaste a love
 As thine, will so refine my second being,
 When holy marriage frames us in one piece,
 Angels will envy me.

Eugenia.

Ha, the prince of Florence ?

Rolliardo.

I ha' made no travail for so rich a blessing ;
 Turn me to pilgrimage, divinest beauty,
 And when I ha' put a girdle 'bout the world ²⁶,
 'This purchase will reward me.

Eugenia.

Purchase ! — I am not bought and sold, I hope ?

²⁶ And when I ha' put a girdle 'bout the world.] This expression seems to have been proverbial. See Mr. Steevens's note on *Midsummer's Night Dream*, A. 2. S. 2.

Rolliardo.

Rolliardo.

Give it what name you will, y' are mine, Eugenia.

Eugenia.

Your's, prince ? I do not know by what title you pretend this claim ; I never yet remember that I saw you ; And, if I had any interest in myself, Produce your witness when I gave it you. I have possession yet ; ere I deliver it, You must shew stronger evidence.

Rolliardo.

Are we not contracted ?

Eugenia.

Contracted ! when ? where ? — Good prince, I pity your abuse.

Rolliardo.

'Tis firm between our fathers.

Eugenia.

Mine cannot give away my heart.

Rolliardo.

Cannot ?

Eugenia.

Shall not, prince : 'tis not your travail and your trouble, With this conceit to boot, were it your own Invention, with all your birds about you, That can take me.

Rolliardo.

Is it my person, madam, You hold unworthy ? For my birth and fortune Cannot deserve your scorn.

Eugenia.

It takes not from The greatness of your state, or blood, my lord, To say I cannot love you, since affection Flows uncompell'd, and rests in the clear object ; Nor do I rob your person of just value, If to me other seem as fair and comely. Form may apparel, and become what we Affect, not cause true love : you have enough To promise you a happier choice ; attempt A nobler fate, and leave me to myself,

T 4

And

And humble destiny : for know, Florentine,
 I have but one faith, one love, and though my father
 Lock up my person, 'tis beyond his will
 To make me false to him I gave my faith to ;
 And y' are not noble now if you proceed.
 Be then what you were born, and do not tempt
 A woman to commit a sacrilege :
 For when I give my heart to any other
 Than my Philenzo, I commit that sin.

[*He discovers himself.*]

Rolliardo.

If you'll not pardon, I'll deliver up
 Philenzo to be punish'd for this trial — See, lady.

Eugenia.

My dear banish'd Philenzo !

Rolliardo.

O let not such a glorious building stoop ;
 It is my duty.

Eugenia.

I will make it mine.

Rolliardo.

I have a double duty, for I owe
 Your constancy as much respect and reverence,
 As your most princely person.

Eugenia.

What, for our safety ?

Rolliardo.

Oh with what willingness could I be lost
 In this distracted wilderness of joy !
 To-morrow, madam, I go to my arraignment,

Eugenia.

How ?

Rolliardo.

Spend no fear upon't,
 Your story shall be pleasing : — I ha' much
 To tell you — for your ladies —

Eugenia.

They are mine, what should our innocence
 Fear in their knowledge ? I desire to hear
 The circumstance of this wonder.

Rolliardo.

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Rolliardo.

It attends.

The story past, we must some counsel find ;
The puzzle of our fate is still behind.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Dondolo, Morella, and Grutti.

Dondolo.

WE are sorry we gave thee distaste ; come, let's be friends ; you did apprehend too nicely.

Morello.

Nicely ? it might ha' been your own case.

Grutti.

Come, you were unkind to rub us before the Duke so.

Morello.

Be wise hereafter, and make the fool your friend ; 'tis many an honest man's case at court. It is safer to displease the Duke than his jester : every sentence the one speaks, flatterers make an oracle ; but let the impudent fool bark never so absurdly, other men ha' the wit to make a jest on't ; 'tis policy in state to maintain a fool at court, to teach great men discretion.

Dondolo and Grutti.

Great men ! we are none.

Morello.

No, but you may be, by the length of your wit, and shortness of your memory ; for if you have but wit enough to do mischief, and oblivion enough to forget good turns, you may come to great places in time ; keep a fool o' your own, and then you are made ——

Dondolo.

Made ! what ?

Morello.

Cuckolds, if my lady take a liking to the innocent ²⁷.
O your fool is an excellent fellow upon all occasions.

²⁷ innocent.] See p. 24.

SONG.

S O N G.

A Mong all sorts of people,
 The matter if we look well to,
 The fool is the best ; he from the rest
 Will carry away the bell too.
 All places he is free of,
 And fools it without blushing.
 At masks and plays, is not the bays
 Thrust out, to let the pluck in ?
 Your fool is fine, he's merry,
 And of all men doth fear least ;
 At every word he jests with my lord,
 And tickles my lady in earnest :
 The fool doth pass the guard now,
 He'll kiss his hand and leg it ;
 When wisemen prate, and forfeit their state,
 Who but the fine fool will beg it ?
 He without fear can walk in
 The streets that are so stony ;
 Your gallant sneaks, your merchant breaks,
 He's a fool that does owe no money.

Enter Rolliardo.

Rolliardo.

The Duke, where is the Duke ?

Morello.

He's forthcoming ; there's no more money i' th' ex-
 chequer.

Rolliardo.

I come to give up my accounts, and reckon with him ;
 somebody tell him so.

Morello.

And you do not reckon well with him, he'll be even
 with you ; I'll do your message.

Rolliardo.

Do, and say I sent a fool o' my errand, pr'ythee. Cry
 mercy, such an office would ha' become either of you,
 gentlemen.

Dondolo.

Dondolo.

His tongue moves circular in abuses.

Grutti.

The Duke.

Enter Duke, Fulvio, Perenotto, &c.

Duke.

How now, what day is't ?

Rolliardo.

'Tis holyday.

Duke.

How ?

Rolliardo.

Therefore we are preparing a morris to make your grace merry : they have chosen me for the hobby-horse ²⁸, and, if I do not deceive their expectation, they will laugh at me extremely before I die.

Duke.

Do you come like one prepar'd for death ?

Rolliardo.

Not so well, I hope, as I may be hereafter, unless you will be unjust, and have a desire to be clapt into the chronicles, with some o' your predecessors, for cutting off heads, when you do not like their complexion ; 'tis but laying one block upon another, and I am quickly sent of a headless errand.

Duke.

Injust ! do you remember what fums you owe for ? do not jest away your life.

Rolliardo.

I crave no longer day for 't, and I prove not myself free from my engagements.

Duke.

How ?

Rolliardo.

For although I had not the art to go invisible, as these wise courtiers, nor could counterfeit another sex so be-

²⁸ *bobby-horse.*] See Mr. Tollet's Dissertation on the Morris-Dancers, First Part of Henry IVth, p. 425.

comingy

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comingly as t'other gaudy signior, to introduce me to the ladies ; yet, with your princely licence, I may say, 'tis done.

Duke.

Done ! what is done ?

Perenotto.

He's mad, fir,

Rolliardo.

I come not to petition for a mercy,
But to cry up my merit, for a deed
Shall drown all story ; and posterity,
When it shall find in her large chronicle
My glorious undertaking, shall admire it
More than a Sybil's leaf, and lose itself
In wonder of the action : poets shall
With this make proud their muses, and apparel it
In ravishing numbers, which the soft-hair'd virgins,
Forgetting all their legends, and love-tales
Of Venus, Cupid, and the 'scapes of Jove,
Shall make their only song, and in full quire
Chant it at Hymen's feast.

Duke.

What means this boasting ?

Fulvio.

Rolliardo.

Rolliardo.

You think I am a lost man ; and your gay things,
That echo to your passions, and see through
Your eyes all that's presented, do already
Tickle their very souls, with expectation
To see me beg most miserably for life.
But you are all deceiv'd — here I pronounce
The great work done that cancels all my debts ;
I have had access unto the fair Eugenia,
Your princely daughter, staid, discours'd with her ;
More, she has entertain'd me for her servant.

Perenotto.

Sir, do you believe him ?

Duke.

Thou hast profan'd a name will strike thee dead.

Rolliardo.

Rolliardo.

It cannot be ; for if you mean your daughter,
 'Tis that is my preserver : blest Eugenia,
 To whose memory my heart does dedicate
 Itself an altar, in whose very mention
 My lips are hallowed, and the place a temple
 Whence the divine sound came : it is a voice,
 Which should our holy church-men use, it might
 Without addition of more exorcism
 Disinchant houses, tye up nightly spirits
 Which fright the solitary groves. Eugenia
 When I have nam'd, I needs must love my breath]
 The better after it.

Duke.

Thou hast undone
 Thyself i' th' repetition ; and in this,
 Wherein thou cunningly wouldst beg our pity,
 Thou hast destroy'd it, and not left a thought
 To plead against our anger ; where, before,
 Thy life should have been gently invited forth,
 Now with a horrid circumstance death shall
 Make thy soul tremble, and, forsaking all
 Thy noble parts, it shall retire into
 Some angle of thy body, and be afraid
 To inform thy eyes, lest they let in a horror
 They would not look on.

Rolliardo.

I am still the same, and let me be so bold
 To plead your royal word ; 'twas my security ;
 Nor shall you take mine to induce your faith :
 To what is done, I have more pregnant evidence ;
 Your highness knows that character.

Duke.

Ha, 'tis not so, I'll not believe my eyes :
 Come hither, Fulvio ; Perenotto, read,
 But not too loud ; does she not write to me —
It is unjust you let Rolliardo die,
Unless Eugenia bear him company ?
 Give me the paper.

Perenotto.

Perenotto.

'Tis counterfeit, my lord ; cut off my head
If this be not a jig of his invention.

Duke.

My soul is in a sweat. I feel my blood
Heave in my veins — he looks as he had seen her.
More my prophetick thoughts do whisper to me —

Fulvio.

Believe it not, fir.

Duke.

I wo't not — Perenotto —

Dondolo.

I know not what to think.

Grutti.

The Duke's perplex ; observe.

Rolliardo.

Will either of you speak for me, gentlemen, if the
justice of my cause should fail me ? I'll pay you for't. I
know courtiers, that live upon countenance, must sell their
tongues ; what is the price of yours pray ?

Grutti.

Humble yourself, you coxcomb.

Duke.

Away, and let not him stir, I charge you.
This does intrench too much upon her person.
Have my endeavours to preserve Eugenia,
Of whom I thought so many men unworthy,
Ruin'd themselves ? Human invention
Could not instruct me to dispose her where
She could be more defens'd from all men's eyes :
An anchorite lives not prison'd in a wall
With more security. 'Tis not possible.
Why am I troubled thus ? My fear abuses me ;
In such a cause I would check an oracle.
And shall his dexterous forgery unsettle
My confidence ? I wo't not shew a guilt
Of so much weakness in me. Fulvio —
And gentlemen — we'll speak to you anon.

Rolliardo.

I ha' spoke too much already, it seems ; sure he has sent
for

for her: I dare repose my life on her, to whose trust I gave my heart; she is a thousand witnesses in herself.

Fulvio.

It will be mirth, sir.

Rolliardo.

I like not this consulting—they break off pleasantly—now, in the name of Mercury, what crotchet?

Duke.

I see it is in vain

To interrupt our fate; what is decreed

Above, becomes not mortals to dispute.

Sit there,—nay, be not modest, you were born to't,

And therefore take your place: nay, nay, be cover'd;

Imagine that a crown, and these your subjects,

As, when I die, you know 'twill come to that,

In right of my sole daughter—So: does he not

Look like a prince indeed? appears he not

A pretty lump of majesty?

Dondolo.

He's studying some speech, I'll lay my life—

Duke.

Against his coronation, to thank all

His loving subjects, that as low as earth

Thus offer him their duties.

[*Draw their swords: Eugenia enters and Perenotto.*]

Eugenia.

Hold, I beseech you;

Let not my duty suffer misconstruction,

If, while my knee doth beg your blessing, here

I throw my arms, and circle next to Heaven

What must be dearest to me.

Duke.

Ha?

Eugenia.

My joy of life!

Duke.

Destroy me not.

Eugenia.

Alas! I would preserve all, am so far from killing,

That I would die myself, rather than see

One drop of blood forc'd from his crimson fountain,

1

Or

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Or but one tear rackt from your eye. Oh hear me,
And after let your anger strike two dead,
So you would let us dwell both in one grave;
And did you know how near we were in life,
You would not think it fitting that in death
Our ashes were divided. You have heard,
When the poor turtle's ravish'd from her mate,
The orphan'd dove doth groan away her life
In widow'd solitude; let me call him husband,
And tell yourself the rest.

Duke.

Kill not thy father with one word, Eugenia:
Thy husband?

Eugenia.

I do beseech you hear me.

Duke.

Beg thou may'st be forgotten, 'tis sin
'Bove my forgiveness—This a match for thee?
What man can bring me a certificate
He had a father, or was christen'd? He?
We all are in a dream; awake me, thunder.

Rolliardo.

Temper your passion, sir.

Duke.

Some tortures, to enforce confession from him
How he procur'd access.

Rolliardo.

They sha'not need; you sent me, sir, yourself.

Duke.

We?

Rolliardo.

The cage was my conveyance.

Perenotto.

That was presented lately with the birds, you gave
command.

Duke.

Be dumb, I dare not hear you.

Dondolo.

This was a Bird in a Cage indeed.

Duke.

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Duke.

Search for the traytor Bonamico presently,
He has betray'd me ; they shall suffer both,
Before the noise be spread to our dishonour.

Eugenia.

Yet will you hear me ?

Duke.

I hear too much ; thou hast forgot thy birth,
Thy fortunes, and thy father. Were my cares,
So wonder'd at abroad, censur'd at home,
Worthy of nothing but contempt from thee
For whom they were begotten ? thou hast plough'd
Upon my face ; Canst thou undo a wrinkle,
Or change but the complexion of one hair ?
Yet thou hast gray'd a thousand, taken from me,
Not added to my comforts, more than what
Like an indulgent parent I have flatter'd
Myself into.

Enter Bonamico.

Grutti.

Here is the other traytor, sir.

Duke.

Away with 'em to death.

Eugenia.

Let me go too.

Duke.

It needs not ; thou art dead already, girl,
And in thy shame I and the dukedom suffer ;
Thou may'st remember (false to thy own vow)
Philenzo, whom I banish'd for thy sake :
The title of my subject, and thy love
To him, pull'd our displeasure on him ; since
We studying to add more height to thee,
Thou hast made thyself less, and, for aught we knew,
Clasp'd with the son of earth to cool the fever
Of hot sin in thy veins ; ungrateful to
Philenzo, cold already in thy memory.

Rolliards.

'Tis happiness enough that you have mention'd him ;
And, whether to your mercy or your justice,

See that Philenzo kneels.

Lord Philenzo !

Omnes.

My noble cousin, so near me, and conceal'd !

Eugenia.

Your daughter's knees join with his bended heart,
To beg your pardon.

Duke.

Philenzo ! were not you banish'd, fir ?

Rolliardo.

It was your sentence.

Duke.

On pain of death not to return. Blest fate !
Thou hast reliev'd me ! hadst thou died before
By our command, it would have been thought tyranny,
Tho' none durst tell us so : now we have argument
Of justice, and our every breath is law,
To speak thee dead at once ; we sha' not need
To study a divorce, thy second exile
Shall be eternal, death.

Rolliardo.

You do me honour.

Duke.

Be it your punishment, as you prefer'd him
By art to her, now, by another art,
For ever to divide 'em ; be's executioner,
And after make him higher by the head,
To cure's ambition : see't advanc'd.

Rolliardo.

Ere I go, dread fir,
I have an humble suit ; it is not life
I'll ask, for that I give up willingly,
And call it mercy in you, to immortalize
The affection I shall owe Eugenia ;
Your other banishment is only death,
You new-create me now ; it was my aim,
And my attempt you thought so bold, I made
To serve this end, that, since I could not live,
I might die for her ; pray reprieve my breath

But till I take my leave ; one minute does it ;
It shall be a very short and silent farewell.

Enter Ambassador.

Duke.

'Tis granted.

Fulvio.

My lord ambassador !

Duke.

Not the least whisper of Philenzo, as you value our regard—O, my good lord, welcome !

Ambassador.

Letters to your Grace.

Duke.

They are grateful as my comfort :—Perenotto, let them withdraw ; her vein will be discover'd :—Fulvio, follow and part 'em ; give order for his execution ; off with his head instantly—I can read no more for joy : Perenotto, use your best oratory on my daughter to forget that traitor, and prepare to marry Florence ; 'tis concluded to be solemniz'd by proxy.

Dondolo.

I'll see the execution.

[*Exit.*

Duke.

Now to the rest :

[*Reads.*

Your last letters were acceptable ; and our son before had intention to finish the marriage in his person ; but lately receiving intelligence, that one Philenzo, of noble birth, now in exile, tho' without your consent, had long since interest in your daughter's affection, we thought meet rather to advise for his repeal, than proceed to our dishonour. Where the hearts meet, there only marriages are sacred ; and princes should be exemplary in all justice. Altho' we disclaim in this design, on our parts, we will continue all other princely correspondence.

I am justly punish'd, and have run myself
Into a labyrinth, from whence no art
Can bring me off with safety.—My lord, you may

U 2

Please

Please to retire yourself : a thousand wheels
 Do move prepos't'rous in my brain : what care ?
 I lose myself. Run with a haste thou wouldst
 Preserve my life, and ~~stay the execution~~ :
 I will not have a drop of blood fall from
 Philenzo for my dukedom ! ~~ay~~, I say,
 Thou shouldst be there already.

Enter Dondolo.

How now, has Philenzo still a head on ?

Dondolo.

Yes, my lord.

Duke.

Follow him, and with that nimbleness thou wouldst
 Leap from thy chamber when the roof's a-fire,
 Proclaim aloud our pardon to Philenzo,
 And bring him back to us.

Dondolo.

'Tis too late, sir ; Philenzo's dead already :
 He sav'd the executioner that trouble.
 The voice is, he is poison'd.

Enter Fulvio.

Duke.

Poison'd ! how ?
 Where is Philenzo ?
 This fool reports him poison'd ! what circumstance ?

Fulvio.

He had no sooner parted from Eugenia,
 But suddenly he fainted ; at which fall
 Of his own spirit he seem'd griev'd with shame,
 To shew so little courage near his death,
 Which he call'd martyrdom ; and presently,
 Whether supply'd by other, or prepar'd
 By himself, we know not, he had a vial
 Of water sovereign, as was pretended,
 To enliven his dull heart ; he drank it up ;
 And soon shew'd chearful in his eyes : we led
 Him smiling forward ; but before we could
 Approach the place of death, he sunk again,
 But irrecoverably ; for in vain we apply'd

Our help : by which we did conclude he had
Drank poison.

Duke.

All this talk is such, and thro'
My ear I take it in with as much danger ;
I feel it active in my brain already.
Call our physicians, I will hang 'em all,
Unless they can recover him ; it shall be
Death to save any man hereafter, if
They suffer him to perish.

Enter Perenotto, Eugenia.

Fulvio.

Sir, your daughter !
It seems the accident has arriv'd at her.

Duke.

Arriv'd at her ? fame will soon spread it, Fulvio,
About the world, and we shall be their mockery.
He's dead they tell me, girl ; poison'd, they say, too.

Eugenia.

Oh my Philenzo !

Enter Grutti.

Philenzo's body is brought in, and laid upon a carpet.

Duke.

Eugenia shalt not marry Florence now,
Nor any other, since Philenzo's dead ;
But thou wo't not believe me : had he liv'd
He had been thine ; that minute took him hence,
Wherein I first resolv'd to ha' given thee to him.

Eugenia.

Oh ! do not mock me, sir, to add to my
Affliction ; you ne'er would give me to him.

Duke.

May Heaven forgive me never then ; but what
Avails too late compunction ? Noble gentleman !
Thou shalt have princely funeral, and carry
On thy cold marble the inscription of
Our son in death, and my Eugenia's husband.

U 3

Fulvio.

Fulvio.

Madam, this sorrow for his loss is real.
 We met the Florentine ambassador,
 Who told me the expectation of that prince
 Was now dissolv'd, and messengers were sent
 To stay the execution.

Duke.

Who now
 Shall marry my Eugenia? I have undone
 The hope of our posterity.

Eugenia.

Not so, sir;
 If yet you'll give me leave to make my choice,
 I'll not despair to find a husband.

Duke.

Where?

Eugenia.

Here, royal sir; Philenzo is not dead,
 But made, by virtue of a drink, to seem so;
 Thus to prevent his suffering, that I might,
 Or other friend by my confederacy,
 By begging of his body fit for burial,
 Preserve him from your anger.

Duke.

Do'st not mock me?

Eugenia.

Let me beg your pardon:
 Confident of your change to mercy, I have
 Confess'd what terror could not force me to.

*Enter Morello and Ladies.**Grutti.*

This is pretty, Dondolo.

Duke.

Blessings fall doubly on thee!

Eugenia.

He expects
 Not such a full stream of happiness; Heaven dispose him
 To meet it quickly!

Perenotto.

Here are strange turnings! see, he stirs!

Rolliardo

Rolliardo.

Where am I now? no matter where I be;
'Tis heaven if my Eugenia meet me here:
She made some promise sure to such a purpose.
This musick sounds divinely. Ha, Eugenia!
'Tis so: let's dwell here for eternity.
If I be dead, I wo'not live again;
If living—Ha! I'm lost, lost for ever.

Duke.

Not found till now: take her a gift from me,
And call me father.

Rolliardo.

I am not yet awake.

Eugenia.

Thou art, Philenzo, and all this is truth;
My father is converted.

Rolliardo.

'Tis a miracle!

Duke.

You must believe it:
In sign how we are pleas'd, proclaim this day,
Thro' Mantua, a pardon to all offenders,
As amply as when we took our crown.

Morello.

Then my petticoat is discharg'd.

Dondolo.

Now, lady, you are free.

Grutti.

Make me happy to renew my suit.

Morello.

And mine. Shall's to barlibreak ²⁹?

I was

²⁹ *barlibreak.*] Littleton explains *Chorus circularis*, "Barley-break, when they dance taking hands round."

So in *The Virgin Martyr*, A. 5. S. 1.

"He is at *Barli-break*, and the last couple are now in hell."

The Guardian, A. 1. S. 1.

"Hey-day! there are a legion of young Cupids

"At *Barli-break*."

296 THE BIRD IN A CAGE.

I was in hell last; 'tis little less to be in a petticoat some times.

Ralliar do.

Madam, vouchsafe him kiss your hand;
We owe him much.

Duke.

We'll take him to our service.

Dondola.

I am too much honour'd.

Duke.

And you into our bosom. This day shall
Be consecrate to triumph; and may time,
When 'tis decreed the world shall have an end,
By revolution of the year, make this
The day that shall conclude all memories! [*Exeunt omnes.*]

A new Wonder, A Woman never vent, 1633, A. 2.

" — If you find my mistress

" Have a minde to this coupling at *barly-break*,

" Let her not be the last couple to be left in hell."

Reynard's Deliverance of 266 Christians, 1608. Sign. A. 3.

" — or rather, as lovers roming after young damoisels at *barly-break*."

4
E D I T I O N.

THE BIRD IN A CAGE.

A C O M E D I E,

As it hath beene presented at the *Phœnix* in
Drury-Lane.

The Author J A M E S S H I R L E Y,
Servant to her Majesty.

JUVEN. Satyra 7.

Et Spes & ratio Studiorum in Cæsare tantum.

L O N D O N:

Printed by B. ALSOP, and T. FAWCET, for WILLIAM
COOKE; and are to be sold at his Shop neere *Furni-
vals Inne Gate*, in *Holborne.* 1633.

4to.

THE BIRDMAN IN A CAGE.

A COMEDY.

BY J. A. H. S. SHIPLEY.

THE AUTHOR'S AGENCY.

THE AUTHOR'S AGENCY.

THE AUTHOR'S AGENCY.

THE AUTHOR'S AGENCY.

THE AUTHOR'S AGENCY.

THE AUTHOR'S AGENCY.

THE AUTHOR'S AGENCY.

THE AUTHOR'S AGENCY.

THE
JEW OF MALTA.

THE
NEW ORLEANS
ATLANTA

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND
 Mr. THOMAS HAMMON,
 OF GRAY'S INN, &c.

THIS play, composed by so worthy an author as Mr. Marlow, and the part of the Jew presented by so inimitable an actor as Mr. Allen*, being in this latter age commended to the stage: as I usher'd it unto the court, and presented it to the Cock-pit, with these prologues and epilogues here inserted, so now being newly brought to the press, I was loth it should be published without the ornament of an epistle; making choice of you unto whom to devote it; than whom (of all those gentlemen and acquaintance, within the compass of my long knowledge) there is none more able to tax ignorance or attribute right to merit. Sir, you have been pleased to grace some of mine own works with your courteous patronage: I hope this will not be the worse accepted, because commended by me; over whom, none can claim more power or privilege than yourself. I had no better a new-year's gift to present you with; receive it therefore as a continuance of that inviolable obligation, by which he rests still engaged, who, as he ever hath, shall always remain,

Tuissimus,

THO. HEYWOOD †.

* The praises bestowed on this excellent actor and worthy man, by his contemporaries, would be sufficient to send his name down to posterity with honour, independent of the noble endowment which he founded at Dulwich. He was born in London on the 1st of September, 1566, was early introduced to the stage, and appears to have been at the head of his profession, by which he acquired a considerable fortune: He retired to Dulwich several years before his death, which happened on the 25th of November, 1626. See his life in the *Biographia Britannica*.

† *Thomas Heywood.*] See an account of him, vol. 7th.

T H E

The PROLOGUE spoken at Court.

*G*Racious and great, that we so boldly dare,
 ('Mongst other plays that now in fashion are)
 To present this, writ many years ago,
 And in that age thought second unto none;
 We humbly crave your pardon: we pursue
 The story of a rich and famous Jew
 Who liv'd in Malta: you shall find him still,
 In all his projects, a sound Machiavel;
 And that's his character: he that hath past
 So many censures, is now come at last
 To have your princely ears; grace you him then,
 You crown the action, and renown the pen.

EPILOGUE.

*I*T is our fear (dread sovereign) we have been
 Too tedious; neither can 't be less than sin
 To wrong your princely patience: if we have,
 (Thus low dejected) we your pardon crave:
 And if aught here offend your ear or sight,
 We only act, and speak, what others write.

The PROLOGUE to the Stage at the Cockpit.

*W*E know not how our play may pass this stage,
 But by the best of poets * in that age,
 The Malta Jew had being, and was made;
 And he, then by the best of actors † play'd.

* Marlow.

† Allen.

*In Hero and Leander, one did gain
 A lasting memory ; in Tamerlane,
 This Jew, with others many ; th' other won
 The attribute of peerless, being a man
 Whom we may rank with (doing no one wrong)
 Proteus for shapes, and Roscius for a tongue :
 So could he speak, so vary ; nor is't hate
 To merit, in him † who doth personate
 Our Jew this day, nor is it his ambition
 To exceed, or equal, being of condition
 More modest ; this is all that he intends,
 (And that too, at the urgency of some friends)
 To prove his best, and, if none here gainsay it,
 The part he hath studied, and intends to play it.*

EPILOGUE.

*I**N graving, with Pygmalion to contend ;
 Or painting, with Apelles ; doubtless the end
 Must be disgrace : our actor did not so,
 He only aim'd to go, but not out-go.
 Nor think that this day any prize was play'd ;
 Here were no bets at all, no wagers laid :
 All the ambition that his mind doth swell,
 Is but to hear from you (by me) 'twas well.*

† Perkins.] This was Richard Perkins, one of the performers belonging to the Cockpit theatre in Drury-Lane. His name is printed among those who acted in *Hannibal and Scipio*, by Nabbes ; *The Wedding*, by Shirley ; and *The Fair Maid of the West*, by Heywood. After the play-houses were shut up, on account of the confusion arising from the civil wars, Perkins and Sumner, who belonged to the same house, lived together at Clerkenwell, where they died and were buried. They both died some years before the restoration. See *The Dialogue on Plays and Players*, vol. xii.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MACHIAVEL, *the Prologue.*
 BARABAS, *the Jew.*
 FERNEZE, *Governor of Malta.*
 CALYMATH, *Son to the Grand Signior.*
 DON LODOWICK, *the Governor's son.*
 DON MATHIAS.
 ITHAMORE, *a Turkish Slave.*
 DEL BOSCO *the Spanish Vice Admiral.*
 JACOMO, } *Friars.*
 BARNARDINO, }
 PHILIA BORZO.
 TWO MERCHANTS.
 Three JEWS.
 KNIGHTS.
 BASHAWS.
 OFFICERS.
 READER.

ABIGAIL, *Daughter to Barabas.*
 TWO NUNS.
 ABBESS.
 BELLAMIRA, *a Courtezan.*

THE

T H E

JEW OF MALTA*.

A C T I.

*Enter Machiavel.**Machiavel.*

ALBEIT the world think Machiavel is dead,
 Yet was his soul but flown beyond the Alps,
 And, now the Guize¹ is dead, is come from France
 To view this land, and frolick with his friends.
 To some perhaps my name is odious;
 But such as love me, guard me from their tongues,
 And let them know that I am Machiavel,
 And weigh not men, and therefore not men's words.
 Admir'd I am of those that hate me most;
 Though some speak openly against my books,
 Yet will they read me, and thereby attain
 To Peter's chair: and when they cast me off
 Are poison'd by my climbing followers.
 I count religion but a childish toy,
 And hold there is no sin but ignorance.
 Birds of the air will tell of murders past;
 I am asham'd to hear such fooleries:

* This play, though not printed earlier than 1633, was, with the ballad on the same subject, intituled, *The murtherous Lyfe and terrible Death of the Rich Jewe of Malta*, entered on the Stationers books May 1594. See Mr. Steevens's note to *The Merchant of Venice*.

¹ *the Guize.*] i. e. the duke of Guise, who had been the principal contriver and actor in the horrid massacre on St. Bartholomew's day, 1572. He met with his deserved fate, being assassinated, by order of the French king, in 1588.

Many will talk of title to a crown.
 What right had Cæsar to the empery²?
 Might first made kings, and laws were then most sure
 When, like the Draco's³, they were writ in blood.
 Hence comes it, that a strong-built citadel
 Commands much more than letters can import :
 Which maxim had Phalaris observ'd,
 He had never bellow'd in a brazen bull,
 Of great ones envy ; o' th' poor petty wights,
 Let me be envy'd and not pitied !
 But whither am I bound ? I come not, I,
 To read a lecture here in Britain,
 But to present the Tragedy of a Jew,
 Who smiles to see how full his bags are cramm'd
 Which money was not got without my means.
 I crave but this—grace him as he deserves,
 And let him not be entertain'd the worse
 Because he favours me.

Enter Barabas in his Counting-house, with heaps of gold before him.

Barabas.

So that of thus much that return was made.
 And of the third part of the Persian ships,
 There was the venture summ'd and satisfied.
 As for those Samintes, and the men of Uzz,
 That bought my Spanish oils, and wines of Greece,
 Here have I purst their paltry silverbings⁴.
 Fie ; what a trouble 'tis to count this trash !
 Well fare the Arabians, who so richly pay
 The things they traffick for with wedge of gold,
 Whereof a man may easily in a day

² *Empery.*] The quarto edition reads *empire* ; but to complete the verse we should read *emperry* ; a word that occurs often in our ancient plays. S.

³ *Draco's.*] i. e. The severe law-giver of Athens ; " whose statutes," said Demades, " were not written with ink, but blood." S.

⁴ *Silverbings.*] I am unacquainted with any such word : perhaps we should read *silverings*, or *silverlings* ; a diminutive, to express the Jew's contempt of a metal inferior in value to gold. S.

Tell

Tell that which may maintain him all his life.
 The needy groom, that never finger'd groat,
 Would make a miracle of thus much coin :
 But he whose steel-barr'd coffers are cramm'd full,
 And all his life-time hath been tired,
 Wearing his fingers ends with telling it,
 Would in his age be loth to labour so,
 And for a pound to sweat himself to death.
 Give me the merchants of the Indian mines,
 That trade in metal of the purest mould ;
 The wealthy Moor, that in the Eastern rocks
 Without controul can pick his riches up,
 And in his house heap pearl like pebble-stones ;
 Receive them free, and sell them by the weight ;
 Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
 Jacints, hard topas, grass-green emeralds,
 Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
 And seld seen ⁵ costly stones of so great price,
 As one of them, indifferently rated,
 And of a carrect ⁶ of this quantity,
 May serve, in peril of calamity,
 To ransom great kings from captivity.
 This is the ware wherein consists my wealth :
 And thus methinks should men of judgment frame
 Their means of traffick from the vulgar trade ;
 And as their wealth increaseth, so inclose
 Infinite riches in a little room.
 But now how stands the wind ?
 Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill ?
 Ha ! to the east ? yes : see how stand the vanes ?
 East and by south : why, then I hope my ships
 I sent for Egypt and the bordering isles
 Are gotten up by Nilus' winding banks :
 Mine Argosie from Alexandria,

⁵ *seld seen*] i. e. rarely beheld. See note 7 to *Cornelia*, vol. 2. 242.

⁶ *A carrect*] or carat, a weight of four grains, with which diamonds are weighed. S.

⁷ *Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill ?*] It was anciently believed that this bird (the King Fisher) if hung up, would vary with the wind, and by that means shew from what quarter it blew. See note on *King Lear*, vol. 9. p. 419. edit. 1778. S.

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Loaden with spice and silks, now under sail,
Are smoothly gliding down by Candy shore
To Malta, through our Mediterranean sea.
But who comes here ? how now ?

Enter a Merchant.

Merchant.

Barabas, thy ships are safe
Riding in Malta Road ; and all the merchants
With other merchandize are safe arriv'd,
And have sent me to know whether yourself
Will come and custom them ^s.

Barabas.

The ships are safe thou say'st, and richly fraught ?

Merchant.

They are.

Barabas.

Why then go bid them come ashore,
And bring with them their bills of entry :
I hope our credit in the custom-house
Will serve as well as I were present there.
Go send them threescore camels, thirty mules,
And twenty waggons, to bring up the ware.
But art thou master in a ship of mine ;
And is thy credit not enough for that ?

Merchant.

The very custom barely comes to more
Than many merchants of the town are worth ;
And therefore far exceeds my credit, fir,

Barabas.

Go tell 'em the Jew of Malta sent thee, man :
Tush, who amongst 'em knows not Barabas ?

Merchant.

I go.

Barabas.

So then, there's somewhat come.
Sirrah, which of my ships art thou master of ?

^s *custom them.*] i. e. enter the goods they contain at the custom-house.

S.

Merchant.

Merchant.

Of the Speranza, sir.

Barabas.

And saw'st thou not mine Argosie at Alexandria?
 Thou could'st not come from Egypt, or by Cairo,
 But at the entry there into the sea,
 Where Nilus pays his tribute to the main;
 Thou needs must sail by Alexandria.

Merchant.

I neither saw them, nor inquir'd of them;
 But this we heard some of our seamen say,
 They wondered how you durst, with so much wealth,
 Trust such a crazy vessel, and so far.

Barabas.

Tush, they are wise; I know her and her strength:
 Bye, go, go thou thy ways, discharge thy ship,
 And bid my factor bring his loading in;

[Exit 1st Merchant.]

And yet I wonder at this Argosie.

*Enter a 2d Merchant.**2d Merchant.*

Thine Argosie from Alexandria,
 Know, Barabas, doth ride in Malta Road,
 Laden with riches and exceeding store
 Of Persian silks, of gold, and Orient pearl.

Barabas.

How chance you came not with those other ships
 That sail'd by Egypt?

2d Merchant.

Sir, we saw 'em not.

Barabas.

Belike they coasted round by Candy shore,
 About their oils, or other businesses:
 But 'twas ill done of you to come so far
 Without the aid or conduct of their ships.

2d Merchant.

Sir, we were wafted by a Spanish fleet,
 That never left us till within a league,
 That had the galleys of the Turk in chase.

X 3

Barabas.

Barabas.

Oh, they were going up to Sicily : well, go
And bid the merchants and my men dispatch
And come ashore, and see the freight discharg'd.

2d Merchant.

I go.

[*Exit.*]

Barabas.

Thus trouls our fortune in by land and sea,
And thus are we on every side enrich'd ;
These are the blessings promis'd to the Jews,
And herein was old Abraham's happiness.
What more may Heaven do for earthly man,
Than thus to pour out plenty in their laps,
Ripping the bowels of the earth for them,
Making the sea their servants, and the winds
To drive their substance with successful blasts ?
Who hateth me but for my happiness ?
Or who is honour'd now but for his wealth ?
Rather had I a Jew be hated thus,
Than pitied in a Christian poverty ;
For I can see no fruits in all their faith,
But malice, falshood, and excessive pride ;
Which methinks fits not their profession.
Happily some hapless man hath conscience,
And for his conscience lives in beggary.
They say we are a scatter'd nation ;
I cannot tell, but we have scambled⁹ up
More wealth by far than those that brag of faith.
There's Kirriah Jairim, the great Jew of Greece,
Obed in Bairfeth, Nones in Portugal,
Myself in Malta, some in Italy,
Many in France, and wealthy every one ;
I, wealthier far than any Christian.
I must confess we come not to be kings ;
That's not our fault : alas, our number's few,
And crowns come either by succession,
Or urg'd by force ; and nothing violent,

⁹ *scambled.*] *Scambled* has much the same meaning as *scrambled*. See note on *King Henry V.* vol. 6. p. 9. edit. 1778.

Oft have I heard tell, can be permanent.
 Give us a peaceful rule, make Christians kings,
 That thirst so much for principality.
 I have no charge, nor many children,
 But one sole daughter, whom I hold as dear
 As Agamemnon did his Iphigene;
 And all I have is her's. But who comes here?

Enter three Jews.

1st Jew.

Tush, tell not me 'twas done of policy.

2d Jew.

Come therefore let us go to Barabas;
 For he can counsel best in these affairs;
 And here he comes.

Barabas.

Why how now, countrymen?
 Why flock you thus to me in multitudes
 What accident's betided to the Jews?

1st Jew.

A fleet of warlike galleys, Barabas,
 Are come from Turkey, and lie in our Road;
 And they this day sit in the council-house
 To entertain them and their embassy.

Barabas.

Why let 'em come, so they come not to war;
 Or let 'em war, so we be conquerors:
 Nay, let 'em combat, conquer, and kill all,
 So they spare me, my daughter, and my wealth. [*Aside.*]

1st Jew.

Were it for confirmation of a league,
 They would not come in warlike manner thus.

2d Jew.

I fear their coming will afflict us all.

Barabas.

Fond men, what dream you of their multitudes?
 What need they treat of peace, that are in league?
 The Turks, and those of Malta, are in league.
 Tut, tut, there is some other matter in't.

X 4

1st Jew.

1st Jew.

Why, Barabas, they come for peace or war.

Barabas.

Happily for neither, but to pass along
Towards Venice by the Adriatick sea,
With whom they have attempted many times,
But never could effect their stratagem.

3d Jew.

And very wisely said ; it may be so.

2d Jew.

But there's a meeting in the senate-house ;
And all the Jews in Malta must be there.

Barabas.

Hum ! all the Jews in Malta must be there ?
Aye, like enough ; why then let every man
Provide him, and be there for fashion-sake.
If any thing shall there concern our state,
Assure yourselves I'll look unto myself.

[*Aside.*

1st Jew.

I know you will ; well, brethren, let us go,

2d Jew.

Let's take our leaves ; farewell, good Barabas.

Barabas.

Do so : farewell, Zaareth ; farewell, Temainte.

[*Exeunt Jews.*

And, Barabas, now search this secret out ;
Summon thy senses, call thy wits together :
These silly men mistake the matter clean.
Long to the Turk did Malta contribute ;
Which tribute, all in policy, I fear,
The Turks have let increase to such a sum,
As all the wealth of Malta cannot pay ;
And now by that advantage thinks, belike,
To seize upon the town ; Aye, that he seeks.
Howe'er the world go, I'll make sure of one,
And seek in time to intercept the worst,
Warily guarding that which I have got.

Ego mihimet sum semper proximus.

Why let 'em enter, let 'em take the town.

[*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Governors of Malta, Knights, met by Bashaws of the Turk, and Calymath.

Governor.

Now, Bashaws, what demand you at our hands ?

Bashaw.

Know, Knights of Malta, that we came from Rhodes,
From Cyprus, Candy, and those other isles
That lie betwixt the Mediterranean seas.

Governor.

What's Cyprus, Candy, and those other isles,
To us or Malta ? What at our hands demand ye ?

Calymath.

The ten years tribute that remains unpaid.

Governor.

Alas, my lord, the sum is over great ;
I hope your highness will consider us.

Calymath.

I wish, grave governors, 'twere in my power
To favour you ; but 'tis my father's cause,
Wherein I may not, nay I dare not dally.

Governor.

Then give us leave, great Selim Calymath.

Calymath.

Stand all aside, and let the knights determine :
And send to keep our galleys under sail,
For happily we shall not tarry here.
Now, governors, how are you resolv'd ?

Governor.

Thus : Since your hard conditions are such
That you will needs have ten years tribute paid,
We may have time to make collection
Amongst the inhabitants of Malta for't.

Bashaw.

That's more than is in our commission.

Calymath.

What, Callapine, a little courtesy ?
Let's know their time, perhaps it is not long ;
And 'tis more kingly to obtain by peace,
Than to enforce conditions by constraint.

What

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What respite ask you, governors ?

Governor.

But a month.

Calymath.

We grant a month ; but see you keep your promise.
Now launch our galleys back again to sea,
Where we'll attend the respite you have ta'en ;
And for the money send our messenger.
Farewel, great governors, and brave knights of Malta.

[*Exeunt.*

Governor.

And all good fortune wait on Calymath.
Go one and call those Jews of Malta hither :
Were they not summon'd to appear to-day ?

Officer.

They were, my lord, and here they come.

Enter Barabas and three Jews.

1st Knight.

Have you determined what to say to them ?

Governor.

Yes, give me leave ; and, Hebrews, now come near.
From the emperor of Turkey is arriv'd
Great Selim Calymath, his highness' son,
'To levy of us ten years tribute past ;
Now then, here know that it concerneth us.

Barabas.

Then, good my lord, to keep your quiet still,
Your lordship shall do well to let them have it.

Governor.

Soft, Barabas, there's more 'longs to't than so.
To what these ten years tribute will amount,
That we have cast, but cannot compass it
By reason of the wars, that robb'd our store :
And therefore are we to request your aid.

Barabas.

Alas, my lord, we are no soldiers :
And what's our aid against so great a Prince ?

1st Knight.

Tut, Jew, we know thou art no soldier ;

Thou

Thou art a merchant, and a monied ma,
And 'tis thy money, Barabas, we seek,

Barabas.

How, my lord ! my money ?

Governor.

Thine and the rest ;
For, to be short, amongst you 't must be had.

Barabas.

Alas, my lord, the most of us are poor !

Governor.

Then let the rich increase your portions.

Barabas.

Are strangers with your tribute to be tax'd ?

a Knight.

Have strangers leave with us to get their wealth ?
Then let them with us contribute.

Barabas.

How, equally ?

Governor.

No, Jew, like infidels :
For through our sufferance of your hateful lives,
Who stand accursed in the sight of Heaven,
These taxes and afflictions are befall'n :
And therefore thus we are determin'd ;
Read there the articles of our decrees.

Reader.

First, the tribute money of the Turks shall all be
Levied amongst the Jews, and each of them to pay one
Half of his estate.

Barabas.

How ! half his estate ? I hope you mean not mine.

Governor.

Read on.

Reader.

Secondly, he that denies to pay, shall straight become
A Christian.

Barabas.

How ! a Christian ? Hum, what's here to do ?

Reader.

Lastly, he that denies this, shall absolutely lose all he
has.

All

All three Jews.

Oh, my lord, we will give half.

Barabas.

Oh earth-metall'd villains, and no Hebrews born !
 And will you basely thus submit yourselves
 To leave your goods to their arbitrement ?

Governor.

Why, Barabas, wilt thou be christened ?

*Barabas.*No, Governor, I will be no convertite ¹⁰.*Governor.*

Then pay thy half.

Barabas.

Why know you what you did by this device ?
 Half of my substance is a city's wealth.
 Governor, it was not got so easily ;
 Nor will I part so slightly therewithal.

Governor.

Sir, half is the penalty of our decree,
 Either pay that, or we will seize on all.

Barabas.

Corpo di deo ; stay, you shall have half,
 Let me be us'd but as my brethen are.

Governor.

No, Jew, thou hast denied the articles,
 And now it cannot be recall'd.

Barabas.

Will you then steal my goods ?
 Is theft the ground of your religion ?

Governor.

No, Jew, we take particularly thine,
 To save the ruin of a multitude :
 And better one want for a common good,
 Than many perish for a private man :
 Yet, Barabas, we will not banish thee,
 But here in Malta, where thou got'st thy wealth,
 Live still ; and, if thou canst, get more.

¹⁰ *convertite.*] i. e. convert. So in *King John*, A. 5. S. 1.

"But since you are a gentle *convertite*."

S.

Barabas.

Barabas.

Christians, what, or how can I multiply?
Of nought is nothing made.

1st Knight.

From nought at first thou cam'st to little wealth,
From little unto more, from more to most:
If your first curse fall heavy on thy head,
And make thee poor, and scorn'd of all the world,
'Tis not our fault, but thy inherent sin.

Barabas.

What? bring you scripture to confirm your wrongs?
Preach me not out of my possessions.
Some Jews are wicked, as all Christians are:
But say the tribe that I descended of
Were all in general cast away for sin,
Shall I be try'd by their transgression?
The man that dealeth righteously shall live:
And which of you can charge me otherwise?

Governor.

Out, wretched Barabas, sham'st thou not thus
To justify thyself, as if we knew not
Thy profession? If thou rely upon thy righteousness,
Be patient, and thy riches will increase:
Excess of wealth is cause of covetousness:
And covetousness, oh 'tis a monstrous sin.

Barabas.

Aye, but theft is worse: tush, take not from me, then,
For that is theft; and if you rob me thus,
I must be forc'd to steal, and compass more.

1st Knight.

Grave governors, list not to his exclaims:
Convert his mansion to a nunnery.

Enter Officers.

His house will harbour many holy nuns.

Governor.

It shall be so. Now, Officers, have you done?

Officers.

Aye, my lord, we have seiz'd upon the goods
And wares of Barabas, which, being valued,

Amount

Amount to more than all the wealth in Malta.
And of the other we have seized half.
Then we'll take order for the residue.

Barabas.

Well then, my lord, say are you satisfied?
You have my goods, my money, and my wealth,
My ships, my store, and all that I enjoy'd;
And, having all, you can request no more,
Unless your unrelenting, flinty hearts
Suppress all pity in your stony breasts,
And now shall move you to bereave my life.

Governor.

No, Barabas, to stain our hands with blood
Is far from us and our profession.

Barabas.

Why I esteem the injury far less,
To take the lives of miserable men,
Than be the causers of their misery.
You have my wealth, the labour of my life,
The comfort of mine age, my children's hope;
And therefore ne'er distinguish of the wrong.

Governor.

Content thee, Barabas, thou hast nought but right.

Barabas.

Your extreme right does me exceeding wrong:
But take it to you, i' th' Devil's name.

Governor.

Come, let us in, and gather of these goods
The money for this tribute of the Turk.

1st Knight.

'Tis necessary that he look'd unto:
For if we break our day, we break the league,
And that will prove but simple policy.

[*Exeunt.*

Barabas.

Aye, policy, that's their profession,
And not simplicity, as they suggest.
The plagues of Egypt, and the curse of Heaven,
Earth's barrenness, and all men's hatred,
Inflict upon them, thou *Primus Motor*!
And here upon my knees, striking the earth,

I ban

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I ban¹¹ their souls to everlasting pains,
And extreme tortures of the fiery deep,
That thus have dealt with me in my distress.

1st Jew.

Oh yet be patient, gentle Barabas.

Barabas.

Oh, silly brethren, born to see this day
Why stand you thus unmov'd with my laments?
Why weep you not to think upon my wrongs?
Why pine not I, and die in this distress?

1st Jew.

Why, Barabas, as hardly can we brook
The cruel handling of ourselves in this:
Thou seest they have taken half our goods.

Barabas.

Why did you yield to their extortion?
You were a multitude, and I but one,
And of me only have they taken all.

1st Jew.

Yet, brother Barabas, remember Job.

Barabas.

What tell you me of Job? I wot his wealth
Was written thus: he had seven thousand sheep,
Three thousand camels, and two hundred yoke
Of labouring oxen, and five hundred
She-asses: but for every one of those,
Had they been valued at indifferent rate,
I had at home, and in mine Argosie
And other ships that came from Egypt last,
As much as would have bought his beasts and him,
And yet have kept enough to live upon;
So that not he, but I, may curse the day,
Thy fatal birth-day, forlorn Barabas;

¹¹ I ban their souls.] To ban, is to curse. So in *Arden of Feversham*.

"Nay, if thou ban, let me breath curses forth."

First part of Antonio and Melinda, A. 3.

"Wee wring ourselves into this wretched world,
"To pule and weepe, exclaime to curse and raile,
"To fret, and ban the fates, to strike
"As I doe now."

And

And henceforth wish for an eternal night,
 That clouds of darkness may inclose my flesh,
 And hide these extreme sorrows from mine eyes :
 For only I have toyl'd to inherit here
 The months of vanity and loss of time,
 And painful nights have been appointed me.

2d Jew.

Good Barabas, be patient.

Barabas.

Aye, I pray leave me in my patience.
 You that were ne'er possess'd of wealth, are pleas'd with
 want :

But give him liberty at least to mourn,
 That in a field amidst his enemies,
 Doth see his soldiers slain, himself disarm'd,
 And knows no means of his recovery :
 Aye, let me sorrow for this sudden chance,
 'Tis in the trouble of my spirit I speak ;
 Great injuries are not so soon forgot.

1st Jew.

Come, let us leave him in his ireful mood,
 Our words will but increase his extacy¹².

2d Jew.

On then : but trust me, 'tis a misery
 To see a man in such affliction.
 Farewel, Barabas.

[*Exeunt.*

Barabas.

Aye, fare you well.
 See the simplicity of these base slaves,
 Who, for the villains have no wit themselves,
 Think me to be a senseless lump of clay,
 That will with every water wash to dirt !
 No, Barabas is born to better chance,
 And fram'd of finer mould than common men,
 That measure nought but by the present time.
 A reaching thought will search his deepest wits,
 And cast with cunning for the time to come :
 For evils are apt to happen every day —

¹² *extacy.*] The word extacy, was anciently used, to signify some degree of alienation of mind.

But

But whither wends ¹³ my beauteous Abigail?

Enter Abigail the Jew's daughter.

Oh what has made my lovely daughter sad?

What? woman, moan not for a little loss:

Thy father has enough in store for thee.

Abigail.

Not for myself, but aged Barabas:

Father, for thee lamenteth Abigail:

But I will learn to leave these fruitless tears;

And, urg'd thereto with my afflictions,

With fierce exclaims run to the senate-house,

And in the senate reprehend them all,

And rend their hearts with tearing of my hair,

Till they reduce the wrongs done to my father.

Barabas.

No, Abigail, things past recovery

Are hardly cur'd with exclamations.

Be silent, daughter, sufference breeds ease,

And time may yield us an occasion,

Which on the sudden cannot serve the turn.

Besides, my girl, think me not all so fond ¹⁴

As negligently to forego so much

Without provision for thyself and me.

Ten thousand portagues, besides great pearls,

Rich costly jewels, and stones infinite,

Fearing the worst of this before it fell,

I closely hid.

Abigail.

Where, father?

Barabas.

In my house, my girl.

Abigail.

Then shall they ne'er be seen of Barabas:

For they have seiz'd upon thy house and wares.

Barabas.

But they will give me leave once more, I trow,

¹³ wends.] See note 16 to *Tancred and Gismunda*, vol. 2. p. 174.

¹⁴ fond.] i. e. foolish. See note 16 to *The 2d part of the Honest Whore*, vol. 3. 402.

To go into my house.

Abigail.

That may they not :

For there I left the governor placing nuns,
Displacing me ; and of thy house they mean
'To make a nunnery, where none but their own sect¹⁵
Must enter in ; men generally barr'd.

Barabas.

My gold, my gold, and all my wealth is gone.
You partial Heavens, have I deserv'd this plague ?
What will you thus oppose me, luckless stars,
To make me desperate in my poverty ?
And, knowing me impatient in distress,
Think me so mad as I will hang myself,
That I may vanish o'er the earth in air,
And leave no memory that e'er I was.
No, I will live ; nor loath I this my life :
And, since you leave me in the ocean thus,
To sink or swim, and put me to my shifts,
I'll rouse my senses, and awake myself.
Daughter, I have it : thou perceiv'st the plight
Wherein these Christians have oppress'd me :
Be rul'd by me, for in extremity
We ought to make bar of no policy.

Abigail.

Father, whate'er it be, to injure them
That have so manifestly wronged us,
What will not Abigail attempt ?

Barabas.

Why so ; then thus, thou told'st me they have turn'd
my house
Into a nunnery, and some nuns are there ?

Abigail.

I did.

Barabas.

Then, Abigail, there must my girl
Intreat the Abbess to be entertain'd.

¹⁵ *sect.*] i. e. *sex*. *Sect* and *sex* were, in our ancient dramatick writers, used synonymously for each other. See several instances in Mr. Stevens's note on *The second part of Henry 4th*, A. 2. S. 4.

Abigail.

How, as a nun?

*Barabas.*Aye, daughter : for religion
Hides many mischiefs from suspicion.*Abigail.*

Aye, but, father, they will suspect me there.

*Barabas.*Let 'em suspect ; but be thou so precise
As they may think it done of holiness.
Intreat 'em fair, and give them friendly speech,
And seem to them as if thy sins were great,
Till thou hast gotten to be entertain'd.*Abigail.*

Thus, father, shall I much dissemble.

*Barabas.*Tush, as good dissemble that thou never mean'st,
As first mean truth and then dissemble it ;
A counterfeit profession is better
Than unseen hypocrisy.*Abigail.*Well, father, say I be entertain'd,
What then shall follow?*Barabas.*This shall follow then ;
There have I hid, close underneath the plank
That runs along the upper chamber floor,
The gold and jewels which I kept for thee.
But here they come ; be cunning, Abigail.*Abigail.*

Then, father, go with me.

*Barabas.*No, Abigail, in this
It is not necessary I be seen,
For I will seem offended with thee for't.
Be close, my girl, for this must fetch my gold.*Enter three Friars and two Nuns.**1st Fryer.*

Sisters, we now are almost at the new-made nunnery.

*Y 2**1st Nun.*

1st Nun.

The better ; for we love not to be seen :
 'Tis thirty winters long, since some of us
 Did stray so far amongst the multitude.

1st Friar.

But, madam, this house
 And waters of this new-made nunnery
 Will much delight you.

Nun.

It may be so : but who comes here ?

Abigail.

Grave Abbess, and you happy virgins' guide,
 Pity the state of a distressed maid !

Abbess.

What art thou, daughter ?

Abigail.

The hopeless daughter of a hapless Jew,
 The Jew of Malta, wretched Barabas,
 Sometimes the owner of a goodly house,
 Which they have now turn'd to a nunnery.

Abbess.

Well, daughter, say, what is thy suit with us ?

Abigail.

Fearing the afflictions which my father feels
 Proceed from sin, or want of faith in us,
 I'd pass away my life in penitence,
 And be a novice in your nunnery,
 To make atonement for my labouring soul.

1st Friar.

No doubt, brother, but this proceedeth of the Spirit.

2d Friar.

Aye, and of a moving Spirit too, brother ; but come,
 Let us intreat she may be entertain'd.

Abbess.

Well, daughter, we admit you for a nun.

Abigail.

First let me as a novice learn to frame
 My solitary life to your straight laws ;
 And let me lodge where I was wont to lie :
 I do not doubt, by your divine precepts
 And mine own industry, but to profit much.

Barabas.

Barabas.

As much, I hope, as all I hid is worth.

[Aside.]

Abbess.

Come, daughter, follow us.

Barabas.

Why, how now, Abigail, what mak'st thou
Amongst these hateful Christians?

1st Friar.

Hinder her not, thou man of little faith,
For she has mortified herself.

Barabas.

How? mortified!

1st Friar.

And is admitted to the sisterhood.

Barabas.

Child of perdition, and thy father's shame,
What wilt thou do among these hateful fiends?
I charge thee on my blessing that thou leave
These devils, and their damned heresy.

Abigail.

Father, give me——

Barabas.

Nay back, Abigail,
And think upon the jewels and the gold, *[Whispers to her.]*
The board is marked thus that covers it.
Away, accursed, from thy father's sight!

1st Friar.

Barabas, although thou art in misbelief,
And wilt not see thine own afflictions;
Yet let thy daughter be no longer blind.

Barabas.

Blind Friar, I wreck not thy persuasions.
The board is marked thus † that covers it;
For I had rather die than see her thus.

Wilt thou forsake me too in my distress,
Seduced daughter? Go, forget not.

[Aside to her.]

Becomes it Jews to be so credulous?

To-morrow early I'll be at the door.

[Aside to her.]

No, come not at me; if thou wilt be damn'd,
Forget me, see me not, and so be gone.

Farewel, remember to-morrow morning.
Out, out, thou wretch !

[Aside.
[Exeunt.

Enter Mathias.

Mathias.

Who's this ? fair Abigail, the rich Jew's daughter,
 Become a nun : her father's sudden fall
 Has humbled her, and brought her down to this :
 Tut, she were fitter for a tale of love,
 Than to be tired out with orizons ;
 And better would she far become a bed,
 Embraced in a friendly lover's arms,
 Than rise at midnight to a solemn mass.

Enter Lodowick.

Lodowick.

Why how now, Don Mathias, in a dump ?

Mathias.

Believe me, noble Lodowick, I have seen
 The strangest sight, in my opinion,
 That ever I beheld.

Lodowick.

What was't I pr'ythee ?

Mathias.

A fair young maid, scarce fourteen years of age,
 The sweetest flower in Citherea's field,
 Cropt from the pleasures of the fruitful earth,
 And strangely metamorphos'd Nun.

Lodowick.

But say, What was she ?

Mathias.

Why, the rich Jew's daughter.

Lodowick.

What, Barabas, whose goods were lately seiz'd ?
 Is she so fair ?

Mathias.

And matchless beautiful ;
 As, had you seen her, 'twould have mov'd your heart,
 Tho' countermin'd with walls of brass, to love,
 Or at the least to pity.

Lodowick.

Lodowick.

And if she be so fair as you report,
'Twere time well spent to go and visit her:
How say you, shall we?

Mathias.

I must and will, sir, there's no remedy.

Lodowick.

And so will I too, or it shall go hard.
Farewel, Mathias.

Mathias.

Farewel, Lodowick.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

Enter Barabas with a light.

Barabas.

THUS, like the sad presaging raven, that tolls
The sick man's passport in her hollow beak;
And in the shadow of the silent night
Doth shake contagion from her sable wings;
Vex'd and tormented runs poor Barabas
With fatal curses towards these Christians.
The incertain pleasures of swift-footed time
Have ta'en their flight, and left me in despair;
And of my former riches rests no more
But bare remembrance; like a soldier's scar,
That has no further comfort for his maim.
Oh thou, that with a fiery pillar led'st
'The sons of Israel through the dismal shades,
Light Abraham's offspring; and direct the hand
Of Abigail this night, or let the day
Turn to eternal darkness after this!
No sleep can fasten on my watchful eyes,
Nor quiet enter my distemper'd thoughts,
Till I have answer of my Abigail.

Enter Abigail above.

Abigail.

Now have I happily espy'd a time
To search the plank my father did appoint ;
And here behold' (unseen) where I have found
The gold, the pearls, and jewels which he hid.

Barabas.

Now I remember those old women's words,
Who in my wealth wou'd tell me winters tales,
And speak of spirits and ghosts that glide by night,
About the place where treasure hath been hid ;
And now methinks that I am one of those :
For whilst I live, here lives my soul's sole hope,
And when I die, here shall my spirit walk.

Abigail.

Now that my father's fortune were so good,
As but to be about this happy place !
'Tis not so happy ; yet when we parted last,
He said he wou'd attend me in the morn.
Then, gentle sleep, where'er his body rests,
Give charge to Morpheus, that he may dream
A golden dream, and of the sudden walk,
Come and receive the treasure I have found.

Barabas.

Bien para todos, my ga nada no er :
As good go on, as fit so sadly thus ;
But stay, what star shines yonder in the east ?
The Loadstar ¹⁶ of my life, if Abigail.
Who's there ?

Abigail.

Who's that ?

Barabas,

Peace, Abigail, 'tis I.

Abigail.

Then, father, here receive thy happiness,

[*Throws down bags.*]

¹⁶ *The Loadstar.*] See note 190 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. 3.
p. 186.

Barabas.

Barabas.

Haft thou't ?

Abigail.

Here, haft thou't ?

There's more, and more, and more.

Barabas.

Oh my girl,

My gold, my fortune, my felicity ;

Strength to my soul, death to mine enemy ;

Welcome, the first beginner of my blifs :

Oh Abigail, Abigail, that I had thee here too,

Then my desires were fully satisfied !

But I will practise thy enlargement thence :

Oh girl, oh gold, oh beauty, oh my blifs ! [*Hugs his bags,*

Abigail.

Father, it draweth towards midnight now,

And 'bout this time the nuns begin to wake ;

To shun suspicion, therefore, let us part.

Barabas.

Farewel, my joy, and by my fingers take

A kiss from him, that sends it from his soul.

Now, Phœbus, ope the eye-lids of the day,

And for the raven, wake the morning lark,

That I may hover with her in the air,

Singing o'er these, as she does o'er her young.

Hermoso Piarer, de les Denirch.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Governor, Martin del Bosco, the Knights.

Governor.

Now, captain, tell us whither thou art bound ?

Whence is thy ship that anchors in our road ?

And why thou cam'st ashore without our leave ?

Del Bosco.

Governor of Malta, hither am I bound ;

My ship, the Flying Dragon, is of Spain,

And so am I ; Del Bosco is my name,

Vice admiral unto the Catholic king.

1st Knight.

'Tis true, my lord, therefore intreat him well.

Del Bosco.

Del Bosco.

Our freight is Grecians, Turks, and Africk Moors:
For late upon the coast of Corfica,
Because we vail'd ¹⁷ not to the Spanish fleet,
Their creeping gallies had us in the chase;
But suddenly the wind began to rise,
And then we left, and took, and fought at ease:
Some have we fir'd, and many have we sunk;
But one amongst the rest became our prize:
The captain's slain, the rest remain our slaves,
Of whom we would make sale in Malta here.

Governor.

Martin del Bosco, I have heard of thee;
Welcome to Malta, and to all of us:
But to admit a sale of these thy Turks,
We may not; nay, we dare not give consent,
By reason of a tributary league.

1st Knight.

Del Bosco, as thou lov'st and honour'st us,
Persuade our governor against the Turk:
This truce we have is but in hope of gold,
And with that sum he craves might we wage war.

Del Bosco.

Will Knights of Malta be in league with Turks,
And buy it basely too for sums of gold?
My lord, remember, that, to Europe's shame,
The Christian isle of Rhodes, from whence you came,
Was lately lost, and you were stat'd here,
To be at deadly enmity with Turks.

Governor.

Captain, we know it; but our force is small.

Del Bosco.

What is the sum that Calymath requires?

Governor.

A hundred thousand crowns.

Del Bosco.

My lord and king hath title to this isle,

¹⁷ we vail'd not.] i. e. did not strike or lower our flags. See note
on *The Merchant of Venice*, A. 1. S. 1, edit. 1778. S.

And he means quickly to expel you hence :
 Therefore he rul'd by me, and keep the gold ;
 I'll write unto his majesty for aid,
 And not depart until I see you free.

Governor.

On this condition shall thy Turks be sold.
 Go, officers, and set them straight in shew.
 Bosco, thou shalt be Malta's general ;
 We and our warlike Knights will follow thee
 Against these barbarous mis-believing Turks.

Dal Bosco.

So shall you imitate those you succeed :
 For, when their hideous force environ'd Rhodes,
 Small though the number was that kept the town,
 They fought it out, and not a man surviv'd
 To bring the hapless news to Christendom.

Governor.

So will we fight it out. Come, let's away :
 Proud, daring Calymath, instead of gold,
 We'll send thee bullets wrapt in smoke and fire :
 Claim tribute where thou wilt, we are resolv'd ;
 Honour is bought with blood, and not with gold. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Officers with slaves.

1st Officer.

This is the market-place, here let 'em stand ;
 Fear not their sale, for they'll be quickly bought.

2d Officer.

Every one's price is written on his back ;
 And so much must they yield, or not be sold.

1st Officer.

Here comes the Jew, had not his goods been seiz'd,
 He'd give us present money for them all.

Enter Barabas.

Barabas.

In spite of these swine-eating Christians,
 (Unchosen nation, never circumcis'd ;
 Such poor villains as were ne'er thought upon,
 'Till Titus and Vespasian conquer'd us)

Am

Am I become as wealthy as I was.
 They hop'd my daughter would have been a nun ;
 But she's at home, and I have bought a house
 As great and fair as is the governor's ;
 And there, in spite of Malta, will I dwell,
 Having Ferneze's hand ; whose heart I'll have,
 Aye, and his son's too, or it shall go hard.
 I am not of the tribe of Levy, I,
 That can so soon forget an injury.
 We Jews can fawn like spaniels, when we please ;
 And when we grin we bite, yet are our looks
 As innocent and harmless as a lamb's.
 I learn'd in Florence how to kiss my hand,
 Heave up my shoulders when they call me dog,
 And duck as low as any bare-foot friar ;
 Hoping to see them starve upon a stall,
 Or else be gather'd for in our synagogue ;
 That when the offering-bason comes to me,
 Even for charity, I may spit into't.
 Here comes Don Lodowick, the governor's son,
 One that I love for his good father's sake.

Enter Lodowick.

Lodowick.

I hear the wealthy Jew walked this way ;
 I'll seek him out, and so insinuate,
 That I may have a sight of Abigail ;
 For Don Mathias tells me she is fair.

Barabas.

Now will I shew myself to have more of the serpent
 Than the dove ; that is, more knave than fool.

Lodowick.

Yond walks the Jew ; now for fair Abigail,

Barabas.

Aye, aye, no doubt but she's at your command,

Lodowick.

Barabas, thou know'st I am the governor's son,

Barabas.

I wou'd you were his father too, sir, that's all the harm
 I wish you. The slave looks like a hog's cheek new sing'd,

Lodowick.

Lodowick.

Whither walk'st thou, Barabas?

Barabas.

No further: 'tis a custom held with us,
That when we speak with Gentiles, like to you,
We turn into the air to purge ourselves:
For unto us the promise doth belong.

Lodowick.

Well, Barabas, can'st help me to a diamond?

Barabas.

Oh, sir, your father had my diamonds,
Yet I have one left that will serve your turn;
I mean my daughter: — but ere he shall have her,
I'll sacrifice her on a pile of wood. [Aside.
I ha' the poison of the city for him, and the
White leprosy.

Lodowick.

What sparkle does it give without a foil?

Barabas.

The diamond that I talk of ne'er was foil'd;
But when he touches it, it will be foil'd:
Lord Lodowick, it sparkles bright and fair.

Lodowick.

Is it square or pointed? pray let me know.

Barabas.

Pointed it is, good sir, — but not for you. [Aside.

Lodowick.

I like it much the better.

Barabas.

So do I too.

Lodowick.

How shews it by night?

Barabas.

Outshines Cynthia's rays:
You'll like it better far a nights than days. [Aside.

Lodowick.

And what's the price?

Barabas.

Your life, and if you have it. — Oh my lord,
We will not jar about the price: come to my house

And

And I will giv't your honour — with a vengeance. [*Aside.*

Lodowick.

No, Barabas, I will deserve it first.

Barabas.

Good fir, your father has deserv'd it at my hands,
Who of mere charity and christian ruth¹⁸,
To bring me to religious purity,
And as it were in catechising sort,
To make me mindful of my mortal sins,
Against my will, and whether I would or no,
Seiz'd all I had, and thrust me out a doors,
And made my house a place for nuns most chaste.

Lodowick.

No doubt your soul shall reap the fruit of it.

Barabas.

Aye, but my lord, the harvest is far off :
And yet I know the prayers of those nuns
And holy friars, having money for their pains,
Are wondrous ; *and indeed do no man good :* [*Aside.*
And seeing they are not idle, but still doing,
'Tis likely they in time may reap some fruit,
I mean in fulness of perfection.

Lodowick.

Good Barabas, glance not at our holy nuns.

Barabas.

No, but I do it through a burning zeal,
Hoping ere long to set the house a fire ;
For though they do a while increase and multiply,
I'll have a saying to that nunnery. [*Aside.*
As for that diamond, fir, I told you of,
Come home, and there's no price shall make us part,
Even for your honourable father's sake.
It shall go hard but I will see your death. [*Aside.*
But now I must be gone to buy a slave.

Lodowick.

And, Barabas, I'll bear thee company.

¹⁸ ruth.] i. e. pity. See note 14 to *Tancred and Gismunda*, vol. 2. p. 169.

Barabas.

Barabas.

Come then, here's the market place. What's the price
Of this slave? two hundred crowns? do the Turks weigh
so much?

Officer.

Sir, that's his price.

Barabas.

What, can he steal, that you demand so much?
Belike he has some new trick for a purse;
And if he has, he is worth three hundred plates,
So that, being bought, the town-seal might be got,
To keep him for his life-time from the gallows.
The sessions-day is critical to thieves,
And few or none 'scape but by being purg'd.

Lodowick.

Ratest thou this Moor but at two hundred plates¹⁹?

1st Officer.

No more, my lord.

Barabas.

Why should this Turk be dearer than that Moor?

Officer.

Because he is young, and has more qualities.

Barabas.

What, hast the philosophers stone? and thou hast,
Break my head with it, I'll forgive thee.

Slave.

No fir, I can cut and shave.

Barabas.

Let me see, firrah; are you not an old shave?

Slave.

Alas, fir, I am a very youth.

Barabas.

A youth? I'll buy you, and marry you to Lady Vanity²⁰,
If you do well.

¹⁹ plates.] i. e. pieces of silver money. See note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, vol. 8. p. 295, edition 1778. S.

²⁰ Lady vanity.] A vice or puppet of that name, which is mentioned in one of *Ben Jonson's* Plays.

"Get you a cittern, Lady Vanity!"

S.

Ithamara.

Slave.

I will serve you, sir.

Barabas.

Some wicked trick or other. It may be, under colour
Of shaving, thou'lt cut my throat for my goods.
Tell me, hast thou thy health well?

Slave.

Aye, passing well.

Barabas.

So much the worse; I must have one that's sickly:
And't be but for sparing victuals: 'tis not a stone of beef a
day
Will maintain you in these chops; let me see one
That's somewhat leaner.

1st Officer.

Here's a leaner, how like you him?

Barabas.

Where wast thou born?

Itbamore.

In Thrace; brought up in Arabia.

Barabas.

So much the better, thou art for my turn;
An hundred crowns, I'll have him; there's the coin.

1st Officer.

Then mark him, sir, and take him hence.

Barabas.

Aye, mark him, you were best, for this is he
That by my help shall do much villainy.
My lord farewell: Come, sirrah, you are mine.
As for the diamond, it shall be your's;
I pray, sir, be no stranger at my house,
All that I have shall be at your command.

Enter Mathias and his mother.

Mathias.

What makes the Jew and Lodowick so private?
I fear me 'tis about fair Abigail.

Barabas.

Yonder comes Don Mathias, let us stay;
He loves my daughter, and she holds him dear:

But

But I have sworn to frustrate both their hopes,
And be reveng'd upon the — governor.

Mother.

This Moor is comeliest, is he not? speak, son.

Mathias.

No, this is the better, mother, view this well.

Barabas.

Seem not to know me here before your mother,
Lest she mistrust the match that is in hand:
When you have brought her home, come to my house;
Think of me as thy father. Son, farewell.

Mathias.

But wherefore talk'd Don Lodowick with you?

Barabas.

Tush man, we talk'd of diamonds, not of Abigail.

Mother.

Tell me, Mathias, is not that the Jew?

Barabas.

As for the comment on the Maccabees,
I have it sir, and 'tis at your command.

Mathias.

Yes, madam, and my talk with him was
About the borrowing of a book or two.

Mother.

Converse not with him, he is cast off from Heaven.
Thou hast thy crown, fellow; come, let's away.

Mathias.

Sirrah, Jew, remember the books.

[*Exeunt.*]

Barabas.

Marry will I, sir.

Officer.

Come, I have made a reasonable market, let's away.

[*Exit.*]

Barabas.

Now let me know thy name, and therewithal
Thy birth, condition, and profession.

Ithamore.

Faith, sir, my birth is but mean; my name's Ithamore;
My profession what you please.

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Barabas.

Barabas.

Hast thou no trade ? then listen to my words,
And I will teach thee that shall stick by thee :
First, be thou void of these affections ;
Compassion, love, vain hope, and heartless fear ;
Be mov'd at nothing, see thou pity none,
But to thyself smile when the Christians moan.

Ithamore,

Oh brave master, I worship your nose for this ²¹.

Barabas.

As for myself, I walk abroad a nights,
And kill sick people groaning under walls :
Sometimes I go about and poison wells ;
And now and then, to cherish Christian thieves,
I am content to lose some of my crowns,
That I may, walking in my gallery,
See 'em go pinion'd along by my door.
Being young, I studied physick, and began
To practice first upon the Italian ;
There I enrich'd the priests with burials,
And always kept the sexton's arms in ure ²².
With digging graves, and ringing dead men's knells :
And after that was I an engineer,
And in the wars 'twixt France and Germany,
Under pretence of helping Charles the fifth,
Slew friend and enemy with my stratagems.
Then after that was I an usurer,
And, with extorting, cozening, forfeiting,
And tricks belonging unto brokery,
I fill'd the jails with bankrupts in a year;

²¹ *Oh brave master, I worship your nose for this.*] We have here an allusion to the manner in which the Jew used to be dressed on the stage. From the following passage in *Rowley's search for money*, 1609, p. 12, we find he was always equipped with a huge nose, "——but as ill a head " in forme (and worse in condition) than ever held a spout of lead in his " mouth at the corner of a church : an old moth-eaten cap buttoned under his chinne : his visage (or vizard) like *the artificial Jewe of Maltaes nose* ; the wormes fearing his bodie would have gone along with his " soule, came to take, and indeed had taken possession, where they peep " out still at certaine loope holes, to see who came neare their habitation."

²² *in ure.*] See note to *Ferrex and Perrex*, vol. 1.

And

And with young orphans planted hospitals;
 And every moon made some or other mad;
 And now and then one hang himself for grief,
 Pinning upon his breast a long great scroll
 How I with interest tormented him.
 But mark how I am blest for plaguing them;
 I have as much coin as will buy the town.
 But tell me now, how hast thou spent thy time?

Isbamore.

Faith, master, in setting Christian villages on fire,
 Chaining of eunuchs, binding galley-slaves.
 One time I was an hostler in an inn,
 And in the night-time secretly would I steal
 To travellers' chambers, and there cut their throats:
 Once, at Jerusalem, where the pilgrims kneel'd,
 I strewed powder on the marble stones,
 And therewithal their knees would rankle so,
 That I have laugh'd a good ²³ to see the cripples
 Go limping home to Christendom on stilts.

Barabas.

Why this is something: make account of me
 As of thy fellow; we are villains both:
 Both circumcised; we hate Christians both.
 Be true and secret, thou shalt want no gold.
 But stand aside, here comes Don Lodowick.

Enter Lodowick.

Lodowick.

Oh Barabas, well met; where is the diamond
 You told me of?

Barabas.

I have it for you, sir; please you walk in with me:
 What ho, Abigail; open the door, I say.

Enter Abigail.

Abigail.

In good time, father; here are letters come
 From Ormus, and the post stays here within.

²³ *That I have laugh'd a good.*] i. e. in good earnest. *Tout de bon;*
 Fr. See note on *The two Gentlemen of Verona*, vol. 1. p. 202, edition
 1778.

Barabas.

Give me the letters, daughter, do you hear ?
Entertain Lodowick, the governor's son,
With all the courtesy you can afford,
Provided, that you keep your maiden-head,
Use him as if he were a *Philistine*;
Dissemble, swear, protest, vow to love him,
He is not of the seed of Abraham.
I am a little busy, sir, pray pardon me.
Abigail, bid him welcome, for my sake.

Abigail.

For your sake, and his own, he's welcome hither.

Barabas.

Daughter, a word more ; kiss him, speak him fair,
And, like a cunning Jew, so cast about,
That ye be both made sure ere you come out.

Abigail.

Oh father, Don Mathias is my love.

Barabas.

I know it ; yet, I say, make love to him ;
Do, it is requisite it should be so.
Nay, on my life it is my factor's hand ;
But go you in, I'll think upon the account :

[*Exeunt Lodowick and Abigail.*]

The account is made, for Lodowick dies.
My factor sends me word a merchant's fled,
That owes me for a hundred tun of wine :
I weigh it thus much ; I have wealth enough,
For now by this has he kiss'd Abigail ;
And she vows love to him, and he to her.
As sure as Heaven rain'd manna for the Jews,
So sure shall he and Don Mathias die :
His father was my chiefest enemy.
Whither goes Don Mathias ? stay a while.

Enter Mathias.

Mathias.

Whither, but to my fair love, Abigail ?

Barabas.

Thou know'st, and Heaven can witness it is true,

That

That I intend my daughter shall be thine.

Mathias.

Aye, Barabas, or else thou wrong'st me much.

Barabas.

Oh Heaven forbid I should have such a thought :
Pardon me, though I weep ; the governor's son
Will, whether I will or no, have Abigail :
He sends her letters, bracelets, jewels, rings.

Mathias.

Does she receive them ?

Barabas.

She ! No, Mathias, no, but sends them back ;
And when he comes, she locks herself up fast ;
Yet through the key-hole will he talk to her,
While she runs to the window, looking out
When you should come and hale him from the door.

Mathias.

Oh treacherous Lodowick !

Barabas.

Even now, as I came home, he slipt me in,
And I am sure he is with Abigail.

Mathias.

I'll rouse him thence.

Barabas.

Not for all Malta, therefore sheathe your sword ;
If you love me, no quarrels in my house ;
But steal you in, and seem to see him not ;
I'll give him such a warning ere he goes,
As he shall have small hopes of Abigail.
Away, for here they come.

Enter Lodowick and Abigail.

Mathias.

What, hand in hand ! I cannot suffer this.

Barabas.

Mathias, as thou lov'st me, not a word.

Mathias.

Well, let it pass, another time shall serve.

[Exit.

Lodowick.

Barabas, is not that the widow's son ?

Z 3

Barabas.

Barabas.

No, no, but happily he stands in fear
Of that which you, I think, ne'er dream upon,
My daughter here, a paltry filly girl.

Lodowick.

Why, loves she Don Mathias ?

Barabas.

Doth she not, with her smiling, answer you ?

Abigail.

He has my heart ; I smile against my will.

Lodowick.

Barabas, thou know'st I have lov'd thy daughter long,

Barabas.

And so has she done you, even from a child.

Lodowick.

And now I can no longer hold my mind.

Barabas.

Nor I the affection that I bear to you.

Lodowick.

This is thy diamond ; tell me, shall I have it ?

Barabas.

Win it, and wear it, it is yet unfoil'd.

Oh but I know your lordship wou'd disdain

To marry with the daughter of a Jew :

And yet I'll give her many a golden cross

With Christian posies round about the ring.

Lodowick.

'Tis not thy wealth, but her, that I esteem,
Yet crave I thy consent.

Barabas.

And mine you have ; yet let me talk to her,
This offspring of Cain, this Jebusite,
That never tasted of the Passover,
Nor e'er shall see the land of Canaan,
Nor our Messias that is yet to come ;
This gentle maggot, Lodowick I mean,
Must be deluded : let him have thy hand,
But keep thy heart till Don Mathias comes.

[*Aside.*

Abigail.

What, shall I be betroth'd to Lodowick ?

Barabas.

Barabas.

It is no sin to deceive a Christian ;
For they themselves hold it a principle,
Faith is not to be held with hereticks ;
But all are hereticks that are not Jews ;
This follows well, and therefore, daughter, fear not.
I have intreated her, and she will grant.

Lodowick.

Then, gentle Abigail, plight thy faith to me.

Abigail.

I cannot chuse, seeing my father bids :
Nothing but death shall part my love and me.

Lodowick.

Now have I that, for which my soul hath long'd.

Barabas.

So have not I, but yet I hope I shall.

[*Aside.*

Abigail.

Oh wretched Abigail, what hast thee done ?

Lodowick.

Why on the sudden is your colour chang'd ?

Abigail.

I know not ; but farewell, I must be gone.

Barabas.

Stay her, but let her not speak one word more.

Lodowick.

Mute o' the sudden ; here's a sudden change.

Barabas.

Oh muse not at it, 'tis the Hebrews' guise,
That maidens new betroth'd should weep a while.
Trouble her not ; sweet Lodowick depart :
She is thy wife, and thou shalt be mine heir.

Lodowick.

Oh, is't the custom? then I am resolv'd :
But rather let the brightsome heavens be dim,
And nature's beauty choak with stifling clouds,
Than my fair Abigail should frown on me.
There comes the villain, now I'll be reveng'd,

Enter Mathias.

Barabas.

Be quiet, Lodowick, it is enough
That I have made thee sure to Abigail.

Lodowick.

Well, let him go.

[*Exit,*

Barabas.

Well, but for me, as you went in at doors
You had been stabb'd ; but not a word on't now ;
Here must no speeches pass, nor swords be drawn,

Mathias.

Suffer me, Barabas, but to follow him.

Barabas.

No ; so shall I, if any hurt be done,
Be made an accessary of your deeds :
Revenge it on him when you meet him next.

Mathias.

For this I'll have his heart.

Barabas.

Do so ; lo here I give thee Abigail.

Mathias.

What greater gift can poor Mathias have ?
Shall Lodowick rob me of so fair a love ?
My life is not so dear as Abigail.

Barabas.

My heart misgives me, that, to cross your love,
He's with your mother ; therefore after him.

Mathias.

What, is he gone unto my mother ?

Barabas.

Nay, if you will, stay till she comes herself.

Mathias.

I cannot stay ; for if my mother come,
She'll die with grief.

[*Exit.*

Abigail.

I cannot take my leave of him for tears.
Father, why have you thus incensed them both ?

Barabas.

What's that to thee ?

Abigail.

Abigail.

I'll make 'em friends again.

*Barabas.*You'll make 'em friends! are there not Jews enough
In Malta, but thou must doat upon a Christian?*Abigail.*

I will have Don Mathias, he is my love.

*Barabas.*Yes, you shall have him: go, put her in. [*Exit Abigail.*]*Ithamore.*

Aye, I'll put her in.

Barabas.

Now tell me, Ithamore, how lik'st thou this?

*Ithamore.*Faith, master, I think by this
You purchase both their lives; Is it not so?*Barabas.*

True; and it shall be cunningly perform'd.

Ithamore.

Oh, master, that I might have a hand in this!

*Barabas.*Aye, so thou shalt; 'tis thou must do the deed:
Take this, and bear it to Mathias straight,
And tell him that it comes from Lodowick.*Ithamore.*

'Tis poison'd; is it not?

*Barabas.*No, no, and yet it might be done that way
It is a challenge feign'd from Lodowick.*Ithamore.*Fear not, I'll so set his heart a fire, that he
Shall verily think it comes from him.*Barabas.*I cannot choose but like thy readiness:
Yet be not rash, but do it cunningly.*Ithamore.*

As I behave myself in this, employ me hereafter.

Barabas.

Away then.

[*Exit.*
So,

So, now will I go in to Lodowick,
 And, like a cunning spirit, feign some lye,
 Till I have set 'em both at enmity.

[Exit.

A C T III.

Enter a Courtezan.

Courtezan.

SINCE this town was besieg'd, my gain grows cold:
 The time has been, that, but for one bare night,
 A hundred ducats have been freely given:
 But now against my will I must be chaste;
 And yet I know my beauty doth not fail.
 From Venice, merchants; and from Padua
 Were wont to come rare-witted gentlemen,
 Scholars I mean, learned and liberal;
 And now, save Philia Borzo, comes there none,
 And he is very seldom from my house;
 And here he comes.

Enter Philia Borzo.

Philia Borzo,

Hold thee, wench, there's something for thee to spend.

Courtezan,

'Tis silver, I disdain it.

Philia Borzo.

Aye, but the Jew has gold,
 And I will have it, or it shall go hard.

Courtezan.

Tell me, how cam'st thou by this?

Philia Borzo.

Faith, walking the back lanes, through the gardens,
 I chanc'd to cast mine eye up to the Jew's counting-house,
 Where I saw some bags of money, and in the night I
 Clamber'd up with my hooks; and as I was taking
 My choice, I heard a rumbling in the house, so I took

Only

Only this, and run my way ; but here's the Jew's man.

Enter Ithamore.

Courtezan.

Hide the bag.

Philia Borzo.

Look not towards him, let's away :
Zoons, what a looking thou keep'st,
Thou'lt betray us anon.

Ithamore.

O the sweetest face that ever I beheld ! I know she is
A courtezan by her attire : now would I give a hundred
Of the Jew's crowns that I had such a concubine.
Well, I have deliver'd the challenge in such sort,
As meet they will, and fighting die ; brave sport ! *[Exit.]*

Enter Mathias.

Mathias.

This is the place ; now Abigail shall see
Whether Mathias holds her dear or no.

Enter Lodowick reading.

Mathias.

What, dares the villain write in such base terms ?

Lodowick.

I did it, and revenge it if thou dar'st. *[Fight.]*

Enter Barabas above,

Barabas.

Oh bravely fought, and yet they thrust not home.
Now Lodowick, now Mathias, so ;
So, now they have shew'd themselves to be tall fellows ²⁴.

Within.

Part 'em, part 'em,

Barabas.

Aye, part 'em now they are dead : farewell, farewell.

[Exit.]

²⁴ tall fellows.] i. e. brave fellows. See note 28 to *George a Greene*, vol. 3. p. 46.

Enter Governor, Mother.

Governor.

What fight is this? my Lodowick slain!
These arms of mine shall be thy sepulchre.

Mother.

Who is this? my son Mathias slain!

Governor.

Oh Lodowick! hadst thou perish'd by the Turk,
Wretched Ferneze might have veng'd thy death.

Mother.

Thy son slew mine, and I'll revenge his death.

Governor.

Look, Katherine, look, thy son gave mine these wounds.

Mother.

O leave to grieve me, I am griev'd enough.

Governor.

Oh that my sighs could turn to lively breath,
And these my tears to blood, that he might live.

Mother.

Who made them enemies?

Governor.

I know not, and that grieves me most of all.

Mother.

My son lov'd thine.

Governor.

And so did Lodowick him.

Mother.

Lend me that weapon that did kill my son,
And it shall murder me.

Governor.

Nay, madam, stay, that weapon was my son's,
And on that rather should Ferneze die.

Mother.

Hold, let's inquire the causers of their deaths,
That we may venge their blood upon their heads.

Governor.

Then take them up, and let them be interr'd
Within one sacred monument of stone;
Upon which altar I will offer up
My daily sacrifice of sighs and tears,
And with my prayers pierce impartial Heavens,

Till

Till they the causers of our smarts,
Which forc'd their hands divide united hearts.
Come, Katherine, our losses equal are ;
Then of true grief let us take equal share.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Ithamore.

Ithamore.

Why was there ever seen such villainy, so neatly
Plotted, and so well perform'd ? both held in hand, and
Flatly both beguil'd.

Enter Abigail.

Abigail.

Why how now, Ithamore, why laugh'st thou so ?

Ithamore.

Oh mistress, ha, ha, ha.

Abigail.

Why, what ail'st thou ?

Ithamore.

Oh my master.

Abigail.

Ha !

Ithamore.

Oh mistress ! I have the bravest, gravest, secret, subtle,
Bottle-nos'd knave to my master, that ever gentleman had.

Abigail.

Say, knave, why rail'st upon my father thus ?

Ithamore.

Oh, my master has the bravest policy.

Abigail.

Wherein ?

Ithamore.

Why, know you not ?

Abigail.

Why no.

Ithamore.

Know you not of Mathias' and Don Lodowick's disaster ?

Abigail.

No, what was it ?

Ithamore.

Why, the devil invented a challenge, my master writ it,
And

And I carried it, first to Lodowick, and imprimis to Mathias ;

And then thy met, as the story says,
In doleful wise they ended both their days.

Abigail.

And was my father furtherer of their deaths ?

Ithamore.

Am I Ithamore ?

Abigail.

Yes.

Ithamore.

So sure did your father write, and I carry the challenge.

Abigail.

Well, Ithamore, let me request thee this ;
Go to the new-made nunnery, and inquire
For any of the friars of St. Jaynes,
And say, I pray them come and speak with me.

Ithamore.

I pray, mistress, will you answer me one question ?

Abigail.

Well, firrah, what is't ?

Ithamore.

A very feeling one ; Have not the nuns fine sport
With the friars now and then ?

Abigail.

Go to, firrah sauce, is this your question ? get you gone.

Ithamore.

I will, forsooth, mistress.

[Exit.

Abigail.

Hard-hearted father, unkind Barabas :
Was this the pursuit of thy policy ?
To make me shew them favour severally,
That by my favour they should both be slain !
Admit thou lov'dst not Lodowick for his sin,
Yet Don Mathias ne'er offended thee ;
But thou wert set upon extreme revenge,
Because the prior dispossest thee once,
And couldst not venge it, but upon his son ;
Nor on his son, but by Mathias' means ;
Nor on Mathias, but by murdering me :
But I perceive there is no love on earth,
Pity in Jews, nor piety in Turks.

But

But here comes cursed Ithamore with the friar.

Enter Ithamore and Friar.

Friar.

Virgo, salve.

Ithamore.

When duck you ?

Abigail.

Welcome, grave friar. Ithamore, be gone. [Exit.
Know, holy fir, I am bold to solicit thee.

Friar.

Wherein ?

Abigail.

To get me be admitted for a nun.

Friar.

Why, Abigail, it is not yet long since
That I did labour thy admission,
And then thou didst not like that holy life.

Abigail.

Then were my thoughts so frail and unconfirm'd,
And I was chain'd to follies of the world :
But now experience, purchased with grief,
Has made me see the difference of things.
My sinful soul, alas, hath pac'd too long
The fatal labyrinth of misbelief,
Far from the son that gives eternal life.

Friar.

Who taught thee this ?

Abigail.

The Abbess of the house,
Whose zealous admonition I embrace :
Oh therefore, Jacomo, let me be one,
Although unworthy, of that sisterhood.

Friar.

Abigail, I will ; but see thou change no more,
For that will be most heavy to thy soul.

Abigail.

That was my father's fault.

Friar.

Thy father's, how ?

Abigail.

Nay, you shall pardon me. Oh Barabas, Though

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Though thou deservest hardly at my hands,
Yet never shall these lips bewray thy life.

Friar.

Come, shall we go?

Abigail.

My duty waits on you.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Barabas reading a letter.

Barabas.

What, Abigail, become a nun again?
False, and unkind; what hast thou lost thy father?
And all unknown, and unconstrain'd of me,
Art thou again got to the nunnery?
Now here she writes, and wills me to repent.
Repentance? Spurca: what portendeth²⁵ this?
I fear she knows ('tis so) of my device
In Don Mathias' and Lodowick's deaths:
If so, 'tis time that it be seen into:
For she that varies from me in belief,
Gives great presumption that she loves me not;
Or loving, doth dislike of something done.

Enter Ithamore.

But who comes here? Oh, Ithamore, come near;
Come near, my love, come near; thy master's life,
My trusty servant, nay, my second life;
For I have now no hope but even in thee;
And on that hope my happiness is built.
When saw'st thou Abigail?

Ithamore.

To-day.

Barabas.

With whom?

Ithamore.

A friar.

Barabas.

A friar! false villain, he hath done the deed.

Ithamore.

How, sir?

Barabas.

Why, made mine Abigail a nun.

²⁵ portendeth.] The 4to reads pretendeth.

Ithamore.

That's no lye, for she sent me for him.

Barabas.

Oh unhappy day,
False, credulous, inconstant Abigail !
But let 'em go : and, Ithamore, from hence
Ne'er shall she grieve me more with her disgrace ;
Ne'er shall she live to inherit ought of mine,
Be blest of me, nor come within my gates,
But perish underneath my bitter curse,
Like Cain by Adam, for his brother's death.

Ithamore.

Oh master —

Barabas.

Ithamore, intreat not for her, I am mov'd,
And she is hateful to my soul and me :
And least thou yield to this that I intreat,
I cannot think but that thou hat'st my life.

Ithamore.

Who, I, master ? Why, I'll run to some rock, and
Throw myself headlong into the sea ; why, I'll do any
Thing for your sweet sake.

Barabas.

Oh trusty Ithamore ! no servant, but my friend ;
I here adopt thee for mine only heir ;
All that I have is thine when I am dead,
And whilst I live use half ; spend as myself ;
Here, take my keys, I'll give 'em thee anon :
Go buy thee garments ; but thou shalt not want :
Only know this, that thus thou art to do :
But first go fetch me in the pot of rice
That for our supper stands upon the fire.

Ithamore.

I hold my head my master's hungry : I go sir. [Exit.

Barabas.

Thus every villain ambles after wealth
Although he ne'er be richer than in hope :
But hush't.

Enter Ithamore with the pot.

Ithamore.

Here 'tis, master.

Barabas.

Well said, Ithamore. What hast thou brought
The ladle with thee too?

Ithamore.

Yes, sir, the proverb says, he that eats with the devil
Had need of a long spoon²⁶, I have brought you a ladle.

Barabas.

Very well, Ithamore: then now be secret;
And, for thy sake, whom I so dearly love,
Now shalt thou see the death of Abigail,
That thou may'st freely live to be my heir.

Ithamore.

Why, master, will you poison her with a mess of rice
Porridge, that will preserve life, make her round and plump,
And batten²⁷ more than you are aware.

Barabas.

Aye, but, Ithamore, seest thou this?
It is a precious powder that I bought
Of an Italian in Ancona once,
Whose operation is to bind, infect,
And poison deeply: yet not appear
In forty hours after it is ta'en.

Ithamore.

How, master?

Barabas.

Thus, Ithamore.
This Even they use in Malta here ('tis call'd
Saint Jagues' Even) and then, I say, they use
To send their alms unto the nunneries:
Among the rest bear this, and set it there;
There's a dark entry where they take it in,
Where they must neither see the messenger,

²⁶ Yes, sir, the proverb says, he that eats with the devil
Had need of a long spoon.] See note 30 to *Grim the Collier of Croy-*
don, vol. II. p. 255.

²⁷ batten.] i. e. thrive, grow fat. See note on *Hamlet*, edition
1773, vol. 10. p. 322. S.

Nor make enquiry who hath sent it them.

Ithamore.

How so?

Barabas.

Belike there is some ceremony in't.

There, Ithamore, must thou go place this pot (²⁷):
Stay, let me spice it first.

Ithamore.

Pray do, and let me help you, master. Pray let me taste first.

Barabas.

Pr'ythee do: What say'st thou now?

Ithamore.

Troth, master, I'm loth such a pot of pottage should be
spoil'd.

Barabas.

Peace, Ithamore, 'tis better so than spar'd.
Assure thyself thou shalt have broth by the eye ²⁸.
My purse, my coffer, and myself is thine.

Ithamore.

Well, master, I go.

Barabas.

Stay, first let me stir it, Ithamore.
As fatal be it to her as the draught
Of which great Alexander drunk, and died:
And with her let it work like Borgia's wine,
Whereof his fire, the pope, was poison'd.
In few, the blood of Hydra, Lerna's bane;
The juice of Hebon ²⁹, and Cocytus' breath,
And all the poisons of the Stygian pool,
Break from the fiery kingdom, and in this
Vomit your venom, and invenom her,
That, like a fiend, hath left her father thus!

Ithamore.

What a blessing has he giv'n't! was ever pot of

(²⁷ pot.] The 4to reads *plot*, which however may be right: He perhaps means to call the *pot* a *plot* on his daughter's life.

²⁸ *Assure thyself thou shalt have broth by the eye.*] Perhaps he means —thou shalt see how the broth that is design'd for thee is made, that no mischievous ingredients enter its composition. The passage is however obscure.

S.

²⁹ *The juice of Hebon.*] i. e. either *Henbane* or *ebony*. The latter was antiently esteemed to be poisonous.

S.

Rice porridge so sauc't! What shall I do with it?

Barabas.

Oh my sweet Ithamore, go set it down,
And come again so soon as thou hast done,
For I have other business for thee.

Ithamore.

Here's a drench to poison a whole stable of
Flanders mares: I'll carry't to the nuns with a powder.

Barabas.

And the horse pestilence to boot; away.

Ithamore.

I am gone.

Pay me my wages, for my work is done.

[Exit.

Barabas.

I'll pay thee with a vengeance, Ithamore.

[Exit.

Enter Governor, Del Bosco, Knights, Bashaw.

Governor.

Welcome, great Bashaw; how fares Calymath?
What wind drives you thus into Malta road?

Bashaw.

The wind that bloweth all the world besides,
Desire of gold.

Governor.

Desire of gold, great sir?
That's to be gotten in the Western Inde:
In Malta are no golden minerals.

Bashaw.

To you of Malta thus saith Calymath:
The time you took for respite, is at hand:
For the performance of your promise past,
And for the tribute-money I am sent.

Governor.

Bashaw, in brief, shalt have no tribute here,
Nor shall the Heathens live upon our spoil:
First will we raze the city walls ourselves,
Lay waste the island, hew the temples down,
And, shipping off our goods to Sicily,
Open an entrance for the wasteful sea,
Whose billows beating the resistless banks,
Shall overflow it with their refluxence.

Bashaw.

Basbaw.

Well, Governor, since thou hast broke the league
 By flat denial of the promis'd tribute,
 Talk not of razing down your city walls;
 You shall not need trouble yourselves so far,
 For Selim Calymath shall come himself,
 And with brass-bullets batter down your towers,
 And turn proud Malta to a wilderness,
 For these intolerable wrongs of yours;
 And so farewell.

[Exit.

Governor.

Farewell:

And now, you men of Malta, look about,
 And let's provide to welcome Calymath:
 Close your port-cullise³⁰, charge your basilisks³¹,
 And as you profitably take up arms,
 So now courageously encounter them;
 For by this answer broken is the league,
 And nought is to be look'd for now but wars,
 And nought to us more welcome is than wars.

[Exeunt.

*Enter two Friars.**1st Friar.*

Oh brother, brother, all the nuns are sick,
 And physick will not help them; they must die.

2d Friar.

The Abbess sent for me to be confest:
 Oh what a sad confession will there be!

1st Friar.

And so did fair Maria send for me;
 I'll to her lodging; hereabouts she lies.

[Exit.

*Enter Abigail.**2d Friar.*

What, all dead save only Abigail?

³⁰ *port-cullise.*] "A falling gate or door, to let down, to keep enemies from, or keep them in a city." BLOUNT.

³¹ *basilisks.*] Basilisks are large pieces of ordnance.

Abigail.

And I shall die too, for I feel death coming:
Where is the friar that convers'd with me?

2d Friar.

Oh he is gone to see the other nuns.

Abigail.

I sent for him, but seeing you are come,
Be you my ghostly father: and first know,
That in this house I liv'd religiously,
Chaste, and devout, much sorrowing for my sins:
But ere I came——

2d Friar.

What then?

Abigail.

I did offend high Heaven so grievously,
As I am almost desperate for my sins;
And one offence torments me more than all:
You knew Mathias and Don Lodowick?

2d Friar.

Yes, what of them?

Abigail.

My father did contract me to 'em both:
First to Don Lodowick, him I never lov'd;
Mathias was the man that I held dear,
And for his sake did I become a nun.

2d Friar.

So; say how was their end?

Abigail.

Both, jealous of my love, envied each other:
And by my father's practice, which is there
Set down at large, the gallants were both slain.

2d Friar.

Oh monstrous villainy!

Abigail.

To work my peace, this I confess to thee;
Reveal it not, for then my father dies.

2d Friar.

Know that confession must not be reveal'd,
The canon law forbids it, and the priest

That

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That makes it known, being degraded first,
Shall be condemn'd, and then sent to the fire.

Abigail.

So I have heard; pray therefore keep it close.
Death seizeth on my heart: ah, gentle friar,
Convert my father, that he may be sav'd,
And witness that I die a Christian.

[*Dist.*

2d Friar.

Aye, and a virgin too, that grieves me most:
But I must to the Jew, and exclaim on him,
And make him stand in fear of me.

Exit 1st Friar.

1st Friar.

Oh, brother, all the nuns are dead; let's bury them.

2d Friar.

First help to bury this; then go with me
And help me to exclaim against the Jew.

1st Friar.

Why? what has he done?

2d Friar.

A thing that makes me tremble to unfold.

1st Friar.

What, has he crucified a child³²?

2d Friar.

No, but a worse thing: 'twas told me in shrift,
Thou know'st 'tis death, and if it be reveal'd.
Come, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T

³² *What, has he crucified a child?* In Queen Elizabeth's time no Jews resided in England; and the prejudices entertained against that persecuted people seem to have been kept up by every artifice which either religion or policy could invent. The stage also contributed its assistance to establish the general odium; no characters seeming to afford more satisfaction to the audience, than this of the Jew of Malta, and Shakspeare's Jew of Venice. With respect to the particular charge against the Jews, mentioned in the text, it probably, as Dr. Percy says, never happened in a single instance: "For if we consider," as that writer observes, "on the one hand, the ignorance and superstition of the times when such stories took their rise, the virulent prejudices of the monks who record them, and the eagerness with which they would be caught up by the barbarous populace as a pretence for plunder; on the other

A C T IV.

Enter Barabas, Ithamore. [Bells within.

Barabas.

THERE is no musick to a Christian's knell;
How sweet the bells ring, now the nuns are dead,
That sound at other times like tinkers' pans!
I was afraid the poison had not wrought,
Or though it wrought, it would have done no good;
For every year they swell, and yet they live:
Now all are dead, not one remains alive.

Ithamore.

That's brave, master; but think you it will not be known?

Barabas.

How can it, if we two be secret?

Ithamore.

For my part, fear you not.

Barabas.

I'd cut thy throat, if I did.

Ithamore.

And reason too;

But here's a royal monastery hard by;
Good master, let me poison all the monks.

Barabas.

Thou shalt not need, for, now the nuns are dead,
They'll die with grief.

Ithamore.

Do you not sorrow for your daughter's death?

Barabas.

No, but I grieve because she liv'd so long

"hand, the great danger incurred by the perpetrators, and the inadequate motives they could have to excite them to a crime of so much horror: we may reasonably conclude the whole charge to be groundless and malicious." See *Percy's Reliques*, vol. i. p. 38.—Tovey, in his *Anglia Judaica*, has given the several instances which are upon record, of these charges against the Jews; which he observes they were never accused of, but at such times as the king was manifestly in great want of money.

Am

An Hebrew born, and would become a Christian.

Catbo diabola.

Enter the two Friars.

Itbamore.

Look, look, master, here come two religious caterpillers.

Barabas.

I smelt 'em ere they came.

Itbamore.

God-a-mercy nose ; come, let's begone.

2d Friar.

Stay, wicked Jew ; repent, I say, and stay.

1st Friar.

Thou hast offended, therefore must be damn'd.

Barabas.

I fear they know we sent the poison'd broth.

Itbamore.

And so do I, master, therefore speak 'em fair.

2d Friar.

Barabas, thou hast——

1st Friar.

Aye, that thou hast——

Barabas.

True, I have money ; what though I have ?

2d Friar.

Thou art a——

1st Friar.

Aye, that thou art a——

Barabas.

What needs all this ? I know I am a Jew.

2d Friar.

Thy daughter——

1st Friar.

Ay, thy daughter——

Barabas.

Oh speak not of her, then I die with grief.

2d Friar.

Remember that——

1st Friar.

Aye, remember that——

Barabas.

Barabas.

I must needs say that I have been a great usurer.

2d Friar.

Thou hast committed

Barabas.

Fornication :

But that was in another country ;
And besides, the wench is dead.

2d Friar.

Aye, but, Barabas, remember Mathias and Don Lodowick.

Barabas.

Why, what of them ?

2d Friar.

I will not say that by a forged challenge they met.

Barabas.

She has confest, and we are both undone :

My bosom inmates, (*but I must dissemble.*)

[Aside.

Oh holy friars, the burthen of my sins

Lie heavy on my soul ; then pray you tell me,

Is't not too late now to turn Christian ?

I have been zealous in the Jewish faith,

Hard-hearted to the poor, a covetous wretch,

That would for lucre's sake have sold my soul:

A hundred for a hundred I have ta'en ;

And now for store of wealth may I compare

With all the Jews in Malta ; but what is wealth ?

I am a Jew, and therefore am I lost.

Would penance serve for this my sin,

I could afford to whip myself to death.

Ithamore.

And so could I ; but penance will not serve.

Barabas.

To fast, to pray, and wear a shirt of hair,

And on my knees creep to Jerusalem,

Cellars of wine, and sollers³³ full of wheat,

Warehouses stuf with spices and with drugs,

³³ *sollers.*] A Soller is a loft or garret. See Mr. Tyrwhit's Glossary to Chaucer, p. 196. S.

A Soller is one of the technical words still frequently used in leases, and signifies a garret.

Whole chests of gold, in ballion, and in coin,
 Besides I know not how much weight in pearl,
 Orient and round, have I within my house;
 At Alexandria, merchandize unfold:
 But yesterday two ships went from this town,
 Their voyage will be worth ten thousand crowns.
 In Florence, Venice, Antwerp, London, Seville,
 Frankford, Lubeck, Mosco, and where not,
 Have I debts owing; and in most of these,
 Great sums of money lying in the banco;
 All this I'll give to some religious house,
 So I may be baptiz'd, and live therein.

1st Friar.

Oh, good Barabas, come to our house.

2d Friar.

Oh no, good Barabas, come to our house;
 And, Barabas, you know —

Barabas.

I know that I have highly sinn'd;
 You shall convert me, you shall have all my wealth.

1st Friar.

Oh, Barabas, their laws are strict.

Barabas.

I know they are, and I will be with you.

2d Friar.

They wear no shirts, and they go bare-foot too.

Barabas.

Then 'tis not for me; and I am resolv'd
 You shall confess me, and have all my goods.

1st Friar.

Good Barabas, come to me.

Barabas.

You see I answer him, and yet he stays;
 Bid him away, and go you home with me.

2d Friar.

I'll be with you to-night.

Barabas.

Come to my house at one o'clock this night.

1st Friar.

You hear your answer, and you may be gone.

2d Friar.

2d Friar.

Why go, get you away.

1st Friar.

I will not go for thee.

2d Friar.

Not, then I'll make thee go,

1st Friar.

How, dost call me rogue ?

[*Fight,*

Ithamore.

Part 'em, master, part 'em.

Barabas.

This is mere frailty, brethren, be content.
Friar Barnardino, go you with Ithamore.

Ithamore.

You know my mind, let me alone with him ;
Why does he go to thy house ; let him be gone.

Barabas.

I'll give him something, and so stop his mouth.

[*Exeunt Ithamore and Friar,*

I never heard of any man but he
Malign'd the order of the Jacobines :
But do you think that I believe his words ?
Why, brother, you converted Abigail ;
And I am bound in charity to requite it,
And so I will ; oh Jacomo, fail not, but come.

Friar.

But, Barabas, who shall be your godfathers ?
For presently you shall be shriv'd ³⁴.

Barabas.

Marry, the Turk shall be one of my godfathers ;
But not a word to any of your convent.

Friar.

I warrant thee, Barabas.

[*Exit.*

Barabas.

So, now the fear is past, and I am safe :
For he that shriv'd her is within my house ;
What if I murder'd him ere Jacomo comes ?
Now I have such a plot for both their lives,
As never Jew nor Christian knew the like :

³⁴ *shriv'd.*] i. e. confessed.

One turn'd my daughter, therefore he shall die ;
 The other knows enough to have my life,
 Therefore 'tis not requisite he should live.
 But are not both these wise men, to suppose
 That I will leave my house, my goods, and all,
 To fast and be well whipt ? I'll none of that.
 Now, Friar Barnardino, I come to you ;
 I'll feast you, lodge you, give you fair words,
 And after that, I and my trusty Turk ——
 No more, but so : it must and shall be done.
 Ithamore, tell me, is the friar asleep ?

Enter Ithamore.

Ithamore.

Yes ; and I know not what the reason is,
 Do what I can he will not strip himself,
 Nor go to bed, but sleeps in his own clothes ;
 I fear me he mistrusts what we intend.

Barabas.

No, 'tis an order which the friars use :
 Yet if he knew our meanings, could he 'scape ?

Ithamore.

No, none can hear him, cry he ne'er so loud.

Barabas.

Why true, therefore did I place him there ;
 The other chambers open towards the street.

Ithamore.

You loiter, master, wherefore stay we thus ?
 Oh how I long to see him shake his heels.

Barabas.

Come on, firrah, off with your girdle, make a handsome
 noose ;
 Friar awake.

Friar.

What do you mean to strangle me ?

Ithamore.

Yes, 'cause you use to confess.

Barabas.

Blame not us, but the proverb, Confess and be hang'd ;
 Pull hard.

Friar.

What, will you save my life ?

Barabas.

Barabas.

Pull hard, I say ; you would have had my goods.

Ithamore.

Aye, and our lives too ; therefore pull amain.
'Tis neatly done, sir, here's no print at all.

Barabas.

Then is it as it should be ; take him up.

Ithamore.

Nay, master, be rul'd by me a little ; so, let him lean
Upon his staff ; excellent ! he stands as if he were begging
of bacon.

Barabas.

Who would not think but that this friar liv'd ?
What time a night is't now, sweet Ithamore ?

Ithamore.

Towards one.

Barabas.

Then will not Jacomo be long from hence.

[*Exeunt Barabas and Ithamore.*]

Enter Jacomo.

Jacomo.

This is the hour wherein I shall proceed :
Oh happy hour, wherein I shall convert
An infidel, and bring his gold into our treasury.
But soft, is not this Barnardine ? it is ;
And, understanding I should come this way,
Stands here a purpose, meaning me some wrong,
And intercept my going to the Jew. Barnardine !
Wilt thou not speak ? thou think'st I see thee not ;
Away, I'd with thee, and let me go by :
No, wilt thou not ? nay, then I'll force my way ;
And see, a staff stands ready for the purpose :
As thou lik'st that, stop me another time.

[*Strikes him, he falls.*]

Enter Barabas and Ithamore.

Barabas.

Why, how now, Jacomo, what hast thou done ?

Jacomo.

Why stricken him that would have struck at me.

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Barabas.

Who is it? Barnardine? now out, alas, he is slain.

Ithamore.

Aye, master, he is slain; look how his brains drop out on's nose.

Jacomo.

Good sirs, I have don't; but no body knows it but You two; I may escape.

Barabas.

So might my man and I hang with you for company.

Ithamore.

No, let us bear him to the magistrates.

Jacomo.

Good Barabas, let me go.

Barabas.

No, pardon me, the law must have his course:
I must be forc'd to give in evidence,
That, being importun'd by this Barnardine
To be a Christian, I shut him out,
And there he sat: now I, to keep my word,
And give my goods and substance to your house,
Was up thus early, with intent to go
Unto your friary, because you staid.

Ithamore.

Fie upon 'em! master, will you turn Christian, when
Holy friars turn devils, and murder one another?

Barabas.

No, for this example I'll remain a Jew:
Heaven bless me; what, a friar a murderer!
When shall you see a Jew commit the like?

Ithamore.

Why, a Turk could have done no more.

Barabas.

To-morrow is the sessions; you shall to it.
Come, Ithamore, let's help to take him hence.

Jacomo.

Villains, I am a sacred person, touch me not.

Barabas.

The law shall touch you, we'll but lead you, we:
'Las, I could weep at your calamity.

Take

Take in the staff too, for that must be shewn :
Law wills that each particular be known.

[*Exeunt,*

Enter Courtezan and Philia Borzo.

Courtezan.

Philia Borzo, didst thou meet with Ithamore ?

Philia Borzo.

I did.

Courtezan.

And didst thou deliver my letter ?

Philia Borzo.

I did.

Courtezan.

And what think'st thou, will he come ?

Philia Borzo.

I think so, and yet I cannot tell; for, at the reading of
The letter, he look'd like a man of another world.

Courtezan.

Why so ?

Philia Borzo.

That such a base slave as he should be saluted by such
A tall man as I am, from such a beautiful dame as you.

Courtezan.

And what said he ?

Philia Borzo.

Not a wise word, only gave me a nod, as who should
say, Is it even so ? and so I left him, being driven to a
nonplus at the critical aspect of my terrible countenance.

Courtezan.

And where didst meet him ?

Philia Borzo.

Upon mine own freehold, within forty foot of the gal-
lows, conning his neck-verse³⁵, I take it, looking of a friar's

³⁵ *neck-verse.*] At the time when the ceremony of reading was one
of the forms used in courts of justice, to determine whether a person was
entitled to the benefit of clergy, it was usual to open the book at a parti-
cular place, and the criminal read the words *miserere mei Deus*, which,
from being used constantly upon this occasion, were denominated the
neck-verse.

execution,

execution, whom I saluted with an old hempen proverb, *Hodie tibi, cras mihi*, and so I left him to the mercy of the hangman ; but the exercise being done, see where he comes.

Enter Itbamore.

Itbamore.

I never knew a man take his death so patiently as this friar ; he was ready to leap off ere the halter was about his neck ; and when the hangman had put on his hempen tippet, he made such haste to his prayers, as if he had had another cure to serve : well, go whither he will, I'll be none of his followers in haste :

And, now I think on't, going to the execution, a fellow Met me with a mustachios ³⁶ like a raven's wing, and A dagger with a hilt like a warming-pan, and he Gave me a letter from one madam Bellamira, Saluting me in such sort, as if he meant to make Clean my boots with his lips ; the effect was, that I should come to her house, I wonder what the reason is ; It may be she sees more in me than I can find in Myself : for she writes further, that she loves me Ever since she saw me ; and who would not requite such Love ? here's her house, and here she comes, and now Would I were gone ! I am not worthy to look upon her.

Philia Borzo.

This is the gentleman you writ to.

Itbamore.

Gentleman ! he flouts me ; what gentry can be in a Turk of ten pence ? I'll be gone.

Courtezan.

Is't not a sweet-fac'd youth, Philia ?

Itbamore.

Again, sweet youth ! did not you, fir, bring the sweet Youth a letter ?

Philia Borzo.

I did, fir, and from this gentlewoman, who, as myself, and the rest of the family, stand or fall at your service.

Courtezan.

Though woman's modesty should hale me back,

³⁶ *mustachios.*] The 4to reads *muscbatoes.*

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I can withhold no longer; welcome, sweet love.

Ithamore.

Now am I clean, or rather foully out of the way.

Courtezan.

Whither so soon?

Ithamore.

I'll go steal some money from my master
To make me handsome: pray pardon me,
I must go see a ship discharg'd.

Courtezan.

Can'st thou be so unkind to leave me thus?

Philia Borzo.

And ye did but know how she loves you, sir.

Ithamore.

Nay, I care not how much she loves me;
Sweet Bellamira, would I had my master's wealth for thy
sake.

Philia Borzo.

And you can have it, sir, and if you please.

Ithamore.

If 'twere above ground I could, and would have it:
But he hides and buries it up, as partridges do
Their eggs, under the earth.

Philia Borzo.

And is't not possible to find it out?

Ithamore.

By no means possible.

Courtezan.

What shall we do with this base villain then?

Philia Borzo.

Let me alone, do but you speak him fair:
But you know some secrets of the Jew, which, if they were
Reveal'd, would do him harm.

Ithamore.

Aye, and such as — go to, no more,
I'll make him send me half he has, and glad
He 'scapes so too. Pen and ink:
I'll write unto him; we'll have money strait.

Philia Borzo.

Send for a hundred crowns at least.

*He writes.
Ithamore.*

Ithamore.

Ten hundred thousand crowns, — master Barabas.

Philia Borzo.

Write not so submissively, but threaten him.

Ithamore.

Sirrah, Barabas, send me a hundred crowns.

Philia Borzo.

Put in two hundred, at least.

Ithamore.

I charge thee send me three hundred by this bearer, and
this

Shall be your warrant ; if you do not, no more, but so.

Philia Borzo.

Tell him you will confess.

Ithamore.

Otherwise I'll confess all. Vanish, and return in a
twinkle.

Philia Borzo.

Let me alone, I'll use him in his kind.

Ithamore.

Hang him, Jew !

Courtesan.

Now, gentle Ithamore, lie in my lap.

Where are my maids ? provide a running banquet ;

Send to the merchant, bid him bring me silks ;

Shall Ithamore, my love, go in such rags ?

Ithamore.

And bid the jeweller come hither too.

Courtesan.

I have no husband, sweet, I'll marry thee.

Ithamore.

Content ; but we will leave this paltry land,
And sail from hence to Greece, to lovely Greece ;

I'll be thy Jason, thou my golden fleece ;

Where painted carpets o'er the meads are hurl'd,

And Bacchus' vineyards over-spread the world :

Where woods and forests go in goodly green,

I'll be Adonis, thou shalt be Love's Queen.

The meads, the orchards, and the primrose lanes,

Instead of sedge and reed, bear sugar-canes :

B b 2

Thou

Thou in those groves, by Dis above,
Shalt live with me, and be my love ³⁷.

Courtesan.

Whither will I not go with gentle Ithamore ?

Enter Philia Borzo.

Ithamore.

How now ! hast thou the gold ?

Philia Borzo.

Yes.

Ithamore.

But came it freely ; did the cow give down her milk freely ?

Philia Borzo.

At reading of the letter, he star'd and stamp'd, and turn'd aside ; I took him by the beard, and look'd upon him thus ; told him he were best to send it : then he hugg'd and embrac'd me.

Ithamore.

Rather for fear than love.

Philia Borzo.

Then, like a Jew, he laugh'd and jeer'd, and told me he lov'd me for your sake, and said what a faithful servant you had been.

Ithamore.

The more villain he to keep me thus :
 Here's goodly 'parel, is there not ?

Philia Borzo.

To conclude, he gave me ten crowns.

Ithamore.

But ten ! I'll not leave him worth a grey groat ; give me a ream of paper, we'll have a kingdom of gold for't.

Philia Borzo.

Write for five hundred crowns.

Ithamore.

Sirrah, Jew, as you love your life, send me five hundred crowns,
 And give the bearer one hundred. Tell him I must hav't.

³⁷ *Shalt live with me, and be my love.*] A line taken from Marlow's elegant sonnet, printed in Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Antient Poetry*, vol. 1. p. 218.

Philia Borzo.

I warrant your worship shall hav't.

Itbamore.

And if he ask why I demand so much, tell him,
I scorn to write a line under a hundred crowns.

Philia Borzo.

You'd make a rich poet, fir; I am gone.

[*Exit,*

Itbamore.

Take thou the money, spend it for my sake.

Courtezan.

'Tis not thy money, but thyself I weigh :
Thus Bellamira esteems of gold ;
But thus of thee. —

[*Kisses him.*

Itbamore.

That kiss again ; she runs division ³⁸ of my lips.
What an eye she casts on me !
It twinkles like a star.

Courtezan.

Come, my dear love, let's in and sleep together.

Itbamore.

Oh that ten thousand nights were put in one,
That we might sleep seven years together, afore
We wake.

Courtezan.

Come, amorous wag, first banquet, and then sleep.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Barabas reading a letter.

Barabas.

" Barabas, send me three hundred crowns."
Plain Barabas : oh that wicked courtezan !
He was not wont to call me Barabas.
" Or else I will confess : " Aye, there it goes :
But if I get him, *coupe de gorge* for that
He sent a shaggy, totter'd ³⁹, staring slave,
That, when he speaks, draws out his grisly beard,
And winds it twice or thrice about his ear ;

³⁸— *she runs division, &c.*] A musical term. So in *King Henry IV*, p. 1.

" Sung by a young queen in a summer's bower,

" With ravishing *division* to her lute.

S.

³⁹ totter'd.] i. e. tattered. See note on *Edward II*, vol. 2. p. 408.

Whose face has been a grind-stone for men's swords ;
 His hands are hack'd, some fingers cut quite off ;
 Who, when he speaks, grunts like a hog, and looks
 Like one that is employ'd in catzerie ⁴⁰,
 And crosbiting ⁴¹ ; such a rogue
 As is the husband to a hundred whores :
 And I by him must send three hundred crowns.
 Well, my hope is, he will not stay there still ;
 And when he comes : Oh that he were but here !

Enter Philia Borzo.

Philia Borzo.

Jew, I must have more gold.

Barabas.

Why, want'st thou any of thy tale ?

Philia Borzo.

No ; but three hundred will not serve his turn.

Barabas.

Not serve his turn, fir ?

Philia Borzo.

No, fir ; and therefore I must have five hundred more.

Barabas.

I'll rather ———

Philia Borzo.

Oh, good words, fir, and send it, you were best ; see,
 There's his letter.

⁴⁰ *catzerie.*] I am unacquainted with this word. It means, however, some species of fraud, perhaps the art of begging, from *cattare*, to obtain. *Ital.*

S.

I find the word *catso* twice used, once by *Ben Jonson*, in his *Every Man out of his Humour*, A. 2. S. 1.

“ These be our nimble spirited *catso's*, that ha' their evasions at pleasure, will run over a bog like your wild Irish ; no sooner started, but “ they'll leap from one thing to another like a squirrel,” &c.

Again in *Wily Beguiled*.

“ And so cunningly temporize with this cunning *catso*.”

crosbiting] is one of the cant terms for cheating. One of Robert Greene's pamphlets is entitled, “ The Blacke Bookes Messenger. “ Laying open the life and death of Ned Browne, one of the most notable cutpurfs, *crosbiters*, and coney-catchers, that ever lived in England,” &c.

Barabas.

Barabas.

Might he not as well come as send ? pray bid him
Come and fetch it ; what he writes for you, ye shall have
straight.

Philia Borzo.

Aye, and the rest too, or else ———

Barabas.

I must make this villain away : please you dine
With me, sir, and you shall be most heartily poison'd.

[*Afide.*

Philia Borzo.

No, God-a-mercy, shall I have these crowns ?

Barabas.

I cannot do it, I have lost my keys.

Philia Borzo.

Oh, if that be all, I can pick ope your locks.

Barabas.

Or climb up to my counting-house window :
You know my meaning.

Philia Borzo.

I know enough, and therefore talk not to me of your
counting-house : the gold, or know, Jew, it is in my
power to hang thee.

Barabas.

I am betray'd.

'Tis not five hundred crowns that I esteem,
I am not mov'd at that : this angers me,
That he, who knows I love him as myself,
Should write in this imperious vein. Why, sir,
You know I have no child ; and unto whom
Should I leave all, but unto Ithamore ?

Philia Borzo.

Here's many words, but no crowns ; the crowns.

Barabas.

Commend me to him, sir, most humbly,
And unto your good mistress, as unknown.

Philia Borzo.

Speak, shall I have 'em sir ?

Barabas.

Sir, here they are.

B b 4

Oh

Oh that I should part with so much gold !
 Here, take 'em, fellow, with as good a will —
 — As I wou'd see thee hang'd ; Oh, love stops my breath :
 Never lov'd man servant as I do Ithamore.

Philia Borzo.

I know it, fir.

Barabas.

Pray, when, fir, shall I see you at my house ?

Philia Borzo.

Soon enough to your cost, fir :

Fare you well.

[Exit.

Barabas.

Nay, thine own cost, villain, if thou com'st.
 Was ever Jew tormented as I am ?
 To have a shag-rag knave to come,
 Three hundred crowns, and then five hundred crowns ?
 Well ; I must seek a means to rid 'em all,
 And presently ; for in his villainy
 He will tell all he knows, and I shall die for't. I have it ;
 I will in some disguise go see the slave,
 And how the villain revels with my gold.

[Exit.

Enter Courtezan, Ithamore, Philia Borzo.

Courtezan.

I'll pledge thee, love, and therefore drink it off.

Ithamore.

Say'st thou me so ? have at it ; and do you hear ?

Courtezan.

Go to, it shall be so.

Ithamore.

Of that condition I will drink it up ; here's to thee.

Philia Borzo.

Nay, I'll have all or none.

Ithamore.

There, if thou lov'st me, do not leave a drop.

Courtezan.

Love thee ! fill me three glasses.

Ithamore.

Three and fifty dozen, I'll pledge thee.

Philia

Philia Borzo.

Knave! spoke, and like a knight at arms.

Ithamore.

Hey, *Rivo Castiliano*⁴², a man's a man.

Courtezan.

Now to the Jew.

Ithamore.

Ha, to the Jew, and send me money, you were best.

Philia Borzo.

What would'st thou do if he should send thee none?

Ithamore.

Do nothing; but I know what I know;
He's a murderer.

Courtezan.

I had not thought he had been so brave a man.

Ithamore.

You knew Mathias and the governor's son; he and
I kill'd 'em both, and yet never touch'd 'em.

Philia Borzo.

Oh bravely done.

Ithamore.

I carried the broth that poison'd the nuns; and he
And I snicle hand too fast⁴³, strangled a friar.

Courtezan.

You two alone?

Ithamore.

We two; and 'twas never known, nor never shall
Be for me.

Philia Borzo.

This shall with me unto the governor.

Courtezan.

And fit it should: but first let's have more gold.
Come, gentle Ithamore, lie in my lap.

⁴² *Rivo Castiliano.*] See notes to the first part of King Henry IV,
A. 2. S. 4. S.

⁴³ *snicle hand too fast.*] I believe this passage to be corrupt. It is
certainly obscure. We may indeed suppose *snicle*, like *snails*, to be a
corrupted oath, and read *hand to fist*, instead of *too fast*. S.

Ithamore.

Ithamore.

Love me little, love me long; let musick rumble,
Whilst I in thy inconv lap ⁴⁴ do tumble.

Enter Barabas with a lute, disguis'd.

Courtezian.

A French musician; come, let's hear your skill.

Barabas.

Must tuna my lute for sound, twang twang, first.

Ithamore.

Wilt drink, Frenchman? here's to thee with a—
Pox on this drunken hickup.

Barabas.

Gramercy, monsieur.

Courtezian.

Pr'ythee, Philia Borzo, bid the fidler give me
The posey in his hat there.

Philia Borzo.

Sirrah, you must give my mistress your posey.

Barabas.

A voustre commandement, madam.

Courtezian.

How sweet, my Ithamore, the flowers smell.

Ithamore.

Like thy breath, sweetheart, no violet like 'em.

Philia Borzo.

Foh, methinks they stink like a holly hoke ⁴⁵.

Barabas.

So, now I am reveng'd upon 'em all.
The scent thereof was death, I poison'd it.

Ithamore.

Play, fiddler, or I'll cut your cat's guts into chitterlings.

Barabas.

Pardona moy, be no in tune yet: so now, now all be in.

⁴⁴ in thy inconv lap.] Kony or inconv is fine, delicate. See note to
Love's Labour Lost, vol. 2. p. 417, edition 1778. S.

⁴⁵ like a holly hoke.] i. e. holly hock, *Malva Hortensis*. This flower,
however, has no offensive smell. S.

Ithamore.

Itbamore.

Give him a crown, and fill me out more wine.

Philia Borzo.

There's two crowns for thee ; play.

Barabas.

How liberally the villain gives me mine own gold !

[*Aside.*

Philia Borzo.

Methinks he fingers very well.

Barabas.

So did you when you stole my gold.

[*Aside.*

Philia Borzo.

How swift he runs.

Barabas.

You run swifter when you threw my gold out of
My window.

[*Aside.*

Courtezan.

Musician, hast been in Malta long ?

Barabas.

Two, three, four month, madam.

Itbamore.

Dost not know a Jew, one Barabas ?

Barabas.

Very much ; monsieur, you no be his man ?

Philia Borzo.

His man ?

Itbamore.

I scorn the peasant, tell him so.

Barabas.

He knows it already.

Itbamore.

'Tis a strange thing of that Jew, he lives upon
Pickled grasshoppers, and sauc'd mushrooms.

Barabas.

What a slave's this ?

The governor feeds not as I do.

[*Aside.*

Itbamore.

He never put on clean shirt since he was circumcis'd.

Barabas.

Oh rascal ! I change myself twice a day.

[*Aside.*
Itbamore.

Itbamore.

The hat he wears Judas left under the elder
When he hang'd himself.

Barabas.

'Twas sent me for a present from the Great Cham.

[*Aside.*]*Philia Borzo.*

A nasty slave he is ;
Whither now, fiddler ?

Barabas.

Pardona moy, monsieur, me be no well.

[*Exit*]*Philia Borzo.*

Farewel fiddler : One letter more to the Jew.

Courtezan.

Pr'ythee, sweet love, one more, and write it sharp.

Itbamore.

No, I'll send by word of mouth now ;
Bid him deliver thee a thousand crowns,
By the same token that the nuns lov'd rice,
That friar Barnardine slept in his own clothes ;
Any of 'em will do it.

Philia Borzo.

Let me alone to urge it, now I know the meaning.

Itbamore.

The meaning has a meaning ; come, let's in :
To undo a Jew is charity, and not fin.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

*Enter Governor, Knights, Martin Del Bosco.**Governor.*

NOW, Gentlemen, betake you to your arms,
And see that Malta be well fortified ;
And it behoves you to be resolute ;
For Calymath having hover'd here so long,
Will win the town, or die before the walls.

Knights.

Knights.

And die he shall, for we will never yield.

Enter Courtezan, Philia Borzo.

Courtezan.

Oh bring us to the governor.

Governor.

Away with her, she is a courtezan.

Courtezan.

Whate'er I am, yet, governor, hear me speak;
I bring thee news by whom thy son was slain:
Mathias did it not, it was the Jew.

Philia Borzo.

Who, besides the slaughter of these gentlemen,
Poison'd his own daughter, and the nuns,
Strangled a friar, and I know not what
Mischief beside.

Governor.

Had we but proof of this.

Courtezan.

Strong proof, my lord; his man's now at my
Lodging, that was his agent; he'll confess it all.

Governor.

Go fetch him straight; I always fear'd that Jew.

Enter Jew and Ithamore.

Barabas.

I'll go alone: dogs, do not hale me thus.

Ithamore.

Nor me neither, I cannot out-run you, constable: oh my
belly.

Barabas.

One dram of powder more had made all sure;
What a damn'd slave was I?

Governor.

Make fires, heat irons, let the rack be fetch'd.

Knights.

Nay stay, my lord, 't may be he will confess.

Barabas.

Confess! what mean you, lords, who should confess?

Governor.

Governor.

Thou and thy Turk; 'twas you that slew my son.

Ithamore.

Guilty, my lord, I confess; your son and Mathias
Were both contracted unto Abigail,
He forg'd a counterfeit challenge.

Barabas.

Who carried that challenge?

Ithamore.

I carried it, I confess, but who writ it?
Marry, even he that strangled Barnardine, poison'd the
Nuns, and his own daughter.

Governor.

Away with him, his sight is death to me.

Barabas.

For what, you men of Malta? hear me speak;
She is a courtezan, and he a thief,
And he my bondman: let me have law,
For none of this can prejudice my life.

Governor.

Once more, away with him; you shall have law.

Barabas.

Devils, do your worst, I live in spite of you.
As these have spoke, so be it to their souls:
I hope the poison'd flowers will work anon.

[Exit,

Enter Mother of Mathias.

Mother.

Was my Mathias murder'd by the Jew?
Ferneze, it was thy son that murder'd him.

Governor.

Be patient, gentle madam, it was he,
He forg'd the daring challenge made them fight.

Mother.

Where is the Jew? where is that murderer?

Governor.

In prison, till the law has past on him.

Enter Officer.

Officer.

My lord, the courtezan and her man are dead;

So

So is the Turk, and Barabas the Jew.

Governor.

Dead !

Officer.

Dead, my lord, and here they bring his body.

Del Bosco.

This sudden death of his is very strange.

Governor.

Wonder not at it, sir, the Heavens are just.
Their deaths were like their lives, then think not of 'em ;
Since they are dead, let 'em be buried ;
For the Jew's body, throw that o'er the walls,
To be a prey for vultures and wild beasts.
So, now away, and fortify the town.

[*Exeunt.*

Barabas.

What, all alone ? well fare, sleepy drink.
I'll be reveng'd on this accursed town ;
For by my means Calymath shall enter in.
I'll help to slay their children and their wives,
To fire the churches, pull their houses down ;
Take my goods too, and seize upon my lands :
I hope to see the governor a slave,
And, rowing in a galley, whipt to death.

Enter Calymath, Bashaws, and Turks.

Calymath.

Whom have we there, a spy ?

Barabas.

Yes, my good lord, one that can spy a place
Where you may enter, and surprize the town :
My name is Barabas ; I am a Jew.

Calymath.

Art thou that Jew whose goods we heard were sold,
For tribute-money ?

Barabas.

The very same, my lord :
And since that time they have hir'd a slave, my man,
To accuse me of a thousand villainies :
I was imprison'd, but 'scap'd their hands.

Calymath.

Didst break prison ?

Barabas.

Barabas.

No, no:

I drank of poppy and cold mandrake juice ;
And being asleep, belike they thought me dead,
And threw me o'er the walls : so, or how else,
The Jew is here, and rests at your command.

Calymath.

'Twas bravely done ; but tell me, Barabas,
Canst thou, as thou report'st, make Malta ours ?

Barabas.

Fear not, my lord ; for here, against the truce,
The rock is hollow, and of purpose digg'd,
To make a passage for the running streams
And common channels of the city.
Now, whilst you give assault unto the walls,
I'll lead five hundred soldiers through the vault,
And rise with them i' th' middle of the town ;
Open the gates for you to enter in,
And by this means the city is your own,

Calymath.

If this be true, I'll make thee governor.

Barabas.

And if it be not true, then let me die.

Calymath.

Thou'st doom'd thyself ; assault it presently. [*Exeunt.*

Alarms.

Enter Turks, Barabas ; Governor and Knights prisoners.

Calymath.

Now vail your pride, you captive Christians,
And kneel for mercy to your conquering foe.
Now where's the hope you had of haughty Spain ?
Ferneze, speak, had it not been much better
To kept thy promise, than be thus surpriz'd ?

Governor.

What should I say ; we are captives, and must yield.

Calymath.

Aye, villains, you must yield, and under Turkish yokes
Shall groaning bear the burthen of our ire ;
And, Barabas, as erst we promis'd thee,

[*For*

For thy desert we make thee governor ;
Use them at thy discretion.

Barabas.

Thanks, my lord.

Governor.

Oh fatal day, to fall into the hands
Of such a traitor and unhallowed Jew !
What greater misery could Heaven inflict ?

Calymath.

'Tis our command : and, Barabas, we give,
To guard thy person, these our janinaries :
Intreat them well, as we have used thee.
And now, brave Bashaws, come, we'll walk about
The ruin'd town, and see the wreck we made :
Farewel, brave Jew, farewel, great Barabas. *[Exeunt.]*

Barabas.

May all good fortune follow Calymath.
And now, as entrance to our safety,
To prison with the governor and these
Captains, his consorts and confederates.

Governor.

Oh villain ! Heaven will be reveng'd on thee. *[Exeunt.]*

Barabas.

Away, no more, let him not trouble me. .
Thus hast thou gotten, by thy policy,
No simple place, no small authority. .
I now am governor of Malta ; true,
But Malta hates me, and in hating me,
My life's in danger ; and what boots it thee,
Poor Barabas, to be the governor,
When as thy life shall be at their command ?
No, Barabas, this must be look'd into ;
And since by wrong thou got'st authority,
Maintain it bravely by firm policy,
At least, unprofitably lose it not :
For he that liveth in authority,
And neither gets him friends, nor fills his bags,
Lives like the ass that *Aesop* speaketh of,
That labours with a load of bread and wine,
And leaves it off to snap on thistle tops :

But Barabas will be more circumspect.
 Begin betimes, occasion's bald behind;
 Slip not thine opportunity, for fear too late
 Thou seek'st for much, but canst not compass it.
 Within here!

Enter Governor with a guard.

Governor.

My lord!

Barabas.

Aye, lord, thus slaves will learn.
 Now, Governor, — stand by there, wait within:

[To the Guard.]

This is the reason that I sent for thee;
 Thou seest thy life, and Malta's happiness,
 Are at my arbitrament; and Barabas,
 At his discretion, may dispose of both:
 Now tell me, Governor, and plainly too,
 What think'st thou shall become of it and thee?

Governor.

This, Barabas; since things are in thy power,
 I see no reason but of Malta's wreck,
 Nor hope of thee, but extreme cruelty;
 Nor fear I death, nor will I flatter thee.

Barabas.

Governor, good words; be not so furious;
 'Tis not thy life which can avail me aught,
 Yet you do live, and live for me you shall:
 And as for Malta's ruin, think you not
 'Twere slender policy for Barabas
 To dispossess himself of such a place?
 For sith, as once you said, within this isle
 In Malta here, that I have got my goods,
 And in this city still have had success,
 And now at length am grown your governor,
 Yourselves shall see it shall not be forgot:
 For, as a friend not known but in distress,
 I'll rear up Malta, now remediless.

Governor.

Will Barabas recover Malta's loss?
 Will Barabas be good to Christians?

Barabas.

What wilt thou give me, Governor, to procure
A dissolution of the slavish bands
Wherein the Turk hath yok'd your land and you ?
What will you give me if I render you
The life of Calymath, surprize his men,
And in an out-house of the city shut
His soldiers, till I have consum'd 'em all with fire ?
What will you give him that procureth this ?

Governor.

Do but bring this to pass, which thou pretendest
Deal truly with us as thou intimatest,
And I will send amongst the citizens,
And, by my letters, privately procure
Great sums of money for thy recompence :
Nay more, do this, and live thou governor still.

Barabas.

Nay, do thou this, Ferneze, and be free :
Governor, I enlarge thee, live with me,
Go walk about the city, see thy friends :
Tush, send not letters to 'em, go thyself,
And let me see what money thou canst make ;
Here is my hand, that I'll set Malta free ;
And thus we cast it : To a solemn feast
I will invite young Selim Calymath,
Where be thou present, only to perform
One stratagem that I'll impart to thee,
Wherein no danger shall betide thy life,
And I will warrant Malta free for ever.

Governor.

Here is my hand ; believe me, Barabas,
I will be there, and do as thou desirest.
When is the time ?

Barabas.

Governor, presently ;
For Calymath, when he hath view'd the town,
Will take his leave, and sail toward Ottoman.

Governor.

Then will I, Barabas, about this coin,
And bring it with me to thee in the evening.

C c 2

Barabas.

Barabas.

Do so, but fail not ; now farewell, Ferneze ;

[Exit Governor,

And thus far roundly goes the business :
 Thus loving neither, will I live with both,
 Making a profit of my policy ;
 And he from whom my most advantage comes,
 Shall be my friend.

This is the life we Jews are us'd to lead ;
 And reason too, for Christians do the like.
 Well, now about effecting this device ;
 First, to surprize great Selim's soldiers,
 And then, to make provision for the feast,
 That at one instant all things may be done ;
 My policy detests prevention :
 To what event my secret purpose drives,
 I know ; and they shall witness with their lives.

[Exit.

*Enter Calymath, Bashaw.**Calymath.*

Thus have we view'd the city, seen the sack,
 And caus'd the ruins to be new repair'd,
 Which with our bombards, shot, and basilisk ⁴⁶,
 We rent in funder at our entry :
 And, now I see the situation,
 And how secure this conquer'd island stands
 Inviron'd with the Mediterranean Sea,
 Strong countermin'd with other petty isles ;
 And toward Calabria back'd by Sicily,
 Two lofty turrets that command the town,
 When Siracusan Dionysius reign'd ;
 I wonder how it could be conquer'd thus.

*Enter a Messenger.**Messenger.*

From Barabas, Malta's governor, I bring
 A message unto mighty Calymath ;
 Hearing his sovereign was bound for sea,

⁴⁶ bombards — basilisk.] Different names of pieces of ordnance formerly in use.

To sail to Turkey, to great Ottoman,
He humbly would intreat your majesty
To come and see his homely citadel,
And banquet with him ere thou leav'st the isle.

Calymath.

To banquet with him in his citadel?
I fear me, messenger, to feast my train
Within a town of war so lately pillaged,
Will be too costly and too troublesome:
Yet would I gladly visit Barabas,
For well has Barabas deserv'd of us.

Messenger.

Selim, for that, thus saith the governor,
That he hath in store a pearl so big,
So precious, and withal so orient,
As, be it valued but indifferently,
The price thereof will serve to entertain
Selim and all his soldiery for a month;
Therefore he humbly would intreat your highness
Not to depart till he has feasted you.

Calymath.

I cannot feast my men in Malta walls,
Except he place his tables in the streets.

Messenger.

Know, Selim, that there is a monastery,
Which standeth as an out-house to the town;
There will he banquet them, but thee at home,
With all thy Bashaws and brave followers.

Calymath.

Well, tell the Governor we grant his suit;
We'll in this summer evening feast with him.

Messenger.

I shall, my lord.

[Exit.

Calymath.

And now, bold Bashaws, let us to our tents,
And meditate how we may grace us best,
To solemnize our governor's great feast.

[Exeunt.

Enter Governor, Knights, Del Bosco.

Governor.

In this, my countrymen, be rul'd by me ;
Have special care that no man sally forth
'Till you shall hear a culverin discharg'd
By him that bears the linstock ⁴⁷, kindled thus :
Then issue out, and come to rescue me ;
For happily I shall be in distress,
Or you released of this servitude.

1st Knight.

Rather than thus to live as Turkish thralls,
What will we not adventure ?

Governor.

On then, be gone.

Knights.

Farewel, grave Governor.

Enter Barabas with a hammer above, very busy.

Barabas.

How stand the cords ? how hang these hinges, fast ?
Are all the cranes and pullies sure ?

Servant.

All fast.

Barabas.

Leave nothing loose, all level'd to my mind.
Why now I see that you have art indeed.
There, carpenters, divide that gold amongst you :
Go, swill in bowls of sack and muscadine ;
Down to the cellar, taste of all my wines.

Carpenters.

We shall, my lord, and thank you.

[*Exeunt.*

Barabas.

And if you like them, drink your fill and die ;
For so I live, perish may all the world.
Now Selim Calymath return me word
That thou wilt come, and I am satisfied,
Now, firrah, what, will he come ?

⁴⁷ *the linstock*] i. e. the long match with which cannon are fired.
See note on *King Henry Vth*, vol. 6, p. 67, edit. 1778.

S.
Enter

Enter Messenger.

Messenger.

He will ; and has commanded all his men
To come ashore, and march through Malta streets,
That thou may'st feast them in thy citadel.

Barabas.

Then now are all things as my wish wou'd have 'em ;
There wanteth nothing but the Governor's pelf ;
And see he brings it : now, Governor, the sum ?

Enter Governor.

Governor.

With free consent, a hundred thousand pounds.

Barabas.

Pounds ! say'st thou, Governor ? well, since it is no
more,

I'll satisfy myself with that ; nay, keep it still,
For if I keep not promise, trust not me :
And, Governor, now partake my policy ;
First, for his army, they are sent before,
Enter'd the monastery, and underneath,
In several places are field-pieces pitch'd,
Bombards, whole barrels full of gunpowder,
That on the sudden shall disserve it,
And batter all the stones about their ears,
Whence none can possibly escape alive.
Now as for Calymath and his comforts,
Here have I made a dainty gallery ;
The floor whereof, this cable being cut,
Doth fall asunder, so that it doth sink
Into a deep pit past recovery.
Here, hold that knife, and when thou seest he comes,
And with his Bashaws shall be blithely set,
A warning-piece shall be shot off from the tower,
To give thee knowledge when to cut the cord,
And fire the house : say, will not this be brave ?

Governor.

Oh excellent ! here, hold thee, Barabas,
I trust thy word, take what I promis'd thee.

C c 4

Barabas.

Barabas.

No, Governor, I'll satisfy thee first,
 Thou shalt not live in doubt of any thing.
 Stand close, for here they come : Why, is not this
 A kingly kind of trade, to purchase towns
 By treachery, and sell 'em by deceit ?
 Now tell me, worldlings, underneath the sun,
 If greater falshood ever has been done.

*Enter Calymath and Bashaws.**Calymath.*

Come, my companion-Bashaws, see, I pray,
 How busy Barabas is there above
 To entertain us in his gallery ;
 Let us salute him : Save thee, Barabas,

Barabas.

Welcome, great Calymath.

Governor.

How the slave jeers at him !

Barabas.

Will't please thee, mighty Selim Calymath,
 To ascend our homely stairs ?

Calymath.

Aye, Barabas ; come, Bashaws, attend.

Governor.

Stay, Calymath ;
 For I will shew thee greater courtesy
 Than Barabas would have afforded thee.

Knights.

Sound a charge there.

[*A charge, the cable cut,
 a caldron discovered.*]

Calymath.

How now ? what means this !

Barabas.

Help, help me, Christians, help.

Governor.

See, Calymath, this was devis'd for thee,

Calymath.

Treason, treason, Bashaws ; fly.

Governor.

No, Selim, do not fly ;

See

See his end first, and fly them if thou canst.

Barabas.

Oh help me, Selim, help me, Christians!
Governor, why stand you all so pitiless?

Governor.

Should I in pity of thy plagues or thee,
Accursed Barabas, base Jew, relent?
No, thus I'll see thy treachery repaid,
But wish thou hadst behav'd thee otherwise.

Barabas.

You will not help me then?

Governor.

No, villain, no.

Barabas.

And, villains, know you cannot help me now.
Then, Barabas, breathe forth thy latest fate,
And in the fury of thy torments strive
To end thy life with resolution.

Know, Governor, 'twas I that slew thy son;
I fram'd the challenge that did make them meet.

Know, Calymath, I aim'd thy overthrow,
And, had I but escap'd this stratagem,
I would have brought confusion on you all,
Damn'd Christians, dogs, and Turkish Infidels.

But now begins the extremity of heat

To pinch me with intolerable pangs:

Die life, fly soul, tongue curse thy fill, and die.

[*Exit.*]

Calymath.

Tell me, you Christians, what doth this portend?

Governor.

This train he laid to have intrapp'd thy life;
Now, Selim, note the unhallowed deeds of Jews:
Thus he determin'd to have handled thee,
But I have rather chose to save thy life.

Calymath.

Was this the banquet he prepar'd for us?
Let's hence, lest further mischief be pretended⁴⁸.

⁴⁸ pretended] i. e. designed. The use of this verb, to pretend, is common in Shakspeare.

"What good could they pretend?" *Macbeth.*

S.

We

Governor.

Nay, Selim, stay; for since we have thee here,
 We will not let thee part so suddenly.
 Besides, if we should let thee go, all's one,
 For with thy gallies couldst thou not get hence,
 Without fresh men to rig and furnish them.

Calymath.

Tush, Governor, take thou no care for that,
 My men are all aboard,
 And do attend my coming there, by this.

Governor.

Why, heardst thou not the trumpet sound a charge?

Calymath.

Yes, what of that?

Governor.

Why then the house was fir'd,
 Blown up, and all thy soldiers massacred.

Calymath.

Oh monstrous treason!

Governor.

A Jew's courtesy;
 For he that did by treason work our fall,
 By treason hath delivered thee to us:
 Know, therefore, till thy father hath made good
 The ruins done to Malta and to us,
 Thou canst not part: for Malta shall be freed,
 Or Selim ne'er return to Ottoman.

Calymath.

Nay rather, Christians, let me go to Turkey,
 In person there to meditate your peace;
 To keep me here will nought advantage you.

Governor.

Content thee, Calymath, here thou must stay,
 And live in Malta prisoner; for, come all the world
 To rescue thee, so will we guard us now,
 As sooner shall they drink the ocean dry,
 Than conquer Malta, or endanger us.
 So march away, and let due praise be given,
 Neither to fate nor fortune, but to Heaven.

E D I T I O N.

The famous T R A G E D Y

O F

The RICH JEW of MALTA.

As it was play'd before the King and Queene, in his Majesties Theatre,
at WHITE HALL, by her Majesties Servants at the Cock Pit.

Written by CHRISTOPHER MARLOW.

L O N D O N:

Printed by J. B. for NICHOLAS VAVASOUR; and are
to be sold at his Shop in the *Inner Temple*, neere the
Church. 1633.

4to.

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✓

THE WITS.

THE WITS

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT was the younger son of Mr. John Davenant, a citizen of Oxford, who kept the Crown Tavern there. He was born in the month of Februry, 1605, and received the first rudiments of polite learning from Mr. Edward Sylvester, who was then master of a Grammar School, in the parish of All Saints, Oxford. In 1621 he was entered a member of Lincoln College, where he stayed but a short time before he removed to London, and became first page to Frances Duchess of Richmond. He afterwards went into the family of Sir Fulk Grevile, Lord Brooke, where he continued until the unfortunate catastrophe of that nobleman. He spent the next eight years of his life in a constant attendance at Court, where he was universally well received, and very highly carested; and in that period he was so unlucky as to engage in an amour, the consequence of which deprived him of his nose. Upon the death of Ben Jonson, in 1637, he succeeded him as Poet Laureat. On the breaking out of the troubles, he early engaged on behalf of the king; and in May, 1641, was accused to the Parliament of a design to bring up the army for the defence of the king's person and the support of his authority. On this occasion he absconded; but a proclamation being issued out against him, he was stopt at Feverham, sent up to town, and put into the custody of a serjeant at arms. In the month of July he was bailed, and he determined to withdraw into France; but was again seized in Kent, by the mayor of Canterbury. He, however, at last effected his purpose of retiring beyond the seas, and continued there for some time. But the Queen sending over some military stores for the use of the Earl of Newcastle; Sir William was induced to come over with them, and offered

offered his service to that nobleman, who appointed him, very absurdly, to the post of lieutenant general of the ordnance. In September, 1643, he received the honour of knighthood at the siege of Gloucester. It does not appear when he quitted the army; but after the King's affairs began to decline, he judged it necessary to retire into France, where he was well received by the Queen; and in the summer, 1646, was entrusted with a negotiation of importance, while the King was at Newcastle. Before this time he had embraced the Roman Catholick religion, which probably was the reason of his being employed at this period. On his return to Paris, he formed a design of going to Virginia, and accordingly embarked at one of the ports in Normandy; but was, almost immediately after he sailed, taken and carried into the Isle of Wight by one of the Parliament ships of war, and committed close prisoner to Cowes Castle. In October, 1650, he was ordered to be tried by a high commission court, and for that purpose he was conveyed to the Tower of London. It is generally imagined, he owed his life to the interposition of Milton, who, in return, a few years after, was saved at his intercession. After continuing more than two years a prisoner in the Tower, he was released; and in 1656, obtained leave to open a kind of Theatre in Rutland-house, where he performed several dramattick entertainments. Upon the commotions which preceded the restoration, he was again imprisoned, but quickly released. Soon after the restoration, he obtained one of the patents granted for the forming a company of players, and opened the Duke's Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where he first introduced painted scenes. He continued to act there until the time of his death, the new and magnificent Theatre, built in Dorset Gardens, to which the company afterwards removed, not being finished at the time of his death. He died at his house in Little Lincoln's Inn Fields, April 7, 1668, at the age of 63, and was buried near Chaucer's monument, in Westminster Abbey; the whole company attending his funeral.

He

He was the author of

1. "Albovine, King of the Lombards, his Tragedy." 4to. 1629.
2. "The Cruel Brother: a Tragedy; acted at the Private House, in Black Fryers." 4to. 1630.
3. "The Just Italian, presented at the Private House, in Black Fryers." 4to. 1630.
4. "The Temple of Love: a Masque; presented by the Queen's Majesty, at Whitehal." 4to. 1634.
5. "The Triumphs of Prince D'Amour: a Masque; presented by his Highness, at his Palace in the Middle Temple, the 24 Feb. 1635." 4to. 1635.
6. "The Platonick Lovers: a Tragi-Comedy; presented at the Private House, Black Fryers." 4to. 1636. 8vo. 1666.
7. "The Witts: a Comedy; presented at the Private House, in Black Fryers." 4to. 1636. 8vo. 1665.
8. "Britannia Triumphans: a Masque; presented at Whitehall by the King's Majesty and his Lords, on the Sunday after Twelfth Night, 1637." 4to. 1637.
9. "Salmacida Spolia: a Masque; presented by the King and Queen's Majesties, at Whitehall, on Tuesday the 21 day of January, 1639." 4to. 1639.
10. "The Unfortunate Lovers: a Tragedy." 4to. 1643. 4to. 1649.
11. "Love and Honour: presented by his Majesties Servants, at the Black Fryers." 4to. 1649.
12. "The First Day's Entertainment at Rutland House, by Declamation and Musick, after the Manner of the Ancients." 4to. 1656.
13. "The Siege of Rhodes, made a Representation by the Art of Prospective in Scenes; and the Story sung in Recitative Musick, at the Back Part of Rutland House, in the Upper End of Aldersgate Street, London." 4to. 1656.
14. "The Siege of Rhodes, the First and Second Part: as they were lately represented at the Duke of York's Theatre, in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. The First Part being lately enlarged." 4to. 1663.

Vol. VIII.

D d

15. "The

15. "The Rivals : a Comedy ; acted by the Duke of York's Servants." 4to. 1668.

This is taken from The Two Noble Kinsmen. By Shakspeare and Fletcher.

16. "The Man's the Master : a Comedy." 4to. 1669.

The six following Plays were first printed in the Folio Edition of Sir William Davenant's Works, in 1673.

17. "The Fair Favourite : a Tragi-Comedy."

18. "The Law against Lovers : a Tragi-Comedy ; taken from Measure for Measure."

19. "News from Plymouth : a Comedy."

20. "The Playhouse to be let : a Comedy."

21. "The Siege : a Tragi-Comedy."

22. "The Distresses : a Tragi-Comedy."

23. "Macbeth : a Tragedy ; with all the Alterations, Amendments, Additions, and new Songs ; as acted at the Duke's Theatre." 1674. 4to.

Downes the prompter, who ascribes this alteration to Sir William Davenant, observes of it, That "being dressed in all it's finery, as new cloaths, new scenes, machines as flyings for the witches ; with all the singing and dancing in it. The first composed by Mr. Lock, the other by Mr. Channell and Mr. Joseph Preist ; it being all excellently performed, being in the nature of an opera, it recompensed double the expence." In this Play, Nat Lee, the poet, made his unsuccessful attempt in acting. He performed the part of Duncan.

Sir William Davenant joined with Dryden in altering the Tempest ; and the names of both those writers are put to an alteration of Julius Cæsar. Printed 12mo. 1719.

Sir William Davenant's works are printed in folio. 1673.

T O

THE CHIEFLY BELOV'D

Of all that are Ingenious and Noble,

ENDYMION PORTER,

Of his Majesty's Bedchamber.

S I R,

THOUGH you covet not acknowledgments, receive what belongs to you by a double title: your goodness hath preserv'd life in the Author; then rescu'd his work from a cruel faction; which nothing but the forces of your reason, and your reputation, could subdue. If it become your pleasure now, as when it had the advantage of presentation on the stage, I shall be taught to boast some merit in myself; but with this inference, you still (as in that doubtful day of my trial) endeavour to make shew of so much justice, as may countenance the love you bear to

Your most oblig'd, and thankful

humble Servant,

WILLIAM D'AVENANT.

To the READER of

Mr. WILLIAM D'AVENANT'S Play.

IT hatn been said of old, that plays are feasts,
 Poets the cooks, and the spectators guests,
 The actors waiters: from this simile
 Some have deriv'd an unsafe liberty,
 To use their judgments as their tastes; which chuse,
 Without controul, this dish, and that refuse:
 But Wit allows not this large privilege,
 Either you must confess, or feel it's edge;
 Nor shall you make a current inference,
 If you transfer your reason to your sense:
 Things are distinct, and must the same appear
 To every piercing eye, or well-tun'd ear.
 Though sweets with your's, sharps best with my taste meet,
 Both must agree this meat's or sharp or sweet:
 But if I scent a stench or a perfume,
 Whilst you smell nought at all, I may presume
 You have that sense imperfect: so you may
 Affect a sad, merry, or humorous play,
 If, though the kind distaste or please, the Good
 And Bad be by your judgment understood:
 But if, as in this play, where with delight
 I feast my Epicurean appetite
 With relishes so curious, as dispense
 The utmost pleasure to the ravish'd sense,
 You should profess that you can nothing meet
 That hits your taste, either with sharp or sweet,
 But cry out, 'Tis insipid; your bold tongue
 May do it's master, not the author, wrong;
 For men of better palate will, by it,
 Take the just elevation of your wit.

T. CAREW.

THE

The PROLOGUE.

BLESS me, you kinder stars ! how are we throng'd !
 Alas ! whom hath our long-sick Poet wrong'd,
 That he should meet together, in one day,
 A session, and a faction at his play ?
 To judge, and to condemn : for't cannot be,
 Amongst so many here, all should agree.
 Then 'tis to such vast expectation rais'd,
 As it were to be wonder'd at, not prais'd :
 And this, good faith, Sir Poet (if I've read
 Customs, or men) strikes you and your Muse dead.
 Conceive now too, how much, how oft each ear
 Hath surfeited, in this our hemisphere,
 With various, pure, eternal wit ; and then,
 My fine young comick sir, y' are kill'd again.
 But 'bove the mischief of these fears, a sort
 Of cruel spies (we hear) intend a sport
 Among themselves ; our mirth must not at all
 Tickle, or stir their lungs, but shake their gall.
 So this, join'd with the rest, makes me again
 To say, You and your lady Muse within
 Will have but a sad doom ; and your trim brow,
 Which long'd for wreaths, you must wear naked now ;
 ' Less some resolve, out of a courteous pride,
 To like and praise what others shall deride :
 So they've their humour too ; and we, in spite
 Of our dull brains, will think each side i' th' right.
 Such is your pleasant judgments upon plays,
 Like parallels that run straight, though sev'ral ways.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PALLATINE the Elder, *richly landed, and a wit.*

PALLATINE the Younger, { *a wit too, but lives on his
exhibition in Town.*

SIR MORGLAY THWACK, *a humorous rich old knight.*

SIR TYRANT THRIFT, *guardian to the Lady Ample.*

MEAGER, *a soldier newly come from Holland.*

PERT, *his comrade.*

ENGINE, *steward to Sir Tyrant Thrift.*

SNORE, *a constable.*

The Lady AMPLE, { *an Inheritrix, and Ward to Sir Ty-
rant Thrift.*

LUCY, *mistress to the Younger Pallatine.*

GINET, *woman to the Lady Ample.*

Mistress SNORE, *his wife.*

Mistress QUEASY, *her neighbour.*

Watchmen, &c.

The Scene LONDON.

THE

THE WITS*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Young Pallatine, Meager, Pert.

Younger Pallatine.

WELCOME o' shore, Meager; give me thy hand;
'Tis a true one, and will no more forsake
A bond, or bill, than a good sword; a hand
That will shift for the body, till the laws
Provide for both.

Meager.

Old wine, and new cloaths, fir,
Make you wanton; d' you not see Pert, my comrade?

Younger Pallatine.

Ambiguous Pert! hast thou danc'd to the drum too?
Could a taff'ta scarf, a long estridge wing,
A stiff iron doublet, and a brazil pole,
Tempt thee from cambrick sheets, fine active thighs,
From caudles where the precious amber swims?

Pert.

Faith, we have been to kill, we know not whom,
Nor why: led on to break a commandment,
With the consent of custom and the laws.

Meager.

Mine was a certain inclination, fir,
To do mischief, where good men of the jury,
And a dull congregation of grey-beards
Might urge no tedious statute 'gainst my life.

Younger Pallatine.

Nothing but honour could seduce thee, Pert!
Honour! which is the hope of the youthful,

* Sir William Davenant seems to have borrowed the hint of this plot from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at several weapons*.

And the old soldier's wealth, a jealousy
To the noble, and myst'ry to the wise,

Pert.

It was, sir, no geographical fancy,
('Cause in our maps I lik'd this region here
More than that country lying there) made me
Partial which to fight for.

Younger Pallatine.

True, sage Pert.

What is't to thee, whether one Don Diego
A prince, or Hans van Holme, fritter-seller
Of Bombell, do conquer that parapet,
Redoubt, or town, which thou ne'er saw'st before ?

Pert.

Not a brass thimble to me ; but honour !—

Younger Pallatine.

Why right ; else wherefore shouldst thou bleed for him,
Whose money, wine, nor wench, thou ne'er hast us'd ?
Or why destroy some poor root-eating soldier,
That never gave thee the lye, deny'd to pledge
Thy cockatrice's health, ne'er spit upon
Thy dog, jeer'd thy spur-leather, or return'd
Thy tooth-pick ragged, which he borrowed whole ?

Pert.

Never, to my knowledge.

Meager.

Comrade ! 'tis time—

Younger Pallatine.

What to unship your trunks at Billingsgate ?
Fierce Meager ! why such haste ? do not I know,
That a mouse yok'd to a peascod may draw,
With the frail cordage of one hair, your goods
About the world ?

Pert.

Why we have linen, sir.

Younger Pallatine.

As much, sir, as will fill a tinder-box,
Or make a frog a shirt. I like not, friends,
This quiet, modest posture of your shoulders
Why stir you not, as you were practising

To

To fence ? or do you hide your cattle, least
The skipper make you pay their passage over ?

Pert.

Know, Pallatine, Truth is a naked lady,
She will shew all. Meager and I have not —

Younger Pallatine.

The treasure of Saint Mark's ¹, I believe, fir ;
Though you are as rich as cast serving-men,
Or bawds led thrice into captivity.

Pert.

Thou hast a heart of the right stamp ; I find
It is not comely in thine eyes, to see
Us sons of war walk by the pleasant vines
Of Gascony, as we believ'd the grapes
Forbidden fruit ; sneak through a tavern with
Remorse, as we had read the Alcoran,
And made it our best faith.

Meager.

And abstain flesh,
As if our English beef were all reserv'd
For sacrifice.

Pert.

Whilst colon ² keeps more noise
Than mariners at plays, or apple-wives
That wrangle for a sieve.

Meager.

Contribute, come.

Younger Pallatine.

Stand there, close, on your lives : here, in this house,
Lives a rich old hen, whose young egg (though not
Of her own laying) I have in the embers :
She may prove a morsel for a discreet mouth,
If the kind Fates have but the leisure to
Betray the old one.

Pert.

Pallatine,
No plots upon generation ; we two
Have fasted so long, that we cannot think

¹ Saint Mark's,] at Venice.

² colon.] The colon is the greatest and widest of the human intef-
tines.

Of begetting any thing, unless,
Like cannibals, we might eat our own issue.

Younger Pallatine.

I say close : shrink in your morions³ ; go.

Meager.

Why hidden thus ? a soldier may appear.

Younger Pallatine.

Yes, in a suttler's hut on the pay-day :
But do you know the silence of this house,
The gravity and awe ? here dwells a lady,
That hath not seen a street since good king Harry
Call'd her to a mask : she is more devout
Than a weaver of Banbury⁴, that hopes
To intice Heaven, by singing, to make him lord
Of twenty looms. I never saw her yet ;
And to arrive at my preferment first
In your sweet company, will (I take it)
Add but little to my hopes. Retire ; go.

[*They step aside, whilst he calls between the bangings.*

Pert.

We shall obey ; but do not tempt us now
With sweetmeats for the nether palate ; do not.

Younger Pallatine.

What Lucy ! Luce ! now is the old beldam
Misleading her to a cushion, where she
Must pray, and sigh, and fast, until her knees
Grow smaller than her knuckles. Lucy ! Luce !
No hope ; she is undone ; she'll number o'er
As many orisons, as if she had
A bushel of beads to her rosary.
Lucy ! my April love ! my mistress, speak !—

Enter Lucy.

Lucy.

Pallatine, for Heaven's sake keep in your voice ;
My cruel aunt will hear, and I am lost.

³ *morions,*] or murrions. See note 11 on *The 2d part of the Honest Whore*, vol. 3. p. 391.

⁴ *Than a weaver of Banbury.*] See note 50 to *The Ordinary*, vol. 10. p. 244.

Younger

Younger Pallatine.

What can she hear, when her old ears are stuff'd
 With as much warm wax as will seal nine leaves?
 What a pox does she list'ning upon earth?
 't not time for her t' affect privacy,
 To creep into a close dark vault, there gossip
 With worms, and such small tame creatures as Heaven
 Provided to accompany old people?

Lucy.

Still better'd unto worse! but that my heart
 Consents not to disfigure thee, thou would'st be torn
 To pieces, numberless as sand, or as
 The doubts of guilt or love, in cowards are.

Younger Pallatine.

How now, Luce! from what strange coast this storm!
 ha?

Lucy.

Thou dost out-drink the youth of Norway at
 Their marriage feasts, out-swear a puny gamester,
 When his first misfortune rages out quarrel,
 One that rides post, and is stoppt by a cart:
 Thy walking hours are later in the night
 Than those which drawers, traitors, or constables
 Themselves do keep; for watchmen know thee better
 Than their lanthorns; and here's your surgeon's bill,
 Your kind thrift (I thank you) hath sent it me
 To pay, as if the poor exhibition
 My aupt allows for aprons, would maintain
 You in searcloaths.— [Gives him a paper.

Meager.

Can the daughters of Brabant
 Talk thus, when Younker-gheck leads 'em to a slove?

Pert.

I say, Meager, there is a small parcel
 Of man, that rebels more than all the rest
 Of his body; and I shall need (if I
 Stay here) no elixir of beef to exalt
 Nature, though I were leaner than a groat.

Younger Pallatine.

This surgeon's a rogue, Luce; a fellow, Luce,

That hath no more care of a gentleman's
Credit, than of the lint he hath twice us'd.

Lucy.

Well, fir, but what's that instrument he names?

Younger Pallatine.

He writes down here for a tool of injection,
Luce, a small water-engine, which I bought
For my taylor's child to squirt at 'prentices.

Lucy.

Aye, fir, he sins more against wit than Heaven,
'That knows not how t' excuse what he hath done :
I shall be old at twenty, Pallatine ;
My grief to see thy manners and thy mind,
Hath wrought so much upon my heart.

Younger Pallatine.

I'd as lieve keep our marriage-supper
In a church-yard, and beget our children
In a coffin, as hear thee prophesy.
Luce, thou art drunk, Luce ; far gone in almond-milk :
Kiss me.——

Pert.

Now I dissolve like an eringo.

Meager.

He's ploughing o' the Indies ; good gold, appear !

Younger Pallatine.

I am a new man, Luce ; thou shalt find me
In a Geneva band, that was reduc'd
From an old alderman's cuff ; no more hair left
Than will shackle a flea : this debosh'd^s whinyard⁶
I will reclaim to comely bow and arrows,

^s *debosh'd.*] The 4to and folio read *debaush'd* : *debosh'd* has the same meaning, as *debauch'd*, and the word occurs in *The Wandering Jew*, 1640, p. 27.

"The more I strive to love my husband, the more his *debosh'd* courtes^e begets my hate."

Again, in *Fennor's Compters Commonwealth*, 1617, p. 27.

"—— for most commonly some knave or *debosh't* fellow, lurch the
fooles their sons," &c.

See also Mr. *Steevens's* note on *The Tempest*, A. 3. S. 2.

⁶ *whinyard*,] a sword. So in *Edward the Third*, A. 1. S. 2.

"Nor from their button'd, tawny, leathern belts,

"Dismiss their biting *whinyards*, — till your king
Cry out, enough ;" &c.

and shoot with haberdashers at Finsbury ;
 and be thought the grandchild of Adam Bell ⁷ :
 and more, my Luce, hang at my velvet girdle
 a book wrapp'd in a green dimity bag,
 and squire thy untooth'd aunt to an exercise.

Lucy.

Nothing but strict laws and age will tame you.

Younger Pallatine.

What money hast thou, Luce ?

Lucy.

Aye, there's your business.

Younger Pallatine.

It is the business of the world : injuries grow
 to get it ; justice sits for the same end ;
 men are not wise without it, for it makes
 wisdom known ; and to be a fool, and poor,
 next t' old aches and bad fame ; 'tis worse
 than to have six new creditors, they each
 twelve children, and not bread enough to make
 the landlord a toast, when he calls for ale
 and rent. Think on that, and rob thy aunt's trunks
 ere she hath time to make an inventory.

Pert.

A cunning pioneer ; he works to th' bottom.

Lucy.

Hast thou no taste of heav'n ? wert thou begot
 in a prison, and bred up in a galley ?

Younger Pallatine.

Luce, I speak like one that hath seen the book
 Of fate : I'm loth, for thy sake, to mount a coach
 With two wheels, whilst the damsels of the shop
 Cry out, A goodly strait-chin'd gentleman !
 He dies for robbing an attorney's cloak-bag
 Of copper seals, foul night-caps, together
 With his wife's bracelet of mill-testers.

Lucy.

There, sir —

[Flings him a purse.]

⁷ Adam Bell,] an outlaw, celebrated for his skill in archery. See Dr.
 Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. 1. p. 143.

'Tis gold ; my pendants, carcanets ⁸, and rings ;
 My christ'ning caudle-cup and spoons ⁹,
 Are dissolv'd into that lump. Nay, take all,
 And with it, as much anger as would make
 Thy mother write thee illegitimate.
 See me no more ; I will not stay to bless
 My gift, lest I should teach my patience suffer
 'Till I convert it into sin.

[Exit.

Younger Pallatine.

Temptations will not thrive. This baggage sleeps
 Cross-legg'd, and the devil has no more power
 O'er that charm, than dead men o'er their lewd heirs :
 I must marry her, and spend my revenue

⁸ *carcanets.*] " A carcanet seems to have been a necklace set with
 " stones, or strung with pearls." It is derived from the old French
 word *carcan*, whose diminutive was *carcanet*. See *Cotgrave* voce *car-*
can. Carcanets are frequently mentioned by our ancient dramatic writ-
 ters, as in *Cymbia's Revels*, induction.

" — makes her dote upon him, give him jewels, bracelets, carke-
 " nets," &c.

Ibid. A. 4. S. 3.

" — If your ladyships want embroider'd gowns, tires of any fashion,
 " rebatoes, jewels, or carkanets, any thing whatsoever," &c.

Marston's Antonio and Mellida, p. 2. A. 1. S. 2.

" No, Lucio, my deare lord's wife, and knowes

" That tinfill glitter, or rich purfled robes,

" Curled haire, hung full of sparkling carcanets,

" Are not the true adornements of a wife."

Massinger's City Madam, A. 4. S. 4.

" — your carkanets,

" That did adorn your neck of equal value."

See also the notes of Dr. Johnson, Mr. Steevens, and Mr. Warton, on
The Comedy of Errors, A. 3. S. 1.

⁹ *spoons.*] " It was the custom formerly for the sponsors at Chris-
 " tenings, to offer gilt spoons as a present to the child. These spoons
 " were called *apostle spoons*, because the figures of the apostles were car-
 " ed on the tops of handles. Such as were at once opulent and generous
 " gave the whole twelve ; those who were either more moderately rich,
 " or liberal, escaped at the expence of the four Evangelists ; or even some-
 " times contented themselves with presenting one spoon only, which ex-
 " hibited the figure of any saint, in honour of whom the child received
 " its name." Mr. Steevens's note to *King Henry the VIIIth*, A. 5. S. 2.
 where several instances of the mention of these *spoons* are exhibited.

In

In cradles, pins, and sope¹⁰; that's th' end of all
That 'scape a deep river and a tall bough.

Meager.

Pallatine, how much?

Pert.

Honourable Pall!

Younger Pallatine.

Gentlemen, you must accept without 'gaging
Your corporal oaths to repay in three days.

Pert.

Not we, Pall. in three jubilees; fear not.

Younger Pallatine.

Nor shall you charge me with loud vehemence
(Thrice before company) to wait you in
My chamber such a night; for then a certain
Drover of the south comes to pay you money.

Meager.

On our new faiths.

Pert.

On our allegiance, Pall.

Younger Pallatine.

Go then—shift, and brush your skins well; d' you hear?
Meet me at the new play, fair and perfum'd:
There are strange words hang on the lips of rumour.

Pert.

Language of joy, dear Pall.

Younger Pallatine.

This day is come

¹⁰ In cradles, pins, and sope.] So in *The Lover's Progress*, A. 4.

“ Must I now

“ Have four sauce after sweet meats? and be driven

“ To levy half a crown a week, besides

“ Clouts, sope, and candles for my heir apparent.”

Again in *The Bashful Lover*, by Massinger, A. 3. S. 1.

“ Should you put it too for sope and candles, tho' he sell his flock for

“ it, the baby must have this dug.”

A Chast Mayd in Cheape-side, p. 25.

“ Halfe our gettings must run in sugar sops,

“ And nurfes wages now, besides many a pound of sope

“ And tallow: we have need to get loynes of mutton still,

“ To save suet to change for candles.”

To town the minion of the womb, my lads,
 My elder brother, and he moves like some
 Assyrian prince ; his chariots measure leagues :
 Witty as youthful poets in their wine ;
 Bold as a centaur at a feast, and kind
 As virgins that were ne'er beguil'd with love ;
 I seek him now ; meet and triumph !

Meager. Pert.

King Pall ! —

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter Sir Morglay Thwack, Elder Pallatine, new and richly clothed, buttoning themselves.

Elder Pallatine.

Sir Morglay, come ! the hours have wings, and you
 Are grown too old t' overtake them : the town
 Looks, methinks, as it would invite the country
 To a feast.

Thwack.

At which serjeants and their yeomen
 Must be no waiters, Pallatine, lest some
 O' the guests pretend business. How dost like me ?

Elder Pallatine.

As one old women shall no more avoid,
 Than they can warm furs or muskadel.

Thwack.

Pallatine, to have a volatile ach,
 That removes oftner than the Tartars' camp
 To have a stitch that sucks a man awry,
 'Till he shew crooked as a chesnut bough,
 Or stand in the deform'd guard of a fencer ;
 To have these hid in flesh, that has liv'd sinful
 Fifty long years, yet husband so much strength
 As could convey me hither, fourscore miles,
 On a design of wit and glory ; may
 Be register'd for a strange northern act.

Elder Pallatine.

I cannot boast those noble maladies
 As yet ; but time, dear knight, as I have heard,
 May make man's knowledge bold upon himself.
 We travel in the grand cause: These smooth rags,

These jewels too, that seem to smile ere they
Betray, are certain silly snares, in which
Your lady-wits, and their wise compeers-male,
May chance be caught.

Enter Younger Pallatine.

Younger Pallatine.

Your welcome, noble brother,
Must be hereafter spoke, for I have lost,
With glad haste to find you, much of my breath.

Elder Pallatine.

Your joy becomes you, it hath courtship in't.

Younger Pallatine.

Sir Morglay Thwack! I did expect to see
The archer Cimbeline, or old king Lud
Advance his falchion here again, ere you,
'Mongst so much smoke, diseases, law, and noise.

Thwack.

What your town gets by me, let 'em lay up
For their orphans, and record in their annals.
I come to borrow where I'll never lend,
And buy what I'll never pay for.

Younger Pallatine.

Not your debts?

Thwack.

No, sir, though to a poor Brownist's widow¹¹;
Though she sigh all night, and have the next morning
Nothing to drink but her own tears.

Elder Pallatine.

Nor shalt thou lend money to a sick friend,
Though the sad worm lie mortgag'd in his bed
For the hire of his sheets.

¹¹ a poor Brownist's widow.] The Brownists at this time seem to have been the constant objects of popular satire. The founder of the sect was Robert Browne, a knight's son of Rutlandshire, and educated at Cambridge. He was afterwards Pastor of Aychurch in Northamptonshire, and spent great part of his life in several prisons, to which he was committed for his steady adherence to the opinions which he entertained. He died in jail at Northampton, in the year 1630, or, according to others, 1634, when he was not less than 80 years of age. See also the notes of Dr. Grey and Mr. Steevens, to *Twelfth Night*, A. 3. S. 2.

Younger Pallatine.

These are resolves
That give me newer wonder than your cloaths ;
Why in such shining trim, like men that come
From rifled tents, loaden with victory ?

Elder Pallatine.

Yes, brother, or like eager heirs new dipp'd
In ink, that seal'd the day before in haste,
Lest parchment should grow dear. Know, youth, we come
To be the business of all eyes, to take
The wall of our St. George on his feast-day.

Thwack.

Yes, and then embark at Dover, and do
The like to St. Dennis : all this, young sir,
Without charge too, I mean to us ; we bring
A humorous odd philosophy to town,
That says, Pay nothing.

Younger Pallatine.

Why, where have I liv'd ?

Elder Pallatine.

Brother, be calm, and edify ; but first
Receive a principle ; Never hereafter,
From this warm breathing, till your last cold sigh,
Will I disburse for you again ; never.

Younger Pallatine.

Brother mine, if that be your argument,
I deny the major.

Thwack.

Resist principles !

Elder Pallatine.

Good faith, though you should send me more epistles
Than young factors in their first voyage write
Unto their short-hair'd friends ; than absent lovers
Pen near their marriage week, t' excuse the slow
Arrival of the license and the ring,
Not one clipp'd penny should depart my reach.

Younger Pallatine.

This doctrine will not pass ; How shall I live ?

Elder Pallatine.

As we intend to do, by our good wits.

Younger

Younger Pallatine.

How, brother, how?

Elder Pallatine.

Truth is a pleasant knowledge;
Yet you shall have her cheap: Sir Morglay here,
My kind disciple, and myself, have leas'd
Out all our rents and lands for pious uses.

Younger Pallatine.

What, co-founders! give legacies ere death!
Pallatine the pious, and Saint Morglay!
Your names will sound but ill i' th' kalendar.
How long must this fierce raging zeal continue?

Elder Pallatine.

'Till we subsist here no more by our wit,
Then we'll renounce the town, and patiently
Vouchsafe to re-assume our mother earth,
Lead on our plows into their rugged walks
Again, grope our young heifers in the flank,
And swagger in the wool which we shall borrow
From our own flocks.

Thwack.

But, ere we go, we may,
From the vast treasure purchas'd by our wit,
Leave here some monument to speak our fame.
I have a strong mind to re-edify
The decays of Fleet-Ditch; from whence I hear
The roaring vestals late are fled, through heat
Of persecution.

Younger Pallatine.

What a small star have I,
That never yet could light me to this way!
Live by our wits!

Elder Pallatine.

So live, that usurers
Shall call their monies in, remove their bank
To Ordinaries, Spring-garden, and Hyde-park,
Whilst their glad sons are left seven for their chance,
At hazard (¹¹), hundred, and all made at sent ¹²;

Three

(¹¹) At bazard, fir: a hundred, and all made at sent.] Folio edit.

¹² at sent.] Query cent, a game mentioned in *The Dumb Knight*.

A. 4. S. 1. vol. 4. and corruptedly written saint.

S.

Three motley cocks o' th' right Derby strain,
Together with a foal of Beggibrigge¹³.

Thwack.

Sir, I will match my Lord Mayor's horse, make jockeys
Of his hench-boys¹⁴, and run 'em through Cheapside.

Elder Pallatine.

What beauties, girls of feature, govern now
I' th' town ? 'tis long since we did traffick here
In midnight whispers, when the dialect
Of love's loose wit is frighted into signs,
And secret laughter stifled into smiles ;
When nothing's loud, but the old nurse's cough.
Who keeps the game up, ha ? who misled now ?

Thwack.

Not sir, that if we woove, we'll be at charge
For looks ; or if we marry, make a jointure,
Entail land on women ! entail a back,
And so much else of man, as Nature did
Provide for the first wife.

Elder Pallatine.

I could keep thee,
Thy future pride, thy surfeits, and thy lust,
(I mean, in such a garb as may become
A Christian gentleman) with the sole tithe
Of tribute I shall now receive from ladies.

Thwack.

Your brother and myself have seal'd to covenants ;
The female youth o' th' town are his ; but all
From forty to fourscore mine own : A widow,
You'll say, is a wise, solemn, wary creature :
Though she hath liv'd to th' cunning of dispatch,

This game is frequently mentioned in ancient writers, and is usually spelt *saunt*, probably the manner in which the French word *cent* was then pronounced. In Gervas Markham's *Famous Wbere* ; or, *Noble Curtizan*, 1609, 4to, Sign. D 4, it is called *mount cent*.

" Were it *mount cent*, primero, or at cheffe

" I wan with most, and lost still with the lesse."

¹³ *Beggibrigge.*] The fol. reads *peggibrige*. Perhaps the name of some famous horse.

¹⁴ *hench-boys.*] See note 13 to *The Muse's Looking-Glass*, vol. 9. p. 187.

Clos'd up nine husbands' eyes, and have the wealth
Of all their testaments; in one month, sir,
I will waste her to her first wedding-smock,
Her single ring, bodkin, and velvet muff.

Younger Pallatine.

Your rents expos'd at home for pious uses,
Must expiate your behaviour here: tell me,
Is that the subtle plot you have on heaven?

Thwack.

The worm of your worship's conscience would appear
As big as a conger; but a good eye
May chance to find it slender as a grig.

Younger Pallatine.

Amazement knows no ease, but in demands:
Pray tell me, gentlemen, to all this vast
Designment (which so strikes my ear) deduct
You nought from your revenue, nought that may,
Like fuel, feed the flame of your expence?

Elder Pallatine.

Brother, not so much as will find a Jew
Bacon to his eggs: these gay tempting weeds,
These eastern stones of cunning foil, bespoke
'Gainst our arrival here, together with
A certain stock of crowns in either's purse,
Is all the charge that from our proper own
Begins or furthers the magnifick plot;
And of these crowns, not one must be usurp'd
By you.

Thwack.

No relief, but wit and good counsel.

Elder Pallatine.

The stock my father left you, if your care
Had purpos'd so discreet a course, might well
Have set you up i' th' trade; but we spend light,
Our coach is yet unwheel'd. Sir Morglay, come,
Let's suit those Friesland horse with our own strain.

Younger Pallatine.

Why, gentlemen, will the design keep horses?

Thwack.

May be sir, they shall live by their wits too.

E e 2

Younger

Younger Pallatine.

Their masters are bad tutors else : well, how
You'll work the ladies, and weak gentry here
By your fine gilded pills, a faith that is
Not old may guess without distrust. But, sirs,
The city (take't on my experiment)
Will not be gull'd.

Thwack.

Not gull'd ! they dare not be
So impudent : I say they shall be gull'd ;
And trust, and break, and pawn their charter too.

Younger Pallatine.

Is it lawful, brother, for me to laugh,
That have no money ?

Elder Pallatine.

Yes, sir, at yourself.

Younger Pallatine.

Two that have tasted Nature's kindness, arts,
And men ; have shin'd in moving camps ; have seen
Courts in their solemn business and vain pride ;
Convers'd so long i' th' town here, that you know
Each sign and pebble in the streets ; for you
(After a long retirement) to lease forth
Your wealthy, pleasant lands, to feed John Crump,
'The cripple, widow Needy, and Abraham
Sloath, the beadsman of More-dale ! then, forsooth,
Persuade yourselves to live here by your wits !

Thwack.

Where we ne'er cheated in our youth, we resolve
To cozen in our age.

Elder Pallatine.

Brother, I came
To be your wise example in the arts
That lead to thriving glory ; a supreme life !
Not through the humble ways wherein dull lords
Of lands and sheep do walk ; men that depend
On the fantastick winds, on fleeting clouds,
On seasons more uncertain than themselves,
When they would hope or fear : but you are warm
In another's silk, and make your tame ease

Virtue,

Virtue, call it content, and quietness!

Thwack.

Write letters to your brother, do; and be
Forsworn in every long parenthesis,
For twenty pound sent you in butcher's silver.

Elder Pallatine.

Rebukes are precious, cast them not away.

[*Exeunt Elder Pallatine, Thwack.*

Younger Pallatine.

Neither of these philosophers were born
To above five senses; why then should they
Have hope to do things greater, and more new
I' th' world, than I? This devil Plenty thrusts
Strange boldness upon men. Well, you may laugh
With so much violence, till it consume
Your breath. Though fullen Want, the enemy
Of Wit, have sunk her low, if pregnant wine
Can raise her up, this day she shall be mine.

[*Exit.*

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter the Lady Ample, Engine, Ginet,

Ample.

MY guardian hors'd! this evening say'st thou, Engine?

Engine.

It's an hour, madam, since he smelt the town.

Ample.

Saw'st thou his slender empty leg in th' stirrup?
His ivory box on his smooth ebony staff
New civetted, and tied to's gouty wrist?
With his warp'd face close button'd in his hood,
That men may take him for a monk disguis'd,
And fled post from a pursuivant?

Engine.

Madam, beware, I pray, lest th' age and cunning
He is master of, prepare you a revenge,
And such as your fine wit shall ne'er intreat

E c 4

Your

Your patience to digest. To-morrow night
Th' extremest minute of your wardship is
Expir'd; and we, magicians of the house,
Believe this hasty journey he hath ta'en
Is to provide a husband for your sheets.

Ample.

And such a one as judgment and mine ¹³ eyes
Must needs dislike, that 's composition may
Grow up to his own thrifty wish.

Engine.

Madam,
Your arrow was well aim'd; I call him master,
But I am servant unto truth, and you.

Ample.

He chuse a husband, fit to guide and sway
My beauty's wealthy dowry, and my heart!
I'll make election to delight myself:
What composition strictest laws will give,
His guardianship may take from the rich bank
My father left, and not devour my land.

Ginet.

Your ladyship has liv'd six years beneath
His roof, therefore may guess the colour
Of his heart, and what his brains do weigh.
But Engine, madam, is your humble creature.

Ample.

I have bounty, Engine;
And thou shalt largely taste it, when the next
Fair sun is set, for then my wardship ends—

[*Knocking within.*]

That speaks command, or haste; open the door.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy! weeping my wench? melting thine eyes,
As they had trespass'd against light, and thou
Would'st give them darknes for a punishment!

Lucy.

Undone, madam, without all hope, but what

[*s mine.*] The 4to reads *nine*; the folio, *my*.

Your pity will vouchsafe to minister.

Ample.

Hast thou been struck by infamy? or com'st
A mourner from the funeral of love?

Lucy.

I am the mourner, and the mourn'd; dead to
Myself, but left not rich enough to buy a grave;
My cruel aunt hath banish'd me her roof,
Expos'd me to the night, the winds, and what
The raging elements on wanderers lay,
Left naked as first infancy or truth.

Ginet.

I could ne'er endure that old, moist-ey'd lady;
Methought she pray'd too oft.

Ample.

A mere receipt
To make her long-winded, which our devout
Physicians now prescribe to defer death.
But, Lucy, can she urge no cause for this
Strange wrath, that you would willingly conceal?

Lucy.

Suspicious of my chastity, which Heaven
Must needs resist as false; though she accus'd
Me even in dream, where thoughts commit¹⁶ by chance,
Not appetite.

Ample.

What ground had her suspect¹⁷?

Lucy.

Young Palatine, that woo'd my heart until
He gather'd fondness where he planted love,
Was fall'n into such want, as eager blood
And youth could not endure, and keep the laws
Inviolate; I, to prevent my fear,

¹⁶ *commit.*] It is observed by Mr. Malone, (see note to *Othello*, A. 4. S. 2.) that, "this word in Shakspeare's time, besides its general signification, seems to have been applied particularly to unlawful acts of love: hence, perhaps, it is so often repeated by *Othello*." See also *King Lear*, A. 3. S. 4. and Mr. Stevens's note.

¹⁷ *suspect*,] i. e. Suspicion. See note 45, on *Edward 2d*, vol. 2, p. 385.

Sold all my jewels, and my trifling wealth,
Bestow'd them on him ; and she thinks a more
Unholy consequence attends the gift.

Ample.

This, Luce, is such apostacy in wit,
As nature must degrade herself in woman to
Forgive. Shall love put thee to charge ? couldst thou
Permit thy lover to become thy pensioner ?

Engine.

Her sense will now be tickled till it ach.

Ample.

Thy feature and thy wit are wealth enough
To keep thee high in all those vanities
That wild ambition, or expensive pride,
Perform in youth ; but thou invert'st their use :
Thy lover, like the foolish adamant
The steel, thou fiercely dost allure, and draw
To spend thy virtue, not to get by it.

Lucy.

This doctrine, madam, is but new to me.

Ample.

How have I liv'd, think'st thou ? e'en by my wits,
My guardian's contribution gave us gowns ;
But cut from th' curtains of a carrier's bed :
Jewels were wore, but such as potters' wives
Bake in the furnace for their daughters' wrists :
My woman's smocks so coarse, as they were spun
O'th' tackling of a ship.

Ginet.

A coat of mail,
Quilted with wire, was soft farsnet to 'em.

Ample.

Our diet scarce so much as is prescrib'd
To mortify ; two eggs of emmets, poach'd,
A single bird, no bigger than a bee,
Made up a feast.

Ginet.

He had starv'd me, but that
The green-sickness took away my stomach.

Ample.

Ample.

Thy disease, Ginet, made thee in love with mortar,
And thou eat'st him up two foot of an old wall:

Engine.

A privilege my master only gave
Unto her teeth, none else o' th' house durst do't.

Ample.

When, Lucy, I perceiv'd this straiten'd life,
Nature, my steward, I did call t' account,
And took from her exchequer so much wit
As has maintain'd me since. I led my fine
Trim-bearded males in a small subtle string
Of my soft hair; made 'em to offer up
And bow, and laugh'd at the idolatry.

Ginet.

A jewel for a kiss, and that half ravish'd,

Lucy.

I feel I am inclin'd t' endeavour in
A calling: madam, I'd be glad to live.

Ample.

Know, Luce, this is no hospital for fools;
My bed is your's, but on condition, Luce,
That you redeem the credit of your sex;
That you begin to tempt, and when the snare
Hath caught the fowl, you plume¹⁸ him till you get
More feathers than you lost to Pallatine.

Lucy.

I shall not waste my hours in winding silk,
Or shelling peascods with your ladyship.

Ample.

Frosts on my heart! what, give unto a suitor!
Know, I would fain behold that silly monarch,
Bearded man, that durst woo me with half
So impudent a hope.

Engine.

Madam, you are
Not far from the possession of your wish;

¹⁸ *plume*] This is a falconer's term. Latham says, it "is when a
" hawk ceaseth a fowle, and pulleth the feathers from the body."

There

There is no language heard, no business now
In town, but what proclaims th' arrival here,
This morn, of th' elder Pallatine, brother
To him you nam'd, and with him such an old
Imperial buskin knight as th' isle ne'er saw.

Ample.

What's their design ?

Engine.

They will immure themselves
With diamonds, with all resurgent stones
That merit price : ask 'em who pays ? why, ladies.
They'll feast with rich Provençal wines ; who pays ?
Ladies. They'll shine in various habit, like
Eternal bridegrooms of the day ; ask 'em
Who pays ? Ladies. Lie with those ladies too,
And pay 'em, but with issue male, that shall
Inherit nothing but their wit, and do
The like to ladies, when they grow to age.

Lucy.

My ears receiv'd a taste of them before.

Ample.

Engine, how shall we see them ? bless me, Engine,
With thy kind voice.

Engine.

Though miracles are ceas'd,
This, madam, 's in the power of thought and time.

Ample.

I would kiss thee, Engine, but for an odd
Nice humour in my lips ; they blister at
Inferior breath. This ring, and all my hopes
Are thine : dear Engine, now project, and live.

Ginet.

I'd lose my wedding to behold these dagonets ¹⁹.

Ample.

My guardian's out o' town. Let us triumph

¹⁹ *dagonets.*] Sir Dagonet was the Squire of King Arthur, in the old romance of *Morte Artbur*. See the notes of Mr. Theobald, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Warton, and Mr. Steevens, on *The Second Part of King Henry IV*, A. 3. S. 2.

Like Cæsars till to-morrow night ; thou know'st
I'm then no more o' th' family. I would,
Like a departing lamp, before I leave
You in the dark, spread in a glorious blaze.

Engine.

Madam, command the keys, the house, and me.

Ample.

Spoke like the bold Cophetua's ²⁰ son.
Let us contrive within to tempt 'em hither :
Follow, my Luce, restore thyself to fame.

[*Exeunt Engine, Ample, Ginet.*

[*Young Pallatine beckons Lucy from between
the hangings, as she is going.*]

Younger Pallatine.

Luce ! Luce !

Lucy.

Death on my eyes ! how came you hither ?

Younger Pallatine.

I'm, Luce, a kind of peremptory fly,
Shift houses still to follow the sun-beams ;
I must needs play in the flames of thy beauty —

Lucy.

Y' have us'd me with a Christian care ; have you not ?

Younger Pallatine.

Come, I know all. I have been at thy aunt's house,
And there committed more disorder than
A storm in a ship, or a cannon bullet
Shot through a kitchen among shelves of pewter.

Lucy.

This madness is not true, I hope.

Younger Pallatine.

Yes, faith ;

Witness a shower of malmsey lees, dropp'd from
Thy aunt's own urinal on this new morion ²¹.

Lucy.

Why, you have seen her then ?

²⁰ *Cophetua's son.*] Though the name of this monarch is known to us, I believe we are all ignorant respecting his royal progeny. S.

²¹ *morion.*] Morion is a helmet. It must here mean a hat.

Younger

Younger Pallatine.

Yes, and she looks like the old flat of Babylon
Thou hast read of. I told her she must die,
And her beloved velvet hood be sold
To some Dutch brewer of Ratcliffe, to make
His yew frow-sippers.

Lucy.

Speak low. I am deprived
By thy rash wine of all atonement, now,
Unto her after legacies or love.

Younger Pallatine.

My Luce, be magnify'd ; I am all plot,
All stratagem ; my brother is in town :
My Lady Ample's fame hath caught him, girl ;
I'm told he means an instant visit hither.

Lucy.

What happiness from this ?

Younger Pallatine.

As he departs
From hence, I have laid two instruments, Meager
And Pest, that shall encounter his long ears
With tales less true than those of Troy ; they shall
Endanger him, manure his active wits,
And mount thee, little Luce, that thou may'st reach
To dandle Fate ; to soothe them till they give
Us leave to make or alter destinies.

Lucy.

You are too loud ; whisper your plots within. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Engine, Elder Pallatine, and Thwack.

Engine.

You call and govern, gentlemen, as if
Your business were above your haste ; but know
You where you are ?

Elder Pallatine.

Sir Tyrant Thrift dwells here :
The Lady Ample is his ward ; she is
Within, and we must see her : No excuses ;
She is not old enough to be lock'd up

To sey new perukes ²², or purge for rheum.

Thwack.

Tell her, that a young devout knight, made grey
By a charm (t' avoid temptation in others)
Would speak with her.

Engins.

I shall deliver you both.
These tygers hunt their prey with a strange nostril.
Come unsent for so aptly to our wish ! — [Exit.

Elder Pallatine.

But this, Sir Morglay, will not do ; in troth
You break our covenants.

Thwack.

Why, hear me plead.

Elder Pallatine.

From forty to fourscore, the written law
Runs so ; this lady's in her nonage yet,
And you to pres into my company,
Where visitations are decreed mine own,
Argues a heat that my rebukes must cool.

Thwack.

What should I do ? wouldst have me keep my chamber
And mend dark lanterns ? invent steel mattocks,
Or weigh gunpowder ? solitude leads me
To nothing less than treason ; I shall conspire
To dig and blow up all, rather than sit still.

Elder Pallatine.

Follow your task ; you see how early I
Have found this young inheritrix ; go seek
The aged out ; bones unto bones, like cards
Ill pack'd ; shuffle yourselves together, till
You each dislike the game.

Thwack.

'Tis the cause I
Come for ; a wither'd midwife, or a nurse
Who draws her lips together, like an eye

²² To sey new perukes.] To say, I believe, means to assay, to try on, and should be written say. I have often met with the word so abbreviated.

That gives the cautionary wink, are those
I would find here, so they be rich and fat.

Enter Ginet.

Ginet.

My lady understands your haste, and she
Herself consults now in affairs of haste;
But yet will hastily approach to see
You, gentlemen, and then in haste return.

[*Exit.*

Elder Pallatine.

What's this, the superscription of a packet?

Thwack.

Now does my blood wamble. You! sucket-eater²³!

[*Offers to follow her, Pallatine stays him.*

Elder Pallatine.

These covenants, knight, will never be observ'd;
I'll sue the forfeiture, leave you so poor,
'Till, for preferment, you become an eunuch,
And sing a treble in a chauntry, knight.

*Enter Ample, Lucy, Ginet: Elder Pallatine, and Thwack,
address to kiss them, and are thrust back.*

Ample.

Stay, gentlemen. Good souls, they have seen, Luce,
The country turtles bill, and think our lips,
I' th' town and court, are worn for the same use.

Lucy.

Pray how do the ladies there? poor villagers,
They churn still, keep their dairies, and lay up
For embroidered mantles against the heir's birth?

Ample.

Who is begot i' th' Christmas holydays.

Elder Pallatine.

Yes, surely, when the spirit of mince-pie
Reigns in the blood.

²³ *sucket-eater*] i. e. eater of confectionary ware, sugar-pellets. S.

Ample.

Ample.

What ? penny glee²⁴ I hope's
 In fashion yet, and the treacherous foot
 Not wanting on the table frame, to jog
 The husband, lest he lose the noble that
 Should pay the grocer's man for spice and fruit.

Lucy.

The good old butler shares too with his lady
 In the box, bating for candles that were burnt
 After the clock struck ten.

Thwack.

He doth indeed ;
 Poor country madams, th' are in subjection still ;
 The beasts, their husbands, make 'em sit on three
 Egg'd stools, like homely daughters of an hospital,
 To knit socks for their cloven feet.

Elder Pallatine.

And when these tyrant husbands, too, grow old
 As they have still th' impudence to live long)
 Good ladies, they are fain to waste the sweet
 And pleasant seasons of the day in boiling
 Pills for them, and rowling little pills
 Of cambrick lint to stuff their hollow teeth.

Lucy.

And then the evenings, warrant ye, they spend
 With Mother Spectacle, the curate's wife,
 Who does inveigh 'gainst curling and dyed cheeks,
 Leaves her devout impatient nose at oil
 Of jessamin, and thinks, powder of Paris more
 Trophane than th' ashes of a Romish martyr.

Ample.

And in the days of joy and triumph, fir,
 Which come as seldom to them as new gowns)
 Then, humble wretches ! they do frisk and dance
 In narrow parlours to a single fiddle,
 That squeaks forth tunes like a departing pig.

²⁴ glee.] A game at cards, now entirely disus'd. The manner of
 playing at it may be seen in *The Compleat Gamester*, &c. 2d edit. 1680.
 Chap. 6. p. 64.

Lucy.

Whilst the mad hinds shake from their feet more dirt
Than did the cedar roots, that danc'd to Orpheus.

Ample.

Do they not pour their wine too from an ewer,
Or small gilt cruce, like orange-water kept
To sprinkle holyday beards ?

Lucy.

And when a stranger comes, send seven miles post
By moon-shine, for another pint ?

Elder Pallatine.

All these indeed are heavy truths ; but what
Do you, th' exemplar madams of the town ?
Play away your youth, as our hasty gamesters
Their light gold, not with desire to lose it,
But in a fond mistake that it will fit
No other use.

Thwack.

And then reserve your age,
As superstitious sinners ill-got wealth,
Perhaps for th' church, perhaps for hospitals.

Elder Pallatine.

If rich, you come to court, there learn to be
At charge to teach your paraquetoës French,
And then allow them their interpreters,
Lest the sage fowl should lose their wisdom on
Such pages of the presence, and the guard,
As have not past the seas.

Thwack.

But if y' are poor,
Like wanton monkeys chain'd from fruit,
You feed upon the itch of your own tails.

Lucy,

Rose vinegar to wash that ruffian's mouth !

Ample.

They come to live here by their wits, let them use 'em.

Lucy.

They have so few, and those they spend so fast,
They will leave none remaining to maintain them.

Elder

Elder Pallatine.

You shall maintain us ; a community,
 The subtle have decreed of late : You shall
 Endow us with your bodies and your goods ;
 Yet use no manacles, call'd dull matrimony,
 To oblige affection against wise nature,
 Where it is lost, perhaps, through a disparity
 Of years, or justly through distaste of crimes.

Ample.

Most excellent resolves !

Elder Pallatine.

But if you'll needs marry,
 Expect not a single turf for a jointure ;
 Not so much land as will allow a grasshopper
 A sallad.

Tbwack.

I would no more doubt t' enjoy
 You two in all variety of wishes,
 (Wer't not for certain covenants that I lately
 Sign'd to in my drink) than I would fear usury
 In a small poet, or a cast corporal.

Ample.

You would not ?

Tbwack.

But look to your old widows ;
 There my title's good ; see they be rich too,
 Lest I should leave their twins upon the parish,
 To whom the deputy o' th' ward will deny
 Blue coats at Easter, loaves at funerals,
 'Cause they were sons of an old country wit.

Ample.

Why all for widows, sir ; can nothing that
 Is young, affect your mouldy appetite ?

Tbwack.

No in sooth ; damsels at your years are wont
 To talk too much over their marmalade ;
 'They can't fare well, but all the town must hear't :
 Their love's so full of praises, and so loud,
 Aman may with less noise lie with a drum.

F f 2

Ample.

Ample.

Think you so, fir ?

Thwack.

Give me an old widow, that commits sin
 With the gravity of a corrupt judge,
 Accepts of benefits i' th' dark, and can
 Conceal them from the light.

[*Ample takes Elder Pallatine apart.*
Ample.

Pray, fir, allow me but your ear aside.
 Though this rude Clim i' th' Clough²⁵ presume,
 In his desires more than his strength can justify,
 You should have nobler kindness than to think
 All ladies relish of an appetite,
 Bad as the worst your evil chance hath found.

Elder Pallatine.

All are alike to me : at least, I'll make
 Them so, with thin persuasions, and a short
 Expende of time.

Ample.

Then I have cast away
 My sight ; my eyes have look'd themselves into
 A strong disease : but they shall bleed for it.

Elder Pallatine.

Troth lady mine, I find small remedy.

Ample.

Why came you hither, fir ? She that shall sigh
 Her easy spirits into wind for you,
 Must not have hope the kindness of your breath
 Will e'er recover her.

Lucy.

What do I hear ? Hymen defend !
 But three good corners to your little heart,
 And two already broiling on love's altar !
 Does this become her, Ginet ? speak.

Ginet.

As age, and half a smock would become me.

²⁵ *Clim i' th' Clough.*] See the ballad in Dr. Percy's collection. S.
Thwack.

Thwack.

Th'ast caught her, Pallatine; insinuate rogue!

Lucy.

Love him! you must recant, or the small god
And I shall quarrel, when we meet i' th' clouds..

Thwack.

'Slight, see how she stands! speak to her.

Elder Pallatine.

Peace, knight! it is apt cunning that we go;
Disdain is like to water pour'd on ice,
Quenches the flame a while to raise it higher.

Lucy.

Engine, shew them their way.

Enter Engine.

Engine

It lies here, gentlemen.

Elder Pallatine.

There needs small summons, we are gone; but, d' you
hear,

We will receive no letters, we, though sent
By th' incorporeal spy your dwarf, or Audry
Of the chamber, that would deliver them
With as much caution, as they were attachments
Upon money newly paid.

Thwack.

Nor no message,
From the old widow your mother (if you
Have one) no, though she send for me when she
Is giving up her testy ghost; and lies
Half drown'd in rheum, those floods of rheum in which
Her maids do daily dive to seek the teeth
She cough'd out last.

[Exeunt Engine, Elder Pallatine, Thwack.]

Lucy.

'Las! good old gentleman,
We shall see him shortly in as many night-caps
As would make sick Mahomet a turband
For the winter.

F f 3

Ampl'e.

Ample.

Are they gone, Luce?

Lucy.

Not like the hours, for they'll return again
Ere long; O you carry'd your false love rarely!

Ample.

How impudent these country fellows are!

Lucy.

He thinks y' are caught; he has you between's teeth,
And intends you for the very next bit
He means to swallow.

Ample.

Luce, I have a thousand thoughts
More than a kerchief can keep in: quick, girl,
Let us consult, and thou shalt find what silly snipes
These witty gentlemen shall prove, and in
Their own confession too, or I'll cry flounders else,
And walk with my petticoat tuck'd up like
A long maid of Almainy²⁶.

[Exeunt.]

*Enter Younger Pallatine, Meager, Pert, the two last being
now cloath'd.*

Younger Pallatine.

Don Meager, and Don Pert, you neither found
These embroider'd skins in your mother's womb:
Surely nature's wardrobe is not thus lac'd!

Pert.

We flourish, Pall, by th' charter of thy smiles,
A little magnify'd with shew, and thought
Of our new plot.

Meager.

The chamber's bravely hung!

Pert.

To thy own wish, a bed and canopy
Prepar'd all from our number'd pence; if it
Should fail, Meager and I must creep into
Our quondam rags; a transmigration, Pall,
Which our divinity can ill endure.

²⁶ *Almainy.*] i. e. Germany.

S.

Meager.

Meager.

If I have more left t' maintain a large stomach,
And a long bladder, than one comely shilling,
Together with a single ounce of hope,
I am the son of a carman.

Younger Pallatine.

Do you suspect my prophecies,
That am your mint, your grand exchequer?

Pert.

Pall, no suspicions, Pall; but we that embark
Our whole stock in one vessel, would be glad
To have all pirates o' shore, and the winds
In a calm humour.

Meager.

How fares th' intelligence?

Younger Pallatine.

I left 'em at the Lady Ample's house;
This street they needs must pass, if they reach home.

Pert.

O I would fain project 'gainst the old knight;
Can we not share him too?

Younger Pallatine.

This wheel must move
Alone, Sir Morglay Thwack's too rugged yet,
He'd interrupt the course; a little more
O' th' file will smooth him fit to be screw'd up.

Pert.

Shrink off, Pall, I hear 'em.

*Enter Thwack, Elder Pallatine.**Elder Pallatine.*

Th' hast not the art of patient leisure, to
Attend the aptitude of things; wouldst thou
Run on like a rude bull, on every object that
Doth heat the blood? this cunning abstinence
Will make her passions grow more violent.

Thwack.

But, Pallatine, I do not find I have
The cruelty, or grace, to let a lady

F f 4

Starve

Starve for a warm morsel.—

[*Pert and Meager take Elder Pallatine aside.*
Younger Pallatine.

Now, my fine Pert!

Pert.

Sir, we have business for your ear; it may
Concern you much, therefore 'tis fit it be
Particular.

Elder Pallatine.

From whom?

Meager.

A young lady, sir.
It is a secret will exact much care
And wisdom i' th' delivery; you should
Dismiss that gentleman.

Elder Pallatine.

A young lady! good!
All the best stars i' th' firmament are mine.
Our coach attends us, knight, i' th' bottom of
The hither street, you must go home alone.

Tbwack.

I'll sooner kill a serjeant, choose my jury
In the city, and be hang'd for a tavern bush!

Elder Pallatine.

Will't ruin all our destinies hath built?

Tbwack.

Come, what are those sly silk-worms there, that creep
So close into their wool, as they would spin
For none but their dear selves? I hear 'em name a lady.

Elder Pallatine.

You heard them say then, she was young, and what
Our covenants are, remember.

Tbwack.

Young, how young?
She left her worm-seed, and her coral whistle
But a month since: do they mean so?

Elder Pallatine.

Morglay, our covenants is all I ask.

Tbwack.

May be she hath a mind to me; for there's

A reverend

A reverend humour in the blood, which thou
Ne'er knew'st ; perhaps she would have boys begot
Should be deliver'd with long beards ; till thou
Arrive at my full growth, thou'lt yield the world
Nought above dwarf or page.

Elder Pallatine.

Our covenants still, I cry !

Thwack.

Faith, I'll stride my mule to-morrow, and away
To th' homely village in the north.

Elder Pallatine.

Why so ?

Thwack.

Alas, these silly covenants, you know,
I seal'd to in my drink ; and certain fears
Lurk in a remote corner of my head,
That say the game will all be your's.

Elder Pallatine.

But what success canst thou expect, since w' have
Not yet enjoy'd the city a full day ?

Thwack.

I say, let me have woman ; be she young
Or old, grandam or babe, I must have woman.

Elder Pallatine.

Carry but thy patience like a gentleman,
And let me singly manage this adventure,
It will to-morrow cancel our old deeds,
And leave thee to subscribe to what thy free
Pleasure shall direct.

Thwack.

We'll equally enjoy
Virgin, wife, and widow, the younger kerchief with
The aged hood.

Elder Pallatine.

What I have said, if I had leisure now
I'd ratify with oaths of thy own chusing.

Thwack.

Go, propagate ; fill the shops with thy notch'd
Issue, that when our money's spent, we may
Be trusted, break, and cozen in our own tribe.

Elder

Elder Pallatine.

Leave me to fortune.

Thwack.

D' you hear, Pallatine?

Perhaps this young lady has a mother. —

Elder Pallatine.

No more, good night. —

[*Exit Thwack.*

I have obey'd you, gentlemen; no ears
Are near us, but our own, what's your affair?

Meager.

We'll lead you to the lady's mansion, fir,
'Tis hard by.

Elder Pallatine.

Hard by!

Pert.

So near, that if your lungs be good,
You may spit thither: that is the house.

Elder Pallatine.

These appear gentlemen,
And of some rank. I will in.

[*Exeunt Elder Pallatine, Meager, Pert.*
Younger Pallatine.

So, see! the hook has caught him by the gills;
And it is fasten'd to a line will hold
You, fir, though your wits were stronger than your purse.
Sir Morglay Thwack's gone home; his lodging I
Have learn'd, and there are certain gins prepar'd,
In which his wary feet may chance to be
Insnar'd, though he could wear his eyes upon his toes.
I must follow the game close. He is enter'd,
And, ere this, amaz'd at the strange complexion
Of the house; but 'twas the best our friendship
And our treasure could procure. [Exit.

Enter Elder Pallatine, Meager, and Pert, with lights.

Elder Pallatine.

Gentlemen, if you please, lead me no further;
I have so little faith to believe this
The mansion of a lady, that I think
'Tis rather the decays of hell; a sad

Retirement

Retirement for the fiend to sleep in
When he's sick with drinking sulphur.

Pert.

Sir, you shall see this upper room is hung.

Elder Pallatine.

With cobwebs, fir, and those so large they may
Catch and ensnare dragons instead of flies,
Where sit a melancholy race of old
Norman spiders, that came in with the Conqueror.

Meager.

This chamber will refresh your eyes, when you
Have cause to enter it.

[Leads him to look in 'tween the hangings.]

Elder Pallatine.

A bed and canopy !

There's shew of entertainment there indeed ;
There lovers may have place to celebrate
Their warm wishes, and not take cold : But, gentlemen,
How comes the rest of this blind house so nak'd,
So ruinous, and deform'd ?

Pert.

Pray, fir, sit down :

If you have seen aught strange, or fit for wonder,
It but declares the hasty shifts to which
The poor distressed lady is expos'd
In pursuit of your love. She hath good fame,
Great dignity, and wealth, and would be loth
To cheapen these by making her dull family
Bold witnesses of her desires with you :
Therefore, to avoid suspicion, to this place
She hath sent part of her neglected wardrobe.

Meager.

And will, ere time grows older by an hour,
Gild all this homely furniture at charge
Of her own eyes ; her beams can do it, fir.

Elder Pallatine.

My manners will not suffer me to doubt.

Pert.

We hope so too. Besides, though every one
That hath a heart of's own, may think his pleasure ;

We

We should be loth your thoughts should throw mistakes
 On us, that are the humble ministers
 Of your kind stars : for sure, though we look not
 Like men that make plantation on some isle
 That's uninhabited, yet you believe
 We would teach sexes mingle, to increase men.

Meager.

Squires of the placket ²⁷, we know you think us.

Elder Pallatine.

Excuse my courage, gentlemen ; good faith
 I am not bold enough to think you so.

Pert.

Nor will you yet be woo'd to such mistake.

Elder Pallatine.

Not all the art nor flattery you have,
 Can render you to my belief worse than
 Myself. Panders and bawds ! good gentlemen,
 I shall be angry, if you persuade me to
 So vile a thought.

Pert.

Sir, you have cause,
 And in good faith, if you should think us such,
 We would make bold to cut that slender throat.

Elder Pallatine.

How, sir ?

Pert.

That very throat, through which the lusty grape,
 And savoury morsel in the gamester's dish,
 Steal down so leisurely with kingly gust.

Meager.

Sir, it should open wide as th' widest oyster
 I' th' Venetian lake.

Elder Pallatine.

Gentlemen, it should.
 It is a throat I can so little hide

²⁷ Squires of the placket.] A squire of the placket seems to be a cant term for a pimp. A placket does not signify a petticoat in general, but only the aperture therein. See Mr. Amner's note on Shakspeare's *King Lear*, A. 3. S. 4.

In such a cause, that I would whet your razor for't
On my own shoe.

Pert.

Enough, you shall know all :
This lady hath a noble mind, but 'tis
So much o'ermaster'd by her blood, we fear
Nothing but death, or you, can be her remedy.

Elder Pallatine.

And she is young ?

Meager.

O, as the April bud.

Elder Pallatine.

'Twere pity, faith, she should be cast away.

Pert.

You have a soft and blessed heart ; and to
Prevent so sad a period of her sweet breath,
Ourselves, this house, the habit of this room,
The bed within, and your fair person, we
Have all assembled in a trice.

Elder Pallatine.

Sure, gentlemen,
In my opinion more could not be done,
Were she inheritrix of all the east.

Pert.

But, sir, the excellence of your pure fame,
Hath given us boldness to make suit, that if
You can reclaim her appetite with chaste
And wholesome homilies, such counsel as
Befits your known morality, you will
Be pleas'd to save her life, and not undo her honour.

Meager.

We hope you will afford her med'cine by
Your meek and holy lectures, rather than
From any manly exercise ; for such,
In troth, sir, you appear to our weak fight.

Elder Pallatine.

Brothers and friends, a stile more distant now
Cannot be given ; though you were in compass
Thick as the Alps ²⁸, I must embrace you both —

²⁸ the Alps.] The 4to reads *asper*.

Y' have

Y' have hit the very centre, unto which
The toils and comforts of my studies tend.

Pert.

Alas, we drew our arrow but by aim.

Elder Pallatine.

Why, gentlemen, I have converted more
Than ever gold or *Aretine*²⁹ mislaid :
I've disciples of all degrees in nature,
From your little punk in purple, to your
Tall canvas girl ; from your fatten slipper,
To your iron pattin and your Norway shoe.

Pert.

And can you mollify the mother, fir,
In a strong fit ?

Elder Pallatine.

Sure, gentlemen, I can,
If books penn'd with a clean and wholesome spirit
Have any might to edify ; would they
Were here !

Maager.

What, fir ?

Elder Pallatine.

A small library,
Which I am wont to make companion to
My idle hours : where some, I take it, are
A little consonant unto this theme.

Pert.

Have they not names ?

Elder Pallatine,

*A pill to purge pblebotomy*³⁰,— *A balsamum*
For the spiritual back,— *A lozenge against lust* ;
With divers others, fir, which, though not penn'd

²⁹ *Aretine.*] An Italian poet, whose works were accompanied by
Jew'd prints, of which he was the inventor. They are mentioned in *The*
Muse's Looking-Glass, vol. 9. p. 204.

³⁰ *A pill to purge, &c.*] In the folio edition these lines were altered
in this manner :

“ A pill to purge the pride of pagan patches,
“ A lozenge for the lust of leytning love,
“ And balsams for the bites of Babel's beast :
“ With many,” &c.

By dull platonick Greeks, or Memphian priests,
Yet have the blessed mark of separation
Of authors silenc'd, for wearing short hair.

Pert.

But, fir, if this chaste means cannot restore
Her to her health and quiet peace, I hope
You will vouchsafe your lodging in yon bed,
And take a little pains. [*Points to the bed within.*]

Elder Pallatine.

Faith, gentlemen, I was
Not bred on Scythian rocks ; tygers and wolves
I've heard of, but ne'er suck'd their milk ; and sure
Much would be done to save a lady's longing.

Meager.

'Tis late, fir, pray uncase. [*They help to uncloath him.*]

Pert.

Your boot ; believ't, it is my exercise.

Elder Pallatine.

Well, 'tis your turn to labour now, and mine
Anon ; for your dear sakes, gentlemen, I profess —

Pert.

My friend shall wait upon you to your sheets,
Whilst I go and conduct the lady hither ;
Whom, if your holy doctrine cannot well
Reclaim, pray hazard not her life ; you have
A body, fir.

Elder Pallatine.

O think me not cruel. [*Exeunt Meager, Elder Pallatine.*]

Enter Younger Pallatine.

Pert.

Pall ! come in, Pall.

Younger Pallatine.

Is he in bed ?

Pert.

Not yet,
But stripping in more haste than an old snake
That hopes for a new skin.

Younger Pallatine.

If we could laugh
In our coffin, Pert, this would be a jest

Long

Long after death : he is so eager in
His witty hopes, that he suspects nothing.

Pert.

O all he swallows, fir, is melting conserve,
And soft Indian plumb. Meager, what news?

Enter Meager.

Meager.

Laid, gently laid ; he is all virgin, sure,
From the crown of's head, to his very navel.

Younger Pallatine.

Where are his breeches ? speak ; his hatband too ;
'Tis of grand price, the stones are rosial, and
Of the white rock.

Meager.

I hung 'em purposely
Aside, they are all within my reach : shall I in ?

Younger Pallatine.

Soft ; softly my false fiend ; remember, rogue,
You tread on glasses, eggs, and gouty toes. —

[*Meager takes out his hat and breeches, the pockets and hatband rifled ; they throw them in again.*]

Meager.

Hold, Pall ; th' exchequer is thine own : we will
Divide when thou art gracious and well pleas'd.

Younger Pallatine.

All gold ! the stalls of Lombard-street pour'd into a
purse !

Pert.

These, dear Pall, are thy brother's goodly hoards.

Younger Pallatine.

Yes, and his proud flocks ; but you see what they
Come too ; a little room contains them all
At last : so, so, convey them in again.

Because he is my elder brother,

My mother's maidenhead, and a country wit,
He shall not be expos'd to bare thighs, and a
Bald crown : What noise is that ? —

[*Knocking within, Pert looks at the door.*]

Pert.

Pert.

Death ! there's old Snore
The constable, his wife, a regiment of halberds,
And Mistress Queasy too, the landlady
That owns this house.

Meager.

Belike th' ave heard our friend,
The bawd, fled hence last night ; and now they come
To seize on moveables for rent.

Younger Pallatine.

The bed within, and th' hangings that we hir'd
To furnish our design, are all condemn'd ;
My brother too, they'll use him with as thin
Remorse, as an old gamester would an alderman's heir.

Pert.

No matter, our adventure's paid ; follow,
Pall, and I'll lead you a back way, where you
Shall climb o'er tiles, like cats when they make love.

Younger Pallatine.

Now I shall laugh at those that heap up wealth
By lazy method, and slow rules of thrift :
I'm grown the child of wit, and can advance
Myself, by being votary to chance.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Snore, Mistress Snore, Queasy, and Watchmen.

Mistress Snore.

DAYS o' my breath, I have not seen the like !
What would you have my husband do ? 'tis past
One by Bow, and the bell-man has gone twice.

Queasy.

Good Master Snore, you are the constable,
You may do it, as they say, be it right or wrong :
'Tis four years rent, come Childermas-eve next.

Snore.

You see, neighbour Queasy, the doors are open ;

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G g

Here's

Here's no goods, no bawd left; I'd see the bawd.

Mistress Snore.

Aye, or the whores: my husband's the king's officer,
And still takes care, I warrant you, of bawds;
And whores; shew him but a whore at this time
O'night, good man, you bring a bed i'faith.

Quaasy.

I pray, Mistress Snore, let him search the parish,
They are not gone far, I must have my rent;
I hope there are whores and bawds in the parish.

Mistress Snore.

Search now! it is too late; a woman had
As good marry a cowlestaff as a constable,
If he must nothing but search and search, follow
His whores and bawds all day, and never comfort
His wife at night: I pr'ythee, lamb, let us to bed.

Snore.

It must be late; for gossip Nock, the nailman,
Had catechis'd his maids, and sung three catches
And a song, ere we set forth.

Quaasy.

Good Mistress Snore, forbear your husband but
To-night, and let the search go on.

Mistress Snore.

I will not forbear; you might ha' let your house
To honest women, not to bawds; fie upon you.

Quaasy.

Fie upon me! 'tis well known I'm the mother
Of children; scurvy fleak³¹! 'tis not for nought
You boil eggs in your gruel; and your man Sampson
Owes my son-in-law, the surgeon, ten groats
For turpentine; which you have promis'd to pay
Out of his Christmas-box.

Mistress Snore.

I defy thee.
Remember thy first calling; thou set'st up
With a peck of damsons and a new sieve;

³¹ *scurvy fleak.*] A fleak of bacon, is the same as a sitch of bacon. S.

When thou brok'st at Dowgate corner, 'cause the boys
Flung down thy ware.

Snore.

Keep the peace, wife ; keep the peace.

Mistress Snore.

I will not peace ; she took my silver thimble
To pawn, when I was a maid ; I paid her
A penny a month use.

Queasy.

A maid ! yes, sure ;
By that token, goody Tongue, the midwife,
Had a dozen napkins o' your mother's best
Diaper, to keep silence ; when she said
She left you at Saint Peter's fair, where you
Long'd for pig.

Snore.

Neighbour Queasy, this was not
In my time : what my wife hath done since I
Was constable, and the king's officer,
I'll answer ; therefore, I say, keep the peace :
And when w' have search'd the two back rooms, I'll to
bed.
Peace, wife ; not a word. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Elder Pallatine cloathing himself in haste.

Elder Pallatine.

'Tis time to get on wings and fly :
Here's a noise of thunder, wolves, women, drums,
All that's confus'd, and frights the ear. I heard
Them cry out bawds ! the sweet young lady is
Surpris'd sure, by the nice slave her husband,
Or some old frosty matron of near kin ;
And the good gentlemen sh' employ'd to me
Are tortur'd and call'd bawds. If I am ta'en,
I'll swear I purpos'd her conversion.

Enter Snore, Mistress Snore, Queasy, and Watchmen.

Snore.

Here's a room hung, and a fair bed within ;

G g 2

I take

I take it there's the he bawd-too.

Queasy.

Seize on the lewd thing ;

I pray, Master Snore, seize on the goods too.

Mistress Snore.

Who would not be a bawd ? they have proper men
To their husbands ; and she maintains him
Like any parish deputy.

Elder Pallatine.

What are you ?

Snore.

I am the constable.

Elder Pallatine.

Good ; the constable !

I begin to stroke my long ears, and find
I am an ass : such a dull ass, as deserves
Thistles for provender, and saw-dust too
Instead of grains : O I am finely gull'd.

Mistress Snore.

Truly, as proper a bawd, as a woman
Would desire to use.

Elder Pallatine.

Master constable,
Though these your squires o' th' blade and bill, seem to
Be courteous gentlemen, and well taught, yet
I would know why they embrace me.

Snore.

You owe my neighbour, Mistress Queasy, four years
rent.

Queasy.

Yes, and for three bed-ticks, and a brass pot,
Which your wife promis'd me to pay this term ;
For now, she said, sh' expects her country customers.

Elder Pallatine.

My wife ! have I been led to th' altar too,
By some doughty deacon ? ta'en woman by
The pretty thumb, and given her a ring,
With my dear self, for better and for worse,
And all in a forgotten dream ? But for whom
Do you take me ?

Snore.

Snore.

For the he-bawd.

Elder Pallatine.

Good faith, you may as soon
Take me for a whale, which is something rare,
You know, o' this side the bridge.

Mistress Snore.

'Tis indeed ;

Yet our Paul was in the belly of one,
In my Lord Mayor's shew ; and, husband, you remember,
He beckoned you out of the fish's mouth,
And you gave him a pippin, for the poor soul
Had like to have choak'd for very thirst.

Elder Pallatine.

I saw it, and cry'd out
O' th' city, 'cause they would not be at charge
To let the fish swim in a deeper sea.

Mistress Snore.

Indeed ! why, I was but a tiny girl then ;
I pray how long have you been a bawd here ?

Elder Pallatine.

Again ! how the devil
Am I chang'd, since my own glass rendered me
A gentleman ? Well, master constable,
Though every stall's your worship's wooden throne,
Here you are humble, and o' foot, therefore
I will put on my hat ; pray reach it me —

[Misses his diamond hatband.]

Death ! my hatband ! a row of diamonds
Worth a thousand marks ! nay, it is time then
To doubt, and tremble too. My gold ! my gold ! —
And precious stones !

*[Searches his pockets.]**Mistress Snore.*

Do you suspect my husband ?
He hath no need o' your stones, I praise Heaven !

Elder Pallatine.

A plague upon your courteous midnight leaders !
Good silly saints, they are dividing now,
And ministering, no doubt, unto the poor.

G g 3

This

This will decline the reputation of
 My wit, till I be thought to have a less head
 Than a justice o' peace. If Morglay hear't,
 He'll think me dull as a Dutch mariner.
 No med'cine now from thought? Good; 'tis design'd.

Snore.

Come along, 'tis late.

Elder Pallatine.

Whither must I go?

Queasy.

To the compter, sir, unless my rent be paid.

Snore.

And for being a bawd.

Elder Pallatine.

Confin'd in wainscot walls too,
 Like a liquorish rat, for nibbling
 Unlawfully upon forbidden cheese!
 This, to the other sauce, is aloes and myrrh.
 But, master constable, do you behold this ring?
 It is worth all the bells in your church-steeple,
 Though your sexton and side-men hung there too,
 To better the peal.

Snore.

Well, what's your request?

Elder Pallatine.

Marry, that you will let me go to fetch
 The bawd, the very bawd that owes this rent;
 Who being brought, you shall restore my ring,
 And believe me to be an arrant gentleman,
 Such as in's scutcheon gives horns, hounds, and hawks,
 Hunting nags, with tall eaters in blue coats,
 Sans number.

Queasy.

Pray let him go, Master Snore;
 We'll stay and keep the goods.

Mistress Snore.

Yes, let him, husband;
 For I would fain see a very he-bawd.

Snore.

Come, neighbours, light him out.

[*Exeunt.*
Enter

*Enter Younger Pallatine, Ample, Pert, Lucy, Ginet,
Engine, with lights.*

Ample.

A forest full of palms, thy lover, Luce,
Merits in garlands for his victory.
I'm wild with joy ! why there was wit enough
In this design to bring a ship o' fools ³²,
To shore again, and make them all good pilots.

Younger Pallatine.

Madam, this gentleman deserves to share
In your kind praise ; he was a merry agent
In the whole plot, and would exalt himself
To your ladyship's service : if you please,
For my humble sake, unto your lip too. [*Pert salutes her.*

Ample.

Sir, you are friend to Pallatine,
And that entitles you unto much worth.

Pert.

The title will be better'd, madam, when
I am become a servant to your beauty.

Lucy.

Why your confederate Pert, is courtly too ;
He will out-tongue a favourite of France :
But didst thou leave thy brother surfeiting
On lewd hopes ?

Younger Pallatine.

He believes all womankind
Dress'd, and ordain'd for th' mercy of his tooth.

Ample.

And now lies stretch'd in his smooth slippery sheets ?

³² *a ship o' fools.*] Alluding to the title of an allegorical poem, translated from the High Dutch by Alexander Barclay, priest and chaplain in the college of Saint Mary Otery, in the county of Devon, and published in folio by Richard Pinfen, 1508. It "professes," says, Mr. Warton, "to ridicule the vices and absurdities of all ranks of men. The language is tolerably pure : but it has nothing of the invention and pleasantry, which the plan seems to promise ; neither of which, however, could be expected, if we consider it's original," *Observations on Spenser*, vol. 2. p. 106.

Younger Pallatine.

O, like a wanton snake on camomile;
And rifled to so sad remains of wealth,
That, if his resolution still disdain
Supplyment from his lands, and he resolve
To live here by his wits, he will, ere long,
Betroth himself to radish-women for
Their roots, pledge children in their sucking-bottles,
And, in dark winter mornings, rob small school-boys
Of their honey and their bread.

Pert.

Faith, Meager and I us'd him with as much
Remorse as our occasions could allow:
'Las, he must think we shreds of time
Have our occasions too.

Younger Pallatine.

What, madam, need he care?
For let him but prove kind unto his bulls,
Bring them their heifers when their crests are high;
Stroke his fair ewes, and pimp a little for
His rams, they straight will multiply; and then
The next great fair prepares him fit again
For th' city's view, and our surprize.

Ample.

Why this, young gentleman, hath relish in't:
Yet when you understand the dark and deep
Contrivements which myself, Engine, and Luce,
Have laid for this great witty villager,
To whom you bow, as foremost of your blood;
You will degrade yourselves from all prerogatives
Above our sex, and all those pretty marks
Of manhood (your trim beards) finge off with tapers,
As a just sacrifice to our supremacy.

Lucy.

If Sir Tyrant Thrift, your phlegmatick guardian,
Leave but this mansion our's till the next sun,
We'll make your haughty brother tremble at
The name of woman, and blush behind a fan,
Like a yawning bride, that hath foul teeth.

Engine.

Engine.

Madam, 'tis time you were abed ; for sure, besides
The earnest invitation which I left,
Writ in his chamber, these afflictions will
Disturb his rest, and bring him early hither
To recover his sick hopes.

Enter Meager.

Younger Pallatine.

Meager ! what news ? Madam, the homage of
Your lip again : A man o' war, believ't ;
One that hath fasted in the face of's foe ;
Seen Spinola³³ entrench'd ; sometimes hath spread
His butter at the state's charge ; sometimes too
Fed on a fallad that hath grown upon
The enemy's own land : but, pardon me,
Without or oil, or vinegar.

Ample.

Sir, men in choler may do any thing.

Meager.

Your ladyship will excuse his new plenty ;
It hath made him pleasant.

Younger Pallatine.

Meager ! what news ? how do our spies prosper ?

Meager.

Sir, rare discoveries ! I've trac'd your brother ;
You shall hear more anon.

Ginet.

Your ladyship forgets how early your
Designs will waken you.

Engine.

Madam, I'd fain be
Bold too, to hasten you unto your rest.

Ample.

'Tis late, indeed ; the silence of the night,
And sleep be with you, gentlemen !

[*Exeunt Ample, Ginet, Engine.*]

Younger Pallatine.

Madam, good night : but our heads never were

³³ *Seen Spinola.*] See note 21, p. 266 of this volume.

Ordain'd

Ordain'd to so much trivial leisure as
 To sleep; you may as soon entreat
 A sexton sleep in's belfry when the plague reigns;
 An aged sinner in a tempest; or
 A jealous statesman when his prince is dying.

Lucy.

Pray dismiss your friends; I would speak with you.

Younger Pallatine.

Men o' the puissant pike, follow the lights.

[*Exeunt Meager, Pert.*]

Lucy.

Pall, you are as good-natur'd to me, Pall,
 As the wife of a silenc'd minister
 Is to a monarchy, or to lewd gallants,
 That have lost a nose.

Younger Pallatine.

And why so, dame Luce?

Lucy.

So many yellow images at once
 Assembled in your fist, and Jewels too
 Of goodly price, all this free booty got
 In lawful war, and I no tribute, Pall?

Younger Pallatine.

What need it, Luce? a virgin may live cheap:
 Th' are maintain'd with as small charge as a wren
 With maggots, in a cheefemonger's shop.

Lucy.

Well, Pall, and yet you know all my extremes;
 How for a little taffata to line
 A mask, I'm fain to mollify my mercer
 With a soft whisper, and a tim'rous blush;
 To sigh unto my milliner for gloves,
 That they may trust, and not complain unto my aunt,
 Who is as jealous of me as their wives; and all
 Through your demeanor, Pall; whose kindness, I
 Perceive, will raise me to such dignity,
 That I must teach children in a dark cellar,
 Or work coifs in a garret, for crack'd groats
 And broken meat.

Younger.

Younger Pallatine.

Luce, I will give thee, Luce, to buy—

Lucy.

What, Pall?

Younger Pallatine.

An ounce of ars'nick to mix in thy aunt's caudles:
This aunt I must see cold and grinning, Luce,
Seal'd t' her last wink, 'as if she clos'd her eyes
T' avoid the sight of feathers, coaches, and short cloaks.

Lucy.

How many angels of your family
Are there in heaven? but few, I fear; and how
You'll be the first, that shall entitle them
To such high calling, is to me a doubt.

Younger Pallatine.

Why is there never a pew there, Luce, but for
Your coughing aunt and you?

Lucy.

Hadst thou eyes like flaming beacons, crook'd horns,
A tail three yards long, and thy feet cloven,
Thou couldst not be more a fiend than thou art now;
But to advance thy fins with being hard,
And coftive unto me!

Younger Pallatine.

You lye, Luce! you lye! [Flings her a purse.
There's gold; the fairies are thy mintmen, girl:
Of this thou shalt have store enough to make
The hungry academicks mention thee
In evening lectures, with applause and prayer:
A foundress thou shalt be.

Lucy.

Of hospitals,
For your decayed self, Meager, and Pert,
Those wealthy usurers, your poor friends.

Younger Pallatine.

A nunnery, Luce, where all the female issue
Of our decay'd nobility shall live
Thy pensioners: it will preserve them from
Such want, as makes them quarter arms with th' city,
And match with saucy haberdashers' sons,

• Whose fathers liv'd in allies and dark lanes.

Lucy.

Good night, Pall ; your gold I'll lay up, though but
T' incounter the next surgeon's bill ; yet know,
Our wits are plowing too, and in a ground
That yields as fair a grain as this.

Younger Pallatine.

Farewel, and let me hear thy aunt is stuck
With more bay leaves and rosemary than a
Westphalia gammon.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Elder Pallatine, and Thwack dressing himself.

Elder Pallatine.

Quick, dispatch, knight ; thou art as tedious in
Thy dressing as a court bride ; two ships might
Be rigg'd for the Streights in less space than thou
Careenest that same old hulk : Can it be thought
That one so fill'd with hope and wise designs
Could be subdu'd with sleep ? what ! dull, and drowsy ?
Keep earlier hours than a roost hen in winter ?

Thwack.

Pallatine, the design grew all dream, magick,
And alchymy to me ; I gave it lost.
Clove to my soft pillow like a warm justice,
And slept there with less noise than a dead lawyer
In a monument.

Elder Pallatine.

This is the house ; dispatch, that I may knock.

Thwack.

'Slight, stay ; thou think'st I've the dexterity
Of a spaniel, that with a yawn, a scratch
On his left ear, and stretching his hind legs,
Is ready for all day : O for the Biscayn sleeve,
And Bulloign hose, I wore when I was sheriff
In eighty-eight !

Elder Pallatine.

Faith thou art comely, knight ;
And I already see the town girls melt,
And thaw before thee.

Thwack.

We must be content :

Thou

Thou know'st all men are bound to wear their limbs
 I' th' same skin that nature bestows upon them,
 Be it rough or be it smooth ; for my part,
 If she to whom you lead me now, like not
 The grain of mine, I will not flea myself
 T' humour the touch of her ladyship's fingers.

Elder Pallatine.

Well, I had thought t' have carry'd it with youth ;
 But when I came to greet her beauties with
 The eyes of love and wonder, she despis'd me,
 Rebuk'd those haughty squires, her servants, that
 Convey'd me thither in mistake, and cry'd,
 She meant the more authentic gentleman,
 The rev'rend monsieur, she.

Tbwack.

The rev'rend monsieur !
 Why, does she take me for a French dean ?

Elder Pallatine.

Her confessor, at least : her secrets are
 Thine own ; but by what charms attain'd,
 Let him determine that has read Agrippa ³⁴.

Tbwack.

Charms ! yes, sir, if this be a charm — or this —

[Leaps and frisks.]

Or here again, t' advance th' activity
 Of a poor old back.

Elder Pallatine.

No ape, Sir Morglay,
 After a year's obedience to the whip,
 Is better qualify'd.

Tbwack.

Limber, and sound, sir !
 Besides, I sing Little Musgrove ³⁵ ; and then
 For the Chevy Chase, no lark comes near me :
 If she be ta'en with these, why, at her peril be't.

³⁴ *Agrippa.*] *Cornelius Agrippa*, who wrote concerning wonderful secrets, &c.

³⁵ *Little Musgrove.*] See the ballad in *Dr. Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. 3. p. 64.

Elder

Elder Pallatine.

Come, sir, dispatch ; I'll knock, for here's the house.

Thwack.

Stay, stay ; this lane, sure, has no great renown ;
The house too, if the moon reveal't aright,
May, for it's small magnificence, be left,
For aught we know, out of the city map.

Elder Pallatine.

Therein consists the miracle ; and when
The doors shall ope, and thou behold how lean
And ragged every room appears, till thou
Hast reach'd the sphere where she, illustrious, moves,
Thy wonder will be more perplex'd ; for, know,
This mansion is not her's, but a conceal'd
Retirement, which her wisdom safely chose
To hide her loose love.

Thwack.

Give me a baggage that has brains ! — but, Pallatine,
Did not I at first persuade thee, those two
Trim gentlemen, her squires, might happily
Mistake the person unto whom the message was
Dispos'd ; and that myself was he ?

Elder Pallatine.

Thou didst ; and thou hast got, knight, by this hand,
I think, the Mogul's niece ; she cannot be
Of less descent, the height and strangeness of
Her port denote her foreign, and of great blood.

Thwack.

What should the Mogul's niece do here ?

Elder Pallatine.

'Las, thy ears are buried in a wool-sack ;
Thou hear'st no news : 'tis all the voice in court,
That she is sent hither in disguise, to learn
To play on the guittar, and make almond-butter.
But whether this great lady that I bring
Thee too, be she, is yet not quite confirm'd.

Thwack.

Thou talk'st o' th' high and strange comportment that
Thou found'st her in.

Elder

Elder Pallatine.

Right, fir; she sat on a rich Persian quilt,
Threading a carcanet of pure round pearl,
Bigger than pigeons' eggs.

Thwack.

Those I will sell.

Elder Pallatine.

Her maids, with little rods of rosemary,
And stalks of lavender, were brushing ermines' skins.

Thwack.

Furs for the winter; I'll line my breeches with them.

Elder Pallatine.

Her young smooth pages lay round at her feet,
Cloath'd like the sophy's sons, and all at dice;
The caster six wedges a cubit long,
Cries one; another comes, a tun of pistolets,
And then is cover'd with an argosie
Laden with indigo and cochineal.

Thwack.

This must be the great Mogul's niece.

Elder Pallatine.

As for her grooms, they all were planted on
Their knees, carousing their great lady's health
In perfum'd wines, and then straight qualify'd
Their wild voluptuous heats with cool sherbet,
The Turk's own julep.

Thwack.

Knock, Pallatine;

Quick, rogue; I cannot hold: little thought I
The Thwacks of the north should inoculate

With the Moguls of the south!

[*Pallatine knocks.*]

Enter Snore.

Elder Pallatine.

Speak softly, master constable; I've brought
The very he-bawd.

Snore.

Blessing on your heart, fir!

My watch are above at Trea Trip³⁶, for a

³⁶ *Trea Trip.*] See note 19 to *The City Match*, vol. 9. p. 305.

Black pudding and a pound o' Suffolk cheese ;
 They'll ha' done straight : pray fetch him to me,
 I'll call them down, and lead him to a by-room.

Thwack.

Pallatine, what's he ?

Elder Pallatine.

The lady's steward, sir,
 A sage philosopher, and a grave pander.
 One that hath writ bawdy sonnets in Hebrew,
 And those so well, that if the rabbins were
 Alive, 'tis thought he would corrupt their wives.
 Follow me, knight.

Thwack.

Pallatine,
 Half the large treasure that I get is your's.

Elder Pallatine.

Good faith, my friend, when you are once possess'd
 Of all, 'tis as your conscience will vouchsafe.

Thwack.

Do'st thou suspect ? I'll stay here till thou fetch
 A bible and a cushion, and swear kneeling.

Elder Pallatine.

My faith shall rather cozen me ; walk in
 With this philosopher — No words, for he's
 A Pythagorean ³⁷, and professes silence.
 My ring, master constable —

[Snore gives him his ring, and then exit with Thwack.]

Here yet my reputation's fate : should he
 Have heard of my mischance, and not accompany'd
 With this defeat upon himself, his mirth
 And tyranny had been 'bove human sufferance.
 Now for the Lady Ample ; she, I guess,
 Looks on me with strong fervent eyes : she's rich,
 And, could I work her into profit, 'twould
 Procure my wit immortal memory ;
 But to be gull'd ! and by such trifles too,
 Dull humble gentlemen, that ne'er drunk wine

³⁷ *A Pythagorean.*] Alluding to the seven years silence imposed by Pythagoras on his disciples.

But on some coronation-day, when each
 Conduit pisses claret at the town charge.
 Well ; though 'tis worse than steel or marble to
 Digest, yet I have learn'd, One stop in a
 Career, taints not a rider with disgrace ;
 But may procure him breath to win the race.

[Exit.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter Younger Pallatine, Engine, Meager, Pert ;
 Pallatine richly cloath'd.*

Engine.

YOUR brother's in the house ; the letter which
 I sent to tempt him hither, wrought above
 The reach of our desires : My lady, fir,
 He does believe is sick to death, and all
 In languishment for his dear love

Younger Pallatine.

Pert and Meager, though you have both good faces,
 They must not be seen here ; there is below
 A brother o' mine, whom, I take it, you
 Have us'd not over tenderly.

Meager.

'Slight, he must needs remember us.

Pert.

We'll sooner stay t' out-face a basilisk.
 Whither shall we go ?

Younger Pallatine.

To Snore the constable ; Morglay is still
 A prisoner in his house ; take order for's
 Release, as I projected ; but, d' you hear ?
 He must not free him till I come.

Pert.

Pall, will the dull ruler of the night, Pall,
 Obey thy edict ?

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H h

Younger

Younger Pallatine.

His wife will, and she's his constable ;
Name me but to her, and she does homage.

Meager.

Enough, we will attend thee there.

Engine.

This way, gentlemen. [*Exeunt Engine, Pert, Meager.*]

Enter Elder Pallatine.

Elder Pallatine.

What's this ? an apparition, a ghost embroider'd ?
Sure he has got the devil for his taylor.

Younger Pallatine.

Good morrow, brother, morrow.

Elder Pallatine.

You are in glory, fir ; I like this flourishing.
The lilly, too, looks handsome for a month ;
But you, I hope, will last out the whole year.

Younger Pallatine.

What flourishing ? O fir, belike you mean
My cloaths ; th' are rags, coarse, homely rags, believ't ;
Yet they will serve for th' winter, fir, when I
Ride post in Suffex ways.

Elder Pallatine.

This gaiety denotes
Some solitary treasure in the pocket,
And so you may become a lender too ;
You know I'm far from home.

Younger Pallatine.

I'll lend nothing, but good counsel and wit.

Elder Pallatine.

Why sure you have no factors, fir, in Delph,
Leghorn, Aleppo, or th' Venetian Isles,
That by their traffick can advance you thus ;
Nor do you trade i' th' city by retail
In our small wares ; all that you get by law,
Is but a doleful execution
After arrest ; and for your power in court,
I know, your stockings being on, you are
Admitted in the presence.

Younger

Younger Pallatine.

What does this infer, brother ?
Men of design are chary of their minutes ;
Be quick and subtle.

Elder Pallatine.

The inference is,
You prosper by my documents ; and what
You have atchiev'd, must be by your good wits.

Younger Pallatine.

If you had had a Sybil to your nurse,
You could not, fir, have aim'd nearer the truth.
I saw your ears and bags were shut to all
Intents of bounty, therefore was inforc'd
Into this way : and 'twas at first somewhat
Against my conscience too.

Elder Pallatine.

If not to vex
The zealous spirit in you, I would know why ?

Younger Pallatine.

Good faith I've search'd records, and cannot find
That Magna Charta does allow a subject
To live by his wits : there is no statute for't.

Elder Pallatine.

Your common lawyer was no antiquary.

Younger Pallatine.

And then, credit me, fir, the canons of
The church authorize no such thing.

Elder Pallatine.

You have met with a dull civilian too.

Younger Pallatine.

Yet, brother, these impediments cannot
Choak up my way ; I must still on.

Elder Pallatine.

And you believe the stories of young heirs
Enforc'd to sign at midnight, to appease
The sword-man's wrath, may be out-done by you.

Younger Pallatine.

I were unkind else to my own good parts.

Elder Pallatine.

And that your wit has power to tempt from the

H h 2

Severe,

Severe, grave bench, the aldermen themselves,
To rise where you please, for scarfs, feathers,
And for race nags.

Younger Pallatine.

It is believ'd, sir, in a trice.

Elder Pallatine.

And that your wit can lead our rev'rend matrons,
And testy widows of fourscore, to seal
(And in their smocks) for frail commodities
'To elevate your punk.

Younger Pallatine.

All this, sir, is so easy,
My faith would swallow't, though't had a fore throat.

Elder Pallatine.

Give me thy hand. This day I'll cut off the entail
Of all my lands, and disinherit thee.

Younger Pallatine.

Will you, sir? I thank ye.

Elder Pallatine.

But mark me, brother; for there's justice in't
Admits of no reproof: what should you do
With land, that have a portion in your brain
Above all legacies or heritage?

Younger Pallatine.

I conceive you.

Elder Pallatine.

O to live here, i' th' fair metropolis
Of our great isle, a free inheritor
Of ev'ry modest, or voluptuous wish
Thy young desires can breathe; and not oblig'd
To th' plow-man's toils, or lazy reaper's sweat;
To make the world thy farm, and ev'ry man
Less witty than thyself, tenant for life;
These are the glories that proclaim a true
Philosophy and soul, in him that climbs
To reach them with neglect of fame and life.

Younger Pallatine.

He carries it bravely: As he had felt
Nothing that fits his own remorse: but know,
Sir Eagle, th' higher that you fly, the less

You

You will appear to us, dim-fighted fowl,
That flutter here below. Brother, farewell.
They say the lady of this house groans for
Your love ; the tame sick fool is rich, let not
Your pride beguile your profit.

[Exit.

Elder Pallatine.

I suspect him. Not all the skill I have
In reason or in nature, can pronounce
Him free from the defeat upon my gold
And jewels ; 'twas like a brother : but for
His two confederates, though I should meet
Them in a mist, darker than night or southern fens
Produce, my eyes would be so courteous, sure,
To let me know them.

*Enter Ample, carried in as sick on a couch ; Lucy,
Engine, Ginet.*

Engine.

Room ! more air ! if heavenly ministers
Have leisure to consider or assist
The best of ladies, let them shew it now !

Lucy.

How do you, madam ? Oh, I shall lose
The chief example of internal love,
Of gentle grace and feature, that the world
Did ever shew, to dignify our sex.

Engine.

Work on ; I must stand sentinel beneath.

[Exit.

Elder Pallatine.

Is her disease grown up to such extremity ?
Then it is time I seem to suffer too,
Or else my hopes will prove sicker than she,

Lucy.

More cruel than the panther on his prey,
Why speak you not ? no comfort from your lips ?
You, sir, that are the cause of this sad hour.

Ginet.

He stands as if his legs had taken root ;
A very mandrake ³⁸.

³⁸ *A very mandrake.*] See note 6 to *The honest Whore*, vol. 3. p. 257.

Elder Pallatine.

How comes it, lady, all these beauties that
But yesterday did seem to teach
The spring to flourish and rejoice, so soon
Are wither'd from our sight.

Ample.

It is in vain t' inquire the reason of
That grief, whose remedy is past : had you
But felt so much remorse, or softness in
Your heart, as would have made you nobly just
And pitiful, the mourners of this day
Had wanted then their dead to weep upon.

Elder Pallatine.

Am I the cause ? forbid it, gentle Heaven !
The virgins of our land, when this is told,
Will raze the monumental building where
My buried flesh shall dwell, and throw my dust
Before the sportive winds, till I am blown
About in parcels, less than eye-sight can
Discern.

Lucy.

She listens to you, fir.

Elder Pallatine.

If I am guilty of neglect,
Give me a taste of duty, name how far
I shall submit to love : the mind hath no
Disease above recovery, if we
Have courage to remove despair.

Ample.

O fir, the pride and scorns with which you first
Did entertain my passions and regard,
Have worn my easy heart away ; my breast
Is emptier than mine eyes, that have distill'd
Their balls to funeral dew. It is too late.

Lucy.

Ginet, my fears have in them too much prophecy ;
I told thee she would ne'er recover.

Ginet.

For my poor part, I wish no easier bed
At night, than the cold grave where she must lie.

Ample.

Ample.

Luce, Luce ! intreat the gentleman to sit.

Lucy.

Sit near her, fir ; you hear her voice grows weak.

Ample.

That you may see your scorns could not persuade
My love to thoughts of danger or revenge,
The faint remainder of my breath I'll waste
In legacies, and, fir, to you ; you shall
Have all the laws will suffer me to give.

Elder Pallatine.

Who, I ? sweet faint, take heed of your last deeds ;
Your bounty carries cunning murder in't ;
I shall be kill'd with kindness, and depart
Weeping, like a fond infant, whom the nurse
Would soothe too early to his bed.

Lucy.

Nay, fir, no remedy ; you must have all.
Though you procur'd her death, the world shall not
Report she died beholden to you.

Ginet.

Go to her, fir, she'll speak with you again.

Ample.

Sir, if mine eyes, in all their health and glory,
Had not the power to warm you into love,
Where are my hopes, now they are dim, and have
Almost forgot the benefit of light ?

Elder Pallatine.

Not love ! lady ! Queen of my heart ! what oaths
Or execrations can persuade your faith
From such a cruel jealousy ?

Ample.

I'd have some testimony, fir ; if but
T' assure the world, my love, and bounty at
My death, were both conferr'd on one that shew'd
So much requital, as declares he was
Of gentle human race.

Elder Pallatine.

What shall I do ?
Prescribe me dangers now, horrid as these

H h 4

Which

Which midnight fires beget in cities overgrown,
Or winter storms produce at sea ; and try
How far my love will make me venture to
Augment th' esteem of your's.

Ample.

That trial of your love which I request,
Implies no danger, fir ; 'tis not in me
T' urge any thing, but what your own desires
Would chuse.

Elder Pallatine.

Name it : like eager mastiffs, chain'd
From the encounter of their game, my hot
Fierce appetite diminisheth my strength.

Ample.

'Tis only this : for fear some other should
Enjoy you when I'm cold in my last sleep,
I would intreat you to sit here, grow sick,
Languish, and die with me.

Elder Pallatine.

How ! die with you !

[Takes Lucy aside.

'Twere fit you hasten'd her to write down all
She can bestow, and in some form of law :
I fear she's mad ; her senses are so lost,
She'll never find them to her use again.

Lucy.

I pray fir, why ?

Elder Pallatine.

Did you not hear what a fantastick suit
She makes, that I would sit and die with her ?

Lucy.

Does this request seem strange ? you will do little
For a lady, that deny to bring her
Onward her last journey ; or is't your thrift ?
Alas, you know, souls travel without charge.

Elder Pallatine.

Her little skull is tainted too.

Ample.

Is he not willing, Luce ?

Elder Pallatine.

My best, dear lady, I am willing to

Resign

Resign myself to any thing but death.
Do not suspect my kindness now: in troth
I've business upon earth, will hold me here
At least a score or two of years; but, when
That's done, I am content to follow you.

Ample.

If this persuasion cannot reach at your
Consent, yet let me witness so much love
In you, as may enforce you languish and
Decay, for my departure from your sight.

Lucy.

Can you do less than languish for her death?
Sit down here, and begin; true sorrow, fir,
If you have any in your breast, will quickly
Bring you low enough.

Elder Pallatine.

Alas, good ladies, do you think my languishment
And grief is to begin upon me now?
Heaven knows how I have pin'd and groan'd, since first
Your letter gave me knowledge of the cause.

Lucy.

It is not seen, fir, in your face.

Elder Pallatine.

My face! I grant you, I bate inwardly;
I'm scorch'd and dry'd, with sighing, to a mummy:
My heart and liver are not big enough
To choak a daw. A lamb laid on the altar for
A sacrifice, hath much more entrails in't.

Lucy.

Yet still your sorrow alters not your face.

Elder Pallatine.

Why no, I say; no man that ever was
Of nature's making, hath a face moulded
With less help for hypocrisy than mine.

Ginet.

Great pity, fir.

Elder Pallatine.

Though I endur'd the diet and the flux,
Lay seven days buried up to th' lips like a
Deceas'd sad Indian, in warm sand, whilst his

Afflicted

Afflicted female wipes his salt foam off
 With her own hair, feeds him with buds of guacum
 For his fallad, and pulp of salsa for
 His bread : I say, all this endur'd, would not
 Concern my face. Nothing can decline that.

Ample.

Yet you are us'd, fir, to bate inwardly ?

Elder Pallatine.

More than heirs unlanded, or unjointur'd wives.

Enter Engine.

Engine.

What shall we do ? Sir Tyrant Thrift's come home.

Elder Pallatine.

Sir Tyrant Thrift !

Lucy.

My lady's guardian, fir.

Ample.

He meets th' expected hour, just to my wish.

Lucy.

What, hath he brought a husband for my lady ?

Engine.

There is a certain one-legg'd gentleman,
 Whose better half of limbs is wood ; for whom
 Kind nature did provide no hands, to prevent
 Stealing ; and to augment his gracefulness,
 He's crooked as a witches pin.

Lucy.

Is he so much wood ?

Engine.

So much, that if my lady were in health,
 And married to him, as her guardian did
 Propose, we should have an excellent generation
 Of bed-staves.

Lucy.

When does he come ?

Engine.

To-night, if his slow litter will consent ;
 For they convey him tenderly, lest his
 Sharp bones should grate together. Sir Pallatine,

I wish

I wish you could escape my master's sight.

Elder Pallatine.

Is he coming hither?

Engine.

He's at the door. My lady's sickness was
No sooner told him, but he straight projects
To proffer her a will of his own making:
He means, sir, to be heir of all. If he
Should see you here, he would suspect my loyalty,
And doubt you for some cunning instrument,
That means to interrupt his covetous hopes.

Elder Pallatine.

Then I'll be gone.

Engine.

No, sir; he needs must meet you in
Your passage down: besides, it is not fit
For you, and your great hopes, with my dependency
On both, to have you absent when my lady dies:
I know you must have all. Sir, I could wish
That we might hide you here. —
Draw out the chest within, that's big enough
To hold you: it were dangerous to have
My lady's guardian to find you, sir.

[*They draw in a chest.*]

Elder Pallatine.

How! laid up like a brush'd gown, under lock
And key! by this good light, not I.

Lucy.

O sir, if but to save the honour of
Your mistress' fame: what will he think to see
So comely, and so straight a gentleman
Converse here with a lady in her chamber?
And in a time that makes for his suspicion too,
When he's from home.

Elder Pallatine.

I hate inclosure, I;
It is the humour of a distress'd rat.

Ginet.

It is retirement, sir; and you'll come forth
Again so sage!

Ample.

Sir Pallatine!

Lucy.

Your lady calls, sir; to her, and be kind.

Ample.

Will you permit the last of all my hours
Should be defil'd with infamy, proclaim'd
By lewder tongues to be unchaste, ev'n at
My death? What will my guardian guess, to find
You here?

Elder Pallatine.

No more, I'll in; but think on't, gentle lady;
First to bate inwardly, and then to have
My outward person shut thus and inclos'd
From day-light, and your company; I say,
But think, if't be not worse than death.

*[He enters the chest.]**Ample.*

Lock him up, Luce, safe as thy maidenhead.

*Enter Sir Tyrant Thrift.**Thrift.*

Engine, where's my charge, Engine, my dear charge?

Engine.

Sick, as I told you, sir; and lost to all
The hope that earthly med'cine can procure:
Her physicians have taken their last fees,
And then went hence, shaking their empty heads,
As they had left less brain than hope.

Thrift.

Alas, poor charge! come, let me see her, Engine.

Lucy.

At distance, sir, I pray; for I have heard
Your breath is somewhat sour with overfasting, sir,
On holy-day eves.

Thrift.

Ha! what is she, Engine?

Engine.

A pure good soul, one that your ward desir'd,
For love and kindred's sake, t' have near her at

Her

Her death ; she'll outwatch a long rush candle,
And reads to her all night the psalm of
Spiritual flowers.

Thrift.

Does she not gape for legacies ?

Engine.

Fie, no : there's a cornelian ring, perhaps,
She aims at, cost ten groats ; or a wrought smock,
My lady made now 'gainst her wedding, sir ;
Trifles, which maids desire to weep upon
With funeral tales, after a midnight posset.

Thrift.

Thou saidst below, she hath made me her heir.

Engine.

Of all, ev'n to her slippers and her pins.

Ample.

Luce, methought, Luce, I heard my guardian's voice.

Engine.

It seems her senses are grown warm again ;
Your presence will recover her.

Thrift.

Will it recover her ? then I'll be gone.

Engine.

No sir ; she'll freight grow cold again. On, on ;
She looks that you would speak to her.

Thrift.

Alas, poor charge ! I little thought to see
This doleful day.

Ample.

We all are mortal, sir.

Thrift.

I've taken care and labour to provide
A husband for thee ; he's in's litter now,
Hastening to town ; a fine young gentleman,
Only a little rumpled in the womb,
With falls his mother took after his making.

Ample.

Death is my husband now ; but yet I thank
You for your tender pains, and wish you would
Continue it, in quiet governing my legacies.

When

When I am past the power to see it, fir,
You shall enjoy all.

Thrift.

This will occasion more church building,
And raising of new hospitals; there were
Enow before; but, Charge, you'll have it so.

Ample.

I'll make, fir, one request; which I have hope
You'll grant, in thankfulness to all my bounty.

Thrift.

O, dear Charge! any thing: your cousin here
Shall witness the consent and act.

Ample.

Because I would not have my vanities
Remain, as fond examples, to persuade
An imitation in those ladies that
Succeed my youthful pride i' th' town: my plumes,
Fantastick flowers, and chains; my haughty rich
Embroideries, my gaudy gowns, and wanton jewels,
I have lock'd within a chest.

Lucy.

There, fir, there the chest stands.

Ample.

And I desire it may be buried with me.

Thrift.

Engine, take care, Engine, to see it done.

Ample.

Now fir, I beseech you leave me: for 'twill
But make my death more sorrowful, thus to
Continue my converse with one I so
Much love, and must forsake at last.

Thrift.

Alack, alack! bury her to-night, Engine.

Engine.

Not, fir, unless she dies. Her ancestors
Have sojourn'd long here in St. Barthol'mew's,
And there's a vault i' th' parish church, kept only
For her family; she must be buried there.

Thrift.

Aye, Engine, aye: and, let me see; the church,

Thou

Thou know'st, joins to my house ; a good prevention
From a large walk ; 'twill save the charge of torch-light.

Engine.

What funeral guests ? the neighbours, fir, will look
To be invited.

Thrift

No more than will suffice
To carry down the corpse ; and, thou know'st, Engine,
She is no great weight.

Engine.

And what to entertain them, fir ?

Thrift.

A little rosemary, which thou may'st steal
From th' Temple garden ; and as many comfits
As might serve to christen a watchman's buffard ;
'Twill be enough.

Engine.

This will not do ; your citizen
Is a most fierce devourer, fir, of plumbs :
Six will destroy as many as can make
A banquet for an army.

Thrift.

I'll have no more, Engine,
I'll have no more : nor, d' you hear, no burnt wine ;
I do not like this drinking healths to th' memory
O' th' dead ; it is prophane.

Engine.

You are obey'd :
But, fir, let me advise you now, to trust
The care and benefit of all your fate
Presents you in this house, to my discretion ;
And get you instantly to horse again.

Thrift.

Why, Engine ? speak.

Engine.

In brief : you know, that all
The writings which concern your ward's estate
Lie at her lawyer's, fifteen miles from hence.
Your credit, he not knowing, fir, she's sick,
Will eas'ly tempt them to your own possession :

Which,

Which, once enjoy'd, y' are free from all litigious suits
His envy might incense her kindred to.

Thrift.

Enough, Engine ; I am gone.

Engine.

If you should meet the crooked lover in
His litter, fir (as 'tis your own road)
You may persuade him move like a crab, backward ;
For here's no mixture, but with worms.

Thrift.

'Tis well thought on, Engine ; farewel, Engine :
Be faithful, and be rich.

Engine.

My breeding and
Good-manners, fir, teach me t' attend your bounty.

Thrift.

But, Engine, I could wish she would be sure
To die to-night.

Engine.

Alas, good soul ! I'll undertake
She shall do any thing to please you, fir. [Exit Thrift.

Ample.

Engine, thou hast wrought above the power
Of accident, or art.

Engine.

If you consider't with a just
And lib'ral brain : first, to prevent
Th' access and tedious visits of the fiend,
His love-sick monster ; and then rid him hence
Upon a journey, to preserve this house
Empty, and free to celebrate the rest
Of our designs.

Lucy.

This, Engine, is thy holy-day.—

[Lucy knocks at the chest.

What hoa ! Sir Pallatine, are you within ?

Elder Pallatine.

Is Sir Tyrant Thrift gone ? open, lady, open.

Lucy.

The casement, fir, I will, a little, to

Increase

Increase your witship's allowance of air ;

[Opens a wicket at the end of the chest.]

But th' troth, for liberty of limbs, you may
As soon expect it in a galley, fir,
After six murders and a rape.

Elder Pallatine.

How ! lady of the lawn ?

Lucy.

Sir Launcelot,
You may believ't, if your discreet faith please,
This tenement is cheap ; here you shall dwell,
Keep home, and be no wanderer.

Elder Pallatine.

The pox take me if I like this ; sure, when
Th' advice of th' ancients is but ask'd, they'll say
I am now worse than in the state of a bawd.

Engine.

D' you know this lady, fir,

Elder Pallatine.

The Lady Ample !

Her veil's off too, and in the lussy garb
Of health and merriment. Now shall I grow
As modest as a snail, that in's affliction
Shrinks up himself and's horns into his shell,
Asham'd still to be seen.

Ample.

Couldst thou believe,
Thou bearded babe, thou dull ingenderer ;
Male rather in the back than in the brain ;
That I could sicken for thy love ? for th' cold
Society of a thin northern wit ?

[*Elder Pallatine sings.*

Elder Pallatine.

Then Trojans ³⁹ *wail, with great remorse,
The Greeks are lock'd i' th' wooden horse.*

Enter Younger Pallatine.

Lucy.

Pall, come in, Pall, 'tis done ; the spacious man

³⁹ *Then Trojans, &c.*] Two lines of an ancient ballad.

Of land, is now contented with his own length.

Ample.

Your brother's come to see you, fir.

Elder Pallatine.

Brother ! mad girls these ! couldst thou believ't, firrah ?
I am coffin'd up like a salmon pie,
New sent from De'nshire for a token. Come,
Break up the chest.

Younger Pallatine.

Stay, brother ; whose chest is it ?

Elder Pallatine,

Thou'lt ask more questions than a constable
In's sleep ; pr'ythee dispatch.

Younger Pallatine.

Brother, I can

But mark the malice and the envy of
Your nature : I am no sooner exalted
To rich possessions and a glorious mein,
But straight you tempt me to a forfeiture
Of all ; to commit felony, break open chests.

Elder Pallatine.

O for Dame Patience, the fool's mistress !

Younger Pallatine.

Brother, you have pray'd well ; Heaven send her you :
You must forsake your own fair fertile soil,
To live here by your wits.

Lucy.

And dream, fir, of
Enjoying goodly ladies six yards high,
With sattin trains behind them ten yards long.

Ample.

Cloath'd all in purple, and imbroidered with
Embossments wrought in imag'ry, the works
O' th' ancient poets drawn into similitude,
And cunning shape.

Ginet.

And this attain'd, fir, by your wits.

Younger Pallatine.

Nothing could please your haughty palate, but
The muskatelli, and Frontiniac grape ;

Your Turin and your Tuscan veal ; with red
Legg'd partridge of the Genoa hills.

Engine.

With your broad liver o' th' Venetian goose,
Fatten'd by a Jew ; and your aged carp,
Bred i' th' Geneva lake.

Ample. Lucy. Ginet.

All this maintain'd, fir, by your wits.

Engine.

And then you talk'd, fir, of your snails ta'en from
The dewy marble quarries of Carrara,
And fous'd in Lucca oil ; with cream of Switzerland,
And Genoa paste.

Younger Pallatine.

Your angelots of Brie ⁴⁰ ;
Your Marfolini, and Parmasan of Lodi ;
Your Malamucka melons, and Cicilian dates ;
And then, to close your proud voluptuous maw,
Marmalade, made by the cleanly nuns of Lisbon.

Ample. Lucy. Ginet.

And still thus feasted by your wits.

Elder Pallatine.

Deafen'd with tyranny ! is there no end ?

Ample.

Yes, fir, an end of you ; you shall be now
Convey'd into a close dark vault ; there keep
My silent grandfire company, and all
The musick of your groans engross to your own ears.

Elder Pallatine.

How ! buried, and alive !

Younger Pallatine.

Brother, your hand. —

Farewel ; I'm for the north : the fame of this
Your voluntary death, will there be thought
Pure courtesy to me ; I mean to take
Possession, fir, and patiently converse

⁴⁰ *Your angelots of Brie.*] Skinner, in his Etymologicon, voce *angelot* says, that the cheese known by that name is brought from Normandy, and he supposes it to have been so called from some person of the name of *Angelot* or *Angelo*, who first made, and perhaps impressed it with his own name, or mark.

With all those hinds, those herds, and flocks,
That you disdain'd in fulness of your wit.

Lucy.

Help, Pall, to carry him ; he takes it heavily.

Elder Pallatine.

I'll not endur't : — fire ! murder ! fire ! treason !
Murder ! treason ! fire !

Ample.

Alas, you are not heard ;
The house contains none but ourselves.

[Exeunt, carrying out the chest.]

Enter Tbwack, Pert, Meager.

Pert.

We bring you, fir, commends from Pallatine.

Tbwack.

I had as lieve y' had brought it from the devil,
Together with his horns boil'd to a jelly,
For a cordial against lust.

Meager.

We mean the Younger Pallatine ; one, fir,
That loves your person, and laments this chance,
Which his false brother hath expos'd you to.

Pert.

And, as we told you, fir, by his command,
We have compounded with the constable,
In whose dark house y' are now a prisoner.
But, fir, take 't on my faith, you must disburse ;
For gold is a restorative, as well
To liberty as health ⁴¹.

Tbwack.

And you believe,

⁴¹ For gold is a restorative, as well

To liberty as health.] Anthony Wood says, that Dr. William Butler, the great physician of Cambridge, coming to visit Francis Tresham, "as his fashion was, gave him a piece of very pure gold to put in his mouth ; and upon taking out that gold, Butler said he was poisoned." 1. Athenæ Oxon. 329. Potable gold appears to have been a considerable article in the Materia Medica. In Baker's *Praefise of the new and old phisick*, 1599, p. 440, &c. it is esteemed a specifick in a vast number of disorders. It

It seems, that your small, tiny officer
Will take his unction in the palm, as lovingly
As your exalted grandee, that awes all
With hideous voice and face ?

Pert.

Even so the moderns render it.

Tbwack.

But, gentlemen, you ask a hundred pounds ;
'Tis all I've left.

Pert.

Sir, do but think what a
Prodigious blemish it will be, both to
Your ingenuity and fame, to be
Betray'd by one, that is believ'd no wittier than
Yourself, and lie imprison'd for a bawd.

Tbwack.

Sir, name it not ; you kill me through the ear :
I'd rather, sir, you'd take my mother from
Her grave, and put her to do penance in
Her winding-sheet. There is the sum.

Meager.

I'll in, sir, and discharge you.

[*Exit Meager.*]

Tbwack.

These carnal mulcts and tributes are design'd
Only to such vain people as have land ;
Are you and your friend landed, sir ?

Pert.

Such land as we can share, sir, in the map.

Tbwack.

Lo' you there now ! These live by their wits :
Why should not I take the next key I meet,
And open this great head, to try if there
Be any brains left, but four curds and plumb-broth ?
Cozen'd in my youth ; cozen'd in my age !
Sir, do you judge, if I have cause to curse
This false inhuman town. When I was young,
I was arrested for a stale commodity
Of nut-crackers, long gigs, and casting-tops :
Now I am old, imprison'd for a bawd.

I i 3

Pert.

Pert.

These are sad tales,

Thwack.

I will write down to th' country, to dehort ⁴²
 The gentry from coming hither, letters
 Of strange dire news ; you shall disperse them, fir.

Pert.

Most faithfully.

Thwack.

That there are lents six years long, proclaim'd by th'
 state :

That our French and Deal wines are poison'd so
 With brimstone, by the Hollander, that they
 Will only serve for med'cine, to recover
 Children of the itch : and there is not left
 Sack enough to mull for a parson's cold.

Pert.

This needs must terrify.

Thwack.

That our theatres are raz'd down ; and where
 They stood, hoarse midnight lectures preach'd by wives
 Of comb-makers, and midwives of Tower-wharf.

Pert.

'Twill take impregnably.

Thwack.

And that a new plantation, fir, mark me,
 Is made i' th' Covent Garden, from the sutlery
 O' th' German camps and the suburbs of Paris ;
 Where such a salt disease reigns, as will make
 Sassafras dearer than unicorns' horn.

Pert.

This cannot chuse but fright the gentry hence,
 And more impoverish the town, than a
 Subversion of their fair of Bartholmew,
 The absence of the terms and court.

Thwack.

You shall (if my projections thrive) in less,

⁴² *dehort.*] i. e. advise against, to dissuade,

Sir, than a year, stable your horses in
The New Exchange, and graze them in the Old.

*Enter Younger Pallatine, Meager, Queasy, Snore,
Mistress Snore.*

Pert.

Jog off; there's Pall, treating for your liberty.

Younger Pallatine.

The canopy, the hangings, and the bed,
Are worth more than your rent; come, y' are overpaid;
Besides, the gentleman's betray'd; he is no bawd.

Snore.

Truly, a very civil gentleman;
'Las, he hath only rear'd, and sworn, and curs'd,
Since he was ta'en; no bawdry, I'll assure ye.

Mistress Snore.

Gossip Queasy, what a good 'yer ⁴³ would ye have?

Queasy.

I am content, if you and I were friends.

Younger Pallatine.

Come, come, agree; 'tis I that ever bleed,
And suffer in your wars.

Mistress Snore.

Sweet Master Pallatine, hear me but speak;
Have I not often said, Why, neighbour Queasy,
Come to my house: besides, your daughter Mall,
You know, last pompion-time, din'd with me thrice,
When my child's best yellow stockings were missing,
And a new pewter porringer, mark'd with P. L.

Snore.

Aye, for Elizabeth Snore.

Mistress Snore.

The pewterer that mark'd it was my uncle.

Queasy.

Why, did my daughter steal your goods?

Mistress Snore.

You hear me say nothing; but there is

^{good 'yer}] See notes on *King Lear*, by Sir Thomas Hanmer and
Dr. Farmer, vol. 9. p. 547. edit. 1778. S.

As bad as this, I warrant you, learnt at
The bakehouse : I'll have no oven o' mine own shortly.

Younger Pallatine.

Come, no more words ; there's to reconcile you,
In burnt wine and cake : go, get you all in ;
I'm full of business and strange mystery.

*[Exeunt Snore, Mistress Snore, Quack,
Meager.]*

A hundred, Pall ; 'twas all his store ; it lies
Here, my brave boy, warm and secure in pouch.

Pert.

We'll share't anon. — What need you blush, Sir
Morglay

Like a maid newly undone in a dark
Entry ? there are disasters, sure, as bad
As your's, recorded in the city annals.

Tbwack.

Your brother is a gentleman of a
Most even and blessed composition, sir ;
His very blood is made of holy-water,
Less salt than almond-milk.

Younger Pallatine.

My filly reprehensions were despis'd ;
Y' would be his disciple, and follow him
In a new path, unknown to his own feet.
Yet I've walk'd in it since, and prosper'd, as
You see, without or land or tenement.

Tbwack.

'Tis possible to live by our wits, that is
As evident as light ; no human learning
Shall advise me from that faith.

Younger Pallatine.

Sir Knight, what will you give, worthy my brain
And me ; if, after a concealment of
Your present shame, I can advise you how
T' atchieve such store of wealth and treasure as
Shall keep you here, th' exemplar glory of
The town, a long whole year, without relief
Or charge from your own rents ? This, I take it,
Was the whole pride, at which, some few days since,
Your fancy aim'd.

Tbwack.

Tbwack.

This was, sir, in the hours
Of haughtiness and hope ; but now —

Younger Pallatine.

I'll do't, whilst my poor brother, too, low, and
Declin'd, shall see and envy it.

Tbwack.

Live in full port ; observ'd and wonder'd at ;
Wine ever flowing in large Saxon romekins ⁴⁴
About my board ; with your soft farfnet smock
At night ; and foreign musick to entrance ?

Younger Pallatine.

All this, and more than thy invention can
Invite thee too.

Tbwack.

I'll make thee heir of my
Estate ; take my right hand, and your two friends
For witnesses.

Younger Pallatine.

Enough ; hear me with haste : —
The Lady Ample's dead. Nay, there are things
Have chanc'd since your concealment far more fit
For wonder, sir, than this : out of a silly piety,
T' avoid a thirst of gold and gaudy pride
I th' world, she hath buried with her in a chest,
Her jewels and her cloaths : besides, as I'm
Inform'd by Luce, my wise intelligence,
Five thousand pounds in gold ; a legacy,
Left by her aunt, more than her guardian knew.

Tbwack.

Well, what of this ?

Younger Pallatine.

Yourself and I, join'd, sir, in a most firm
And loyal league, may rob this chest.

Tbwack.

Marry, and will.

Younger Pallatine.

Then, when your promise is but ratify'd,

⁴⁴ *Romekins.*] Perhaps the same as the modern rummer,

Take all the treasure for your own expence.

Tbwack.

Come, let us go; my fingers burn till they
Are telling it; the night will grow upon's.
Only you and I, I'll not trust new faces;
Dismiss these gentlemen.

Younger Pallatine.

At the next street, sir.

Tbwack.

This is at least a girn ⁴⁵ of fortune, if
Not a fair smile. I'm still for my old problem;
Since the living rob me, I'll rob the dead.

Younger Pallatine.

On, my delicious Pert; now is the time
To make our purses swell, and spirits climb.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

*Enter Younger Pallatine, Ample, Lucy, Engine, with
a torch.*

Younger Pallatine.

E N G I N E, draw out the chest, and ope the wicket;
Let us not hinder him the air, since 'tis
Become his food.

Elder Pallatine.

Who's there? what are you? speak.

Ample.

A brace of mourning virgins, sir, that, had
You died in love, and in your wits, would now
Have brought roses and lilies, buds of the brier,
And summer pinks, to strew upon your hearse.

Elder Pallatine.

Then you resolve me dead.

⁴⁵ girn.] i. e. grin. The word is always so pronounced in Scotland
and the northern parts of England.

Lucy.

Lucy.

'Twere good that you would so resolve yourself.

Younger Pallatine.

She counsels you to wise and severe thoughts ;
Why, you are no more mortify'd than men
That are about to dance the morrice.

Elder Pallatine.

Ladies, and brother too (whom I begin
To worship now) for tendernefs of heart,
Can you believe I am so leaden, stupid,
And so very a fish, to think you dare
Thus murder me in bravery of mirth ?
You have gone far : part of my suff'rance I
Confess a justice to me.

Ample.

O, do you so ?
Hath your heart and brain met upon that point,
And render'd you silly to your own thoughts ?

Elder Pallatine.

Somewhat mistaken i' th' projection of
My journey hither : three hours in a chest,
Among the dead, will profit more than three
Years in a study, 'mongst fathers, school-men,
And philosophers.

Younger Pallatine.

And y' are perswaded now, that there is, relative
To th' maintaining of a poor younger brother,
Something beside his wits ?

Elder Pallatine.

'Tis so conceiv'd.

Ample.

And that we ladies of the town, or court,
Have not such waxen hearts, that every beam
From a hot lover's eye can melt them through
Our breasts ?

Elder Pallatine.

Faith, 'tis imagin'd too.

Lucy.

That, though th' unruly appetites of some
Perverted few of our frail sex have made

Them

Them yield their honours to unlawful love ;
 Yet there is no such want of you male sinners,
 As should constrain them hire you to't with gold ?

Elder Pallatine.

Y' have taught me a new musick, I am all
 Consent and concordance.

Engine.

And that the nimble packing hand, the swift
 Disorder'd shuffle, or the slur ; or his
 More base employment, that with youth and an
 Eternal back, engenders for his bread ;
 Do all belong to men, that may be said
 To live, sir, by their sins, not by their wits ?

Elder Pallatine.

Sir, whom I love not, nor desire to love,
 I am of your mind too.

Younger Pallatine.

Madam, a fair conversion ; 'tis now fit
 I sue unto you for his liberty.

Ample.

Alas, he hath so profited in this
 Retirement, that I fear he will not willingly
 Come out.

Elder Pallatine.

O lady, doubt it not ; open the chest.

Ample.

A little patience, sir.

Enter Ginet.

Ginet.

Madam, we are undone ; your guardian is
 At door, knocking as if he meant to wake
 All his dead neighbours in the church.

Ample.

So soon return'd ! it is not midnight yet.

Engine.

I know the bait that tempts him back with such
 Strange haste ; and have, according to your will,
 Provided, madam, to betray his hopes.

Ample.

Excellent Engine !

Engine.

Engine.

This key conveys you through the chancel to
The house gallery : my way lies here ; I'll let
Him in, and try how our design will relish. [*Exit Engine.*

Ample.

Come, fir, it is decreed in our wise counsel,
You must be laid some distance from this place.

Elder Pallatine.

Pray save your labour, madam, I'll come forth.

Ample.

No, fir, not yet.

Elder Pallatine.

Brother, a cast of your voice.

Younger Pallatine.

She hath the key, brother ; 'tis but an hour's
Dark contemplation more.

Elder Pallatine.

Madam, hear me speak.

Ample.

Nay, no beginning of orations now ;
This is a time of great dispatch and haste ;
We have more plots than a general in a siege.

[*Exeunt, carrying out the chest.*

Enter Thrift, Engine.

Engine.

None of the writings, fir ! and yet perplex
Yourself with so much speed in a return.

Thrift.

The lawyer was from home ; but, Engine, I
Had hope to have prevented by my haste,
Though not her fun'ral, yet the fun'ral of
The chest : Ah, dear Engine, tell me but why
So much pure innocent treasure should be
Thus thrown into a dark forgetfulness.

Engine.

I thought I had encountered his intents.
All, fir, that law allow'd her bounty to
Bestow, is your's ; but for the chest, trust me,
'Tis buried, fir ; the key is here, fir, of no use.

Thrift.

Thrift.

Hah, Engine, give it me.

Engine.

And, fir, to vex your meditation more,
 Though not with manners, yet with truth; know there
 Is hidden in that chest a plenteous heap
 Of gold, together with a rope of most
 Inestimable pearl, left by her late
 Dead aunt, by will, and kept from your discovery.

Thrift.

Is this true, Engine?

Engine.

That precise chit, Luce, her cousin puritan,
 Was at th' interring of't; conceal'd it till
 The fun'ral forms were past; and then, forsooth,
 She boasted that it was a pious means
 To avoid covetous desires i' th' world.

Thrift.

These fun'ral tales, Engine, are sad indeed;
 Able to melt an eye, though harder than
 That heart, which did consent to so much cruelty
 Upon the harmless treasure.

Engine.

I mourn within, fir, too.

Thrift.

Give me the key that leads me from my house
 Unto the chancel door.

Engine.

'Tis very late, fir; whither will you go?

Thrift.

Never too late to pray; my heart is heavy.

Engine.

Where shall I wait you, fir?

Thrift.

At my low gallery door; I may chance stay long.

Engine.

This takes me more than all the kindness fortune
 Ever shew'd me; a decent transmutation:
 I am no more your steward, but your spy.

[*Exeunt.**Enter*

Enter Younger Pallatine, Pert, Meager, Snore, and Watchmen.

Younger Pallatine.

There, there's more money for your watch ; methinks
Th' have not drunk wine enough ; they do not chirp.

Snore.

Your wine mates them ⁴⁶, they understand it not ;
But they have very good capacity in ale ;
Ale, fir, will heat 'em more than your beef brewis ⁴⁷.

Younger Pallatine.

Well let them have ale, then.

Snore.

O fir, 'twill make 'em sing like the filk-knitters
Of Cock lane.

Younger Pallatine.

Meager, go you to Sir Tyrant Thrift's house ;
Luce, and the lady are alone, they will
Have cause to use your diligence ; make haste.

Meager.

Your dog ty'd to a bottle shall not out-run me. [*Exit.*]

Younger Pallatine.

Pert, stay you here with master constable ;
And, when occasion calls, see that you draw
Your lusty bill-men forth, bravely advanc'd
Under the colours of queen Ample, and
Myself, her general.

Pert.

If ale can fortify, fear not. Where's Sir Morglay ?

Younger Pallatine.

I'm now to meet him i' th' church-yard ; th' old blade
Skulks there like a tame filcher, as he had
Ne'er stol'n 'bove eggs from market-women,
Robb'd an orchard, or a cheese-loft.

Snore.

We'll wait your worship in this corner.

⁴⁶ mates them.] See note 25 to *The Muse's Looking-Glass*, vol. 9.

p. 224.

⁴⁷ beef brewis.] i. e. the liquor in which meat is boiled, with bread soaked in it. So *Geta* in *The Propbetess*, "What an inundation of
"brewis shall I swim in!"

S.

Younger

Younger Pallatine.

No stirring, till I either come or send.

Snore.

Pray sir, let's not stay long : 'tis a cold night ;
And I have nothing on my bed at home,
But a thin coverlid, and my wife's sey petticoat :
She'll ne'er sleep, poor soul, till I come home
To keep her warm.

Younger Pallatine.

You shall be sent for straight :

Be merry, my dull sons o' th' night, and chirp. [Exit.

Snore.

Come, neighbour Runlet ; fighting pays no rent,
Though the land-lady be in love : sing out——

They sing a catch in four parts.

*With lanthorn on stall ; at Trea Trip ⁴⁸ we play,
For ale, cheese, and pudding, till it be day :
And for our breakfast (after long sitting)
We steal a sweet pig, o' th' constable's getting.*

Enter Engine.

Engine.

Sir, draw down your watch into the church,
And let 'em lie hid close by the vestry-door.

Pert.

Is he there already ?

Engine.

Fat carriers, sir, make not more haste to bed,
Nor lean philosophers to rise. I've so
Prepar'd things, that he'll find himself mistaken.

Pert.

Close by the vestry-door ?

Engine.

Right, sir.

I'll to my lady, and expect th' event of your surprize.

Pert.

Follow master constable, one and one,
All in a file.

[Exeunt.

⁴⁸ *Trea Trip.*] See note 19 to *The City Match*, vol. 9. p. 305.

Enter

Enter Thrift, with a candle.

Thrift.

I cannot find where they have laid her coffin ;
But there's the chest : I'll draw it out, that I
May have more room to search and rifle it ;—
The weight seems easy to me, though my strength
Be old : how long, thou bright all-powerful mineral,
Might'st thou lie hid, ere the dull dead, that are
Entomb'd about thee here, could reach the sense
To turn wise thieves, and steal thee from oblivion !—

[Opens it, and finds a halter.

How ! a halter ! what fiend affronts me with
This emblem ? is this the rope of orient pearl ?

Enter Pert, Snore, Watchmen.

Pert.

Now I have told you, master constable,
The entire plot ; mark but how like that chest
Is to the other, where the Elder Pallatine
Lies a perdu ⁴⁹ ; Engine contriv'd them both.

Thrift.

Ha ! what are these ? the constable and watch ?

Pert.

Seize on him for no less than sacrilege.

Thrift.

Why, neighbours, gentlemen !

Pert.

Away with him.

Snore.

We shall know now, who stole the wainscot cover
From the font, and the vicar's surplice.

Pert.

Alas, grave sir, become a forfeiture
To th' king for sacrilege !

Thrift.

Hear me but speak.

Snore.

No, not in a cause against the king.

⁴⁹ *Lies a perdu.*] See note 12, to *The Goblins*, vol. 10. p. 151.

Pert.

Lead to 's own house ; he shall be pris'ner there,
And lock'd up safe enough.

Thrift.

Undone for ever !

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Younger Pallatine, Thwack, with an iron crow
and dark lamborn.*

Thwack.

Why, this was such a firck of piety⁵⁰,
I ne'er heard of : bury her gold with her !
'Tis strange her old shoes were not interr'd too,
For fear the days of Edgar should return,
When they coin'd leather.

Younger Pallatine.

Come, fir, lay down your instrument.

Thwack.

Why so ?

Younger Pallatine,

I'm so taken with thy free, jolly nature,
I cannot for my heart proceed to more
Defeat upon thy liberty : all that
I told thee were rank lyes.

Thwack.

How ! no treasure trover⁵¹ ?

Younger Pallatine.

Not so much as will pay for that small candle !
We waste to find it out.

Thwack.

I thank you, fir.

[*Flings down the crow of iron.*]

⁵⁰ firck of piety.] i. e. stroke of piety, or freak of piety. Pistol tells the French soldier, that he will firck him. S.

⁵¹ treasure trover,] or more properly *treasure trove*, " derived," as the excellent commentator on the laws of England observes, " from the French word *trover*, to find, and called in Latin *thesaurus inventus* ; which is, where any money or coin, gold, silver, plate, or bullion, is found hidden in the earth, or other private place, the owner thereof being unknown ; in which case the treasure belongs to the king : but if he that hid it be known, or afterwards found out, the owner, and not the king, is entitled to it." *Blackstone's Commentaries*, vol. 1. p. 295.

Younger Pallatine.

You shall have cause, when you hear more. To this
Dark region, fir, solemn, and filent, as
Your thoughts must be ere they are mortify'd,
Have I now brought you, to perceive what an
Immense large as (under your favour, knight)
You are, to be seduc'd to such vain stratagems,
By that more profound sop, your friend, my brother.

Thwack.

How had I been serv'd, if I had brought my scales
Hither to weigh this gold ! But on ; your brother,
Whose name (let me tell you first) sounds far worse
To me than does a serjeant to a young
Indebted lover, that's arrested in his coach,
And with his mistress by him——

Younger Pallatine.

You are believ'd ; but will you now confirm
Me to your grace and love, if I shall make't
Appear, that, in a kind revenge of what
You suffer'd, fir, I've made this false, and great
Seducer of mankind, to suffer more.

Thwack.

The Legend, Talmud, nor the Alcoran⁵²,
Have not such doubtful tales as these : but make't
Appear ; I would have evidence.

Younger Pallatine.

Then, take't on my religion, fir, he was
Laid up in durance for a bawd, before
He betray'd you to the same preferment.

Thwack.

Shall this be justify'd when my disgrace
Comes to be known ; wilt thou then witness it ?

Younger Pallatine.

With a deep oath. And, fir, to tempt more of
Your favours on poor me, that ever mourn'd
For all your sufferings ; know you shall now

⁵² The Legend, Talmud, nor the Alcoran.] *The Legend* is the well-known golden Legend : *The Talmud* is a book of the Jewish law, devised by their rabbins, and of great authority among them.

See him inclos'd in a blind chest ; where he
Lies bath'd, fir, in a greater sweat than ere
Cornelius ⁵³ took in his own tub.

Thwack,

Here, amongst sepulchres and melancholy bones ?
Let me but see't, and I will die for joy,
To make thee instantly my heir.

Younger Pallatine.

You shall ; and yet, ere the sun rise, find him
Enthrall'd too in a new distress.

Thwack.

Do'st want money ? bring me to parchment and
A scriv'ner, I'll seal out two pound of wax.

[Younger Pallatine knocks at the chest.]

Younger Pallatine.

You fir, my near'st ally, are you asleep ?

Elder Pallatine.

O brother, art thou come ? quick let me forth.

Younger Pallatine.

Here is a certain friend of your's, presents
His loving visit, fir.

[Opens the wicket.]

Elder Pallatine.

Sir Morglay Thwack !
I had rather have seen my sister naked.

Thwack.

What, like a bashful badger, do you draw
Your head into your hole again ? come, fir,
Out with that sage noddle, that has contriv'd
So cunningly for me, and your dear self.

Elder Pallatine.

Here, take my eyelids, knight, and sow 'em up ;
I dare not see thy face.

Thwack.

But what think you
Of a new journey from the north, to live
Here by your wits ; or midnight visits, fir,

.. 53 *Cornelius.*] The inventor of the sweating-tub used in the cure of
the Lues Venerea. See note on *Timon of Athens*, vol. 8. p. 409, edi-
tion 1778.

To the Mogul's niece ?

Elder Pallatine.

I have offended, knight.
Whip me with wire, headed with rowels of
Sharp Rippon spurs ⁵⁴ : I'll endure any thing
Rather than thee.

Thwack.

We have, I thank your bounteous brain,
Been entertain'd with various concerts, fir,
Of whispering lutes, to soothe us into slumbers ;
Spirits of clare to bathe our temples in ;
And then the wholesome womb of woman too,
That never teem'd : all this for nothing, fir.

Younger Pallatine.

Come, I'll let him forth.

Thwack.

Rogue ; if thou lov'st me —
Nay, let him be confin'd thus, one short month ;
I'll send him down to country fairs for a
New motion ⁵⁵ made b' a German engineer.

Younger Pallatine.

'Las, he is my brother.

Thwack.

Or for a solitary ape,
Led captive thus by th' Hollander, because
He came aloft for Spain, and would not for the States.

Younger Pallatine.

Sir Morglay, leave your lanthorn here, and stay
My coming at yon door ; I'll let him out :
But for the new distress I promis'd on
His person, take it on my manhood, fir,
He feels it strait.

Thwack.

Finely ensnar'd again, and instantly ?

⁵⁴ Sharp Rippon spurs.] *Rippon* is a town in the county of York,
still celebrated for the excellence of the spurs made there. *Rippon spurs*
are also mentioned in *Ben Jonson's Staple of News*, A. 1. S. 3.

"Your box ? why there's an angel ; if my spurs

"Be not right *Rippon*."

⁵⁵ new motion.] i. e. puppet-show.

K k 3

Younger

Younger Pallatine.

Have a good faith, and go.

[*Exit Thwack.*]

Elder Pallatine.

Dear brother, wilt thou give me liberty?

Younger Pallatine.

Upon condition, fir, you kifs these hilts;
Swear not to follow me, but here remain
Until the Lady Ample shall consent
To' th' freedom I bestow.

[*He kiffes the hilts.*]

Elder Pallatine.

'Tis done; a vow inviolate.

[*He opens the chest and lets him out.*]

Younger Pallatine.

Now — silence, brother; not one curse, nor thanks.
[*Exit Younger Pallatine.*]

Elder Pallatine.

Fate and a good star speed me! though I have
Long since amaz'd myself e'en to a marble,
Yet I have courage left to ask, what this
Might mean? was ever two-legg'd man thus us'd?

Enter Pert, Snore, and Watchmen.

Pert.

Pall and his friend are gone, I must not stay
His fight; but after you have seiz'd upon him,
Lead him a prisoner to the lady too.

[*Exit Pert.*]

Snore.

Warrant ye, though he were Gog or Hildebrand⁵⁶.

[*They lay hold on him.*]

Elder Pallatine.

How now? what mean you, firs?

Snore.

Yield to the constable.

Elder Pallatine.

'Tis yielded, fir, that you are constable;
But where have I offended?

⁵⁶ *Hildebrand.*] Meaning Pope Gregory the seventh. See Bishop Warburton's note on 1st part of *Henry 4th*, A. 5. S. 3.

Snore.

Snore.

Here, fir ; you have committed sacrilege,
And robb'd an alderman's tomb, of himself
And his two sons, kneeling in brass.

Elder Pallatine.

How ! flea monuments of their brazen skins !

Snore.

Look ; a dark lanthorn, and an iron crow ;
Fine evidence for a jury !

Elder Pallatine.

I like this plot ; the Lady Ample and
My brother have most rare triumphant wits :
Now, by this hand, I am most eagerly
In love with both ; I find I have deserv'd all,
And am resolv'd t' hug them and their designs,
Though they afflict me more and more. Whither must
I go ?

Snore.

Away with him. Saucy fellow, examine
The king's constable !

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Younger Pallatine, Thwack, Ample, Lucy, Meager.

Meager.

I am become your guardian's gaoler, lady ;
He's safe lock'd in the parlour, and there howls,
Like a dog that sees a witch flying.

Thwack.

I long to hear how my wise tutor thrives
I' th' new defeat.

Ample.

'Tis well you are converted ;
Believ't, that gentleman deserves your thanks.

Thwack.

Lady, seal my conversion on your lip ;
'Tis the first leading kiss that I intend
For after chastity.

[*Kisses her.*

Younger Pallatine.

Luce, see you make the proposition good,
Which I shall give my brother from this lady,

K k 4

Or

Or I'll so swaddle your small bones——

Lucy.

Sweet Pall, thou shalt. Madam, you'll please to stand
To what I lately mention'd to your own desire ?

Ample.

To every particle, and more.

Enter Pert.

Pert.

Your brother's come ; this room must be his prison.

Younger Pallatine.

'Way, Luce, away : stand in the closet, madam,
That you may hear us both, and reach my call.

Thwack.

I'll stay and see him.

Younger Pallatine.

No, knight ; you are decreed Sir Tyrant's judge :
Go that way, fir, and force him to compound.

Thwack.

I'll fine him soundly,
Till's purse shrink like a bladder in the fire.

[*Exeunt Ample, Lucy, Thwack, Meager, Pert.*]

Enter Snore, Elder Pallatine.

Snore.

Here, fir, this is your gaol ; too good for such
A great offender.

Elder Pallatine.

Sacrilege ! very well :
Now all the pulpit-cushions, all the hearse-cloths
And winding-sheets, that have been stol'n about
The town this year, will be laid to my charge.

Younger Pallatine.

Pray leave us, master constable, and look
Unto your other bondman in the parlour. [*Exit Snore.*]

Elder Pallatine.

This is the wittiest offspring that our name
E'er had ; I love him beyond hope or lust :
My father was no poet, sure ; I wonder
How he got him.

Younger

Younger Pallatine.

I know you curse me, now.

Elder Pallatine.

Brother, in troth, you lye, and whoe'er believes it.

Younger Pallatine.

Indeed you do : conjurers in a circle,
That have rais'd up a wrong spirit, curse not
So much, nor yet so inwardly.

Elder Pallatine.

I've a great mind to kiss thee.

Younger Pallatine.

You have not, sure ?

Elder Pallatine.

I shall do't, and eat up thy lips so far,
Till th'ast nothing left to cover thy teeth.

Younger Pallatine.

And can you think all the afflictions you
Endur'd were merited ? first, for misleading
Morglay, your old friend ; then, neglect of me,
And haughty over-valuing yourself ?

Elder Pallatine.

Brother, I murmur not ; the traps that you
Have laid were so ingenious, I could wish
To fall in them again.

Younger Pallatine.

The Lady Ample, sir,
There, is the great contriver that hath weav'd
These knots so intricate and safe ; 'las, I
Was but her lowly instrument.

Elder Pallatine.

Ah, that lady ! were I a king, she should
Sit with me, under my best canopy,
A silver scepter in her hand, with which
I'd give her leave to break my head for ev'ry fault
I did commit.

Younger Pallatine.

But say I bring this lady, sir, unto
Your lawful sheets, make her your bosom wife :
Besides the plenty of her heritage,

How

How would it sound, that you had conquer'd her,
Who hath so often conquer'd you ?

Elder Pallatine.

Dear brother, no new plots.

Younger Pallatine.

Six thousand pounds, sir, is your yearly rent ;
A fair temptation to a discreet lady :
Luce hath fill'd both mine ears with hope ; besides,
I heard her say, she ne'er should meet a man
That she could more subdue with wit and government.

Elder Pallatine.

That I'll venture.

Younger Pallatine.

Well, my first bounty is your freedom, sir ;
For th' constable obeys no law but mine ;
And now, madam, appear.

Enter Ample, Lucy.

Ample.

Y' are welcome 'mongst the living, sir.

Elder Pallatine.

Lady, no words ; if y' have but so much mercy
As could secure one that your eyes affect —

Ample.

Why, you're grown arrogant again ; d' you think
They are so weak to affect you ?

Elder Pallatine.

I have a heart so kind unto myself,
To wish they could ; O we should live —

Ample.

Not by our wits.

Elder Pallatine.

No, no ; but with such soft content ; still in
Conspiracy how to betray ourselves
To new delights : keep harmony with no
More noise than what the upper motions ⁵⁷ make ;
And this so constant too, turtles themselves,

⁵⁷ upper motions.] i. e. the orbs in their courses.

Seeing our faith, shall slight their own, and pine
With jealousy.

Ample.

Luce, the youth talks sense now ; no med'cine for
The brain, like to captivity in a dark chest.

Younger Pallatine.

O madam, you are cruel.

Ample.

Well, my sad convertite ⁵⁸ ; joy yet at this :
I've often made a vow to marry on
That very day my wardship is expir'd ;
And two hours since that liberty begun.

Lucy.

Nay, hear her out ; your wishes are so saucy, sir.

Ample.

And, know, my glory is dispatch. My ancestors
Were of the fiery French, and taught me love,
Hot eagerness and haste.

Elder Pallatine.

Let me be rude
A while, lie with your judgment, and beget
Sages on that. My dearest, chiefest lady.

Ample.

Your brain's yet foul, and will recoil again.

Elder Pallatine.

No more ; I'll swallow down my tongue.

Ample.

If, sir, your nature be so excellent,
As your kind brother hath confirm'd to Luce
And me, follow, and I'll present you straight
With certain writings you shall seal to, hood-wink'd,
And purely ignorant of what they are :
This is the swiftest, and the easiest test,
That I can make of your bold love ; do this,
Perhaps I may vouchsafe to marry you ;
The writings are within.

⁵⁸ convertite.] See note 10 to *The Jew of Malta*, p. 316.

Elder

Elder Pallatine.

Lead me to trial ; come.

Ample.

But, fir, if I should marry you, it is
In confidence, I have the better wit ;
And can subdue you still to quietness,
Meek sufferings, and patient awe.

Elder Pallatine.

You rap me ⁵⁹ still a-new.

Younger Pallatine.

In, Luce ; our hopes grow strong and giantly. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Thrift, Snore, Mistress Snore, Queasy, Ginet.

Ginet.

To him, Mistress Snore ; 'tis he has kept
Your husband from his bed so long, to watch
Him for a church-robbery.

Mistress Snore.

Ah, thou Judas ! I thought what thou'ldst come to !
Remember the warrant thou sent'st for me
Into Duck-lane, 'cause I call'd thy maid, Trot.
When I was fain t' invite thy clerk to a
Fee pie, sent me by a Temple cook, my sister's sweet-
heart.

Queasy.

Nay, and remember who was brought to bed
Under thy coach-house wall, when thou deny'dst
A wad of straw, and would'st not join thy halfpenny
To send for milk for the poor chrisom ⁶⁰.

Snore.

Now you may sweeten me with sugar-loaves
At New-year's-tide, as I have you, fir.

Enter Thwack, Pert, Meager, Engine.

Thwack.

We'll teach you to rob churches ; 'slicht, hereafter

⁵⁹ — rap me.] i. e. astonish me. So in *Macbeth's* letter to his wife, "While I stood rapt in wonder," &c. S.
⁶⁰ chrisom.] See note 42 to *The City Match*, vol. 9. p. 352.

We of the pious shall be afraid to go
 To a long exercise ⁶¹, for fear our pockets should
 Be pick'd. Come, sir; you see already how
 The neighbours throng to find you; will you consent?
 'Tis but a thousand pounds apiece to these
 Two gentlemen, and five hundred more t' Engine;
 Your crime is then conceal'd, and yourself free.

Meager.

No, he may chuse; he'll trust to th' kind-hearted law.

Pert.

Let him, and to Dame Justice too; who, though
 Her ladyship be blind, will grope hard, sir,
 To find your money-bags.

Engine.

Sir, you are rich; besides, you know what you
 Have got by your ward's death: I fear you will
 Be begg'd at court ⁶², unless you come off thus.

Thrift.

There is my closet key; do what you please.

Engine.

Gentlemen, I'll lead you to it; follow me.

Thwack.

D' you use to find such sums as these beneath
 An oak after a long march? I think, sure,
 The wars are not so plentiful.

Pert.

We think so too

Thwack.

Y' had better trail a bodkin, gentlemen,
 Under the Lady Ample, than a pike
 Under a German general.

Pert.

We'll in for th' money, sir, and talk anon.

[*Exeunt Engine, Pert, Meager.*]

⁶¹ a long exercise.] See note 10 to *The Mayor of Quinborough*, vol. 11. p. 169.

⁶² Be begg'd at court.] See note 13 to *The Honest Whore*, vol. 3. p. 261.

Enter

Enter Elder Pallatine, Younger Pallatine, Ample, Lucy.

Younger Pallatine.

Sir Tyrant Thrift, here is your ward come from
The dead, to indict you for a robbery
Upon her ghost.

Thrift.

Hah ! is she alive, too ?

Lucy.

Yes, and her wardship out before y' have proffer'd her
A husband, fir⁶³ ; so the best benefit
Of all your guardianship is lost.

Ample.

In seven long years you could not, fir, provide
A man deform'd enough to offer me
For your own ends.

Thrift.

Cozen'd of wealth, of fame ! Dog, Engine !

[Exit Thrift.]

Thwack.

We must have you enclos'd again ; y' are very
Forward with the lady.

Elder Pallatine.

I will be, fir,
Until she groan : this priest stays somewhat long.

Thwack.

How's this ? troth I shall forgive thee then heartily.

⁶³ Yes, and her wardship out before y' have proffer'd her

A husband, fir ; &c.] This refers to that power which a guardian, by law, was entitled to exercise over his ward ; it was taken away, together with all the other oppressive circumstances attending the feudal system, by the stat. 12 Charles II. c. 24. Before that time " while the " infant was in ward, the guardian had the power of tendering him or " her a suitable match, without *disparagement* or inequality ; which, if " the infants refused, they forfeited the value of the marriage, *valorem " maritagii*, to their guardian ; that is, so much as a jury would assess, " or any one would, *bona fide*, give to the guardian for such an alliance : " and if the infants married themselves without the guardian's consent, " they forfeited double the value, *duplicem valorem maritagii*."

2 Blackstone's Commentaries, p. 70.

Ample.

Ample.

I've ta'en him i' th' behalf of health, to chide
And jeer for recreation sake ; 'twill keep
Me, sir, in breath, now I am past growing.

Elder Pallatine.

Hark, knight, here's relish for your ears : I chose
None of your dull country madams, that spend
Their time in studying receipts to make
March-pane ⁶⁴ and preserve plumbs ; that talk
Of painful child-birth, servants' wages, and
Their husband's good complexion, and his leg.

Tbwack.

New wonders yet !

Elder Pallatine.

What was that, mistress, which I seal'd to hood-wink'd ?
A simple trial of my confidence and love ?

Ample.

Your brother has it ; 'tis a gift to him
Of one fair manor, 'mongst those many that you
Have in possession, sir ; and in this bond
Y' are witness to three thousand pounds I give to Luce.

Lucy.

Yes, sir ; for Pall and I must marry too.

Younger Pallatine.

I were an eunuch else, and th' world should know 't.

Elder Pallatine.

Thou couldst not have betray'd me to a bounty
I more love. Brother, give thee joy.

*[Tbwack takes Younger Pallatine aside.]**Tbwack.*

You are the cause of all these miracles,
Therefore I desire you to be my heir ;
By this good day you must : for I've ta'en order,
Though I love your wit, you shall not live by it.

Younger Pallatine.

My kind thanks, sir, the poor man's gratitude.

⁶⁴ *marb-pane.*] A confection made of Pistachio-nuts, almonds, sugar,
&c.

Mistress

Mistress Snore.

Give you joy, sweet Master Pallatine, and
Your brother too.

Quassy.

And send you more such wives
Every year ; as many as shall please Heaven.

Snore.

'Tis day ; I'll not to bed, sir, now ; my watch
Shall be drunk at your worship's wedding.

Younger Pallatine.

They shall ; and there is gold enough to keep
Them so until thy reign be out.

Enter Pert, Meager, Engine, with money-bags.

Pert.

Loaden with composition, Pall.

Meager.

'Tis for your sake we groan under these burdens.

Younger Pallatine.

The 'offal of Sir Tyrant's trunks. Brother,
Pray know these gentlemen ; they owe you more
Money than they mean to pay now.

Elder Pallatine.

I remember 'em : but no words, my cavaliers,
And you are safe. Where shall we dine to-day ?

Younger Pallatine.

At Lucy's aunt's ; we'll make her costive beldamship
Come off⁶⁵, when she beholds a goodly jointure,
And our fair hopes.

Elder Pallatine.

First, to the church, lady ;
I'll make your skittish person sure. Some of
Your pleasant arts upon me may become
A wise example, and a moral too ;
Such as their haughty fancy well befits,
That undertake to live here by their wits.

[Exeunt omnes.]

⁶⁵ *Come off.*] To come off, was a phrase formerly much used. It signifies to pay, as is very clearly proved from the instances produced by Mr. Steevens, Dr. Farmer, and Mr. Tyrwhitt, in their notes to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 4. S. 3.

E P I L O G U E.

*THE office of an Epilogue is now
 To smooth and stroke the wrinkles from each brow ;
 To guide severer judgments (if we could
 Be wise enough) until they thought all good,
 Which they perhaps dislike ; and, sure, this were
 An over-boldness, rais'd from too much fear.
 You have a freedom, which we hope you'll use,
 T' advance our youthful poet, and his Muse,
 With a kind doom ; and he'll tread boldly then,
 In's best new comick socks, this stage again *.*

* This play, after the first edition, received considerable alterations from the author.



E D I T I O N.

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